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1. Poetry, American



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To

L. M. Gillman

Compliments of

Floyd D. Raze.

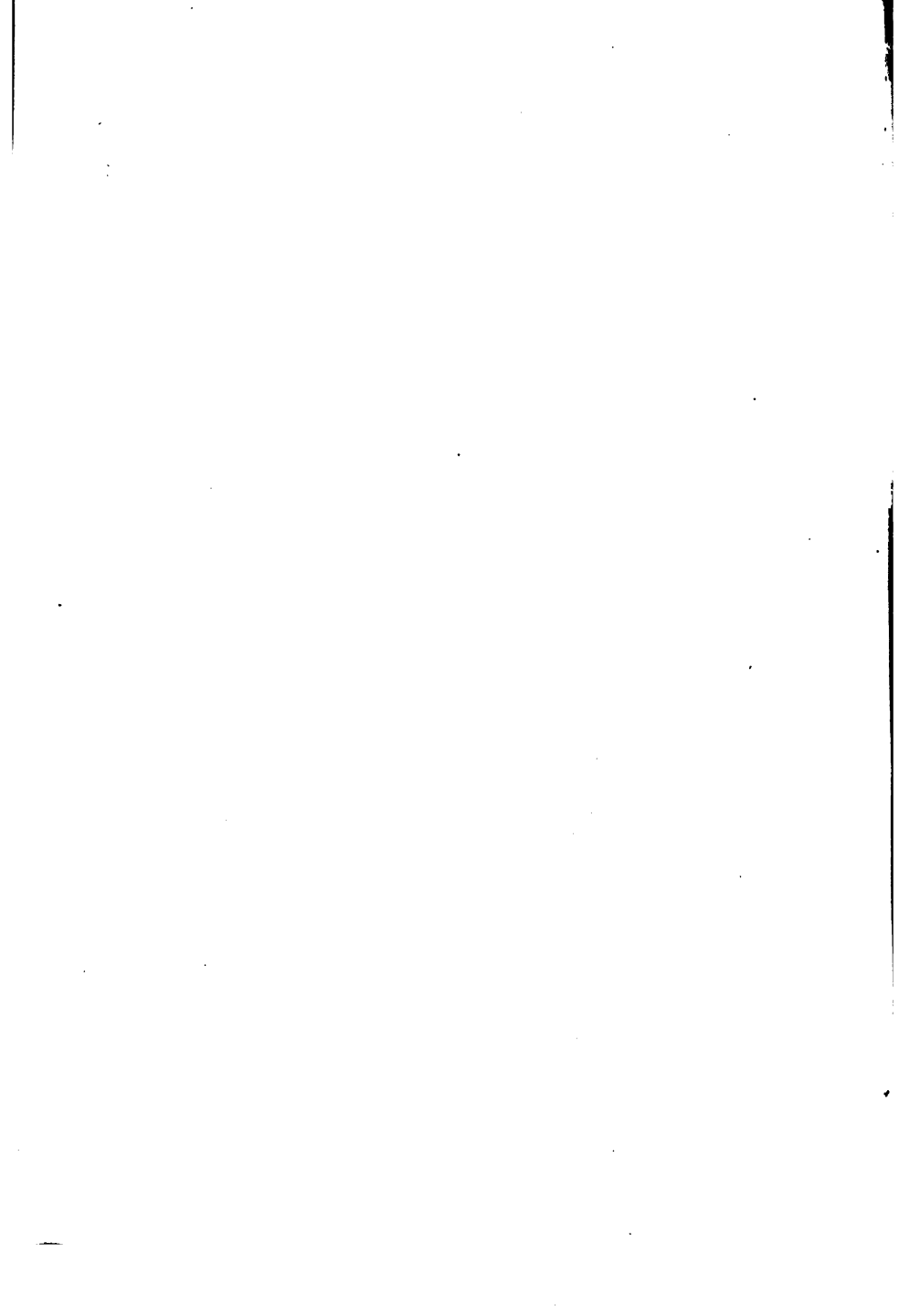
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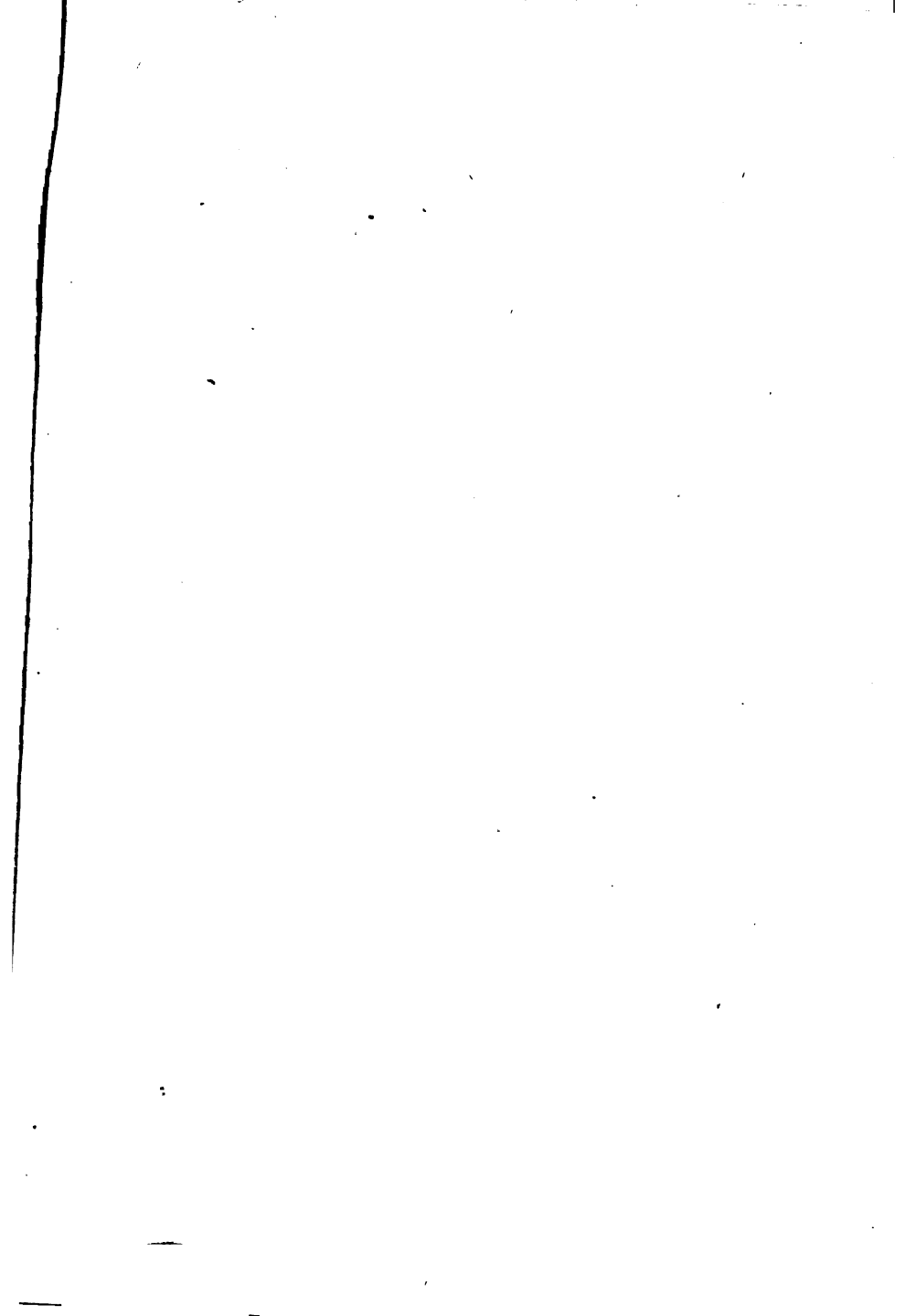






THE · HOME · OF · THE
WILD · ROSE









*Yours truly,
Lloyd D. Raze.*

THE HOME *of the*
WILD ROSE
and OTHER POEMS



FLOYD D. RAZE



1874
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THE HOME *of the*
WILD ROSE
and OTHER POEMS



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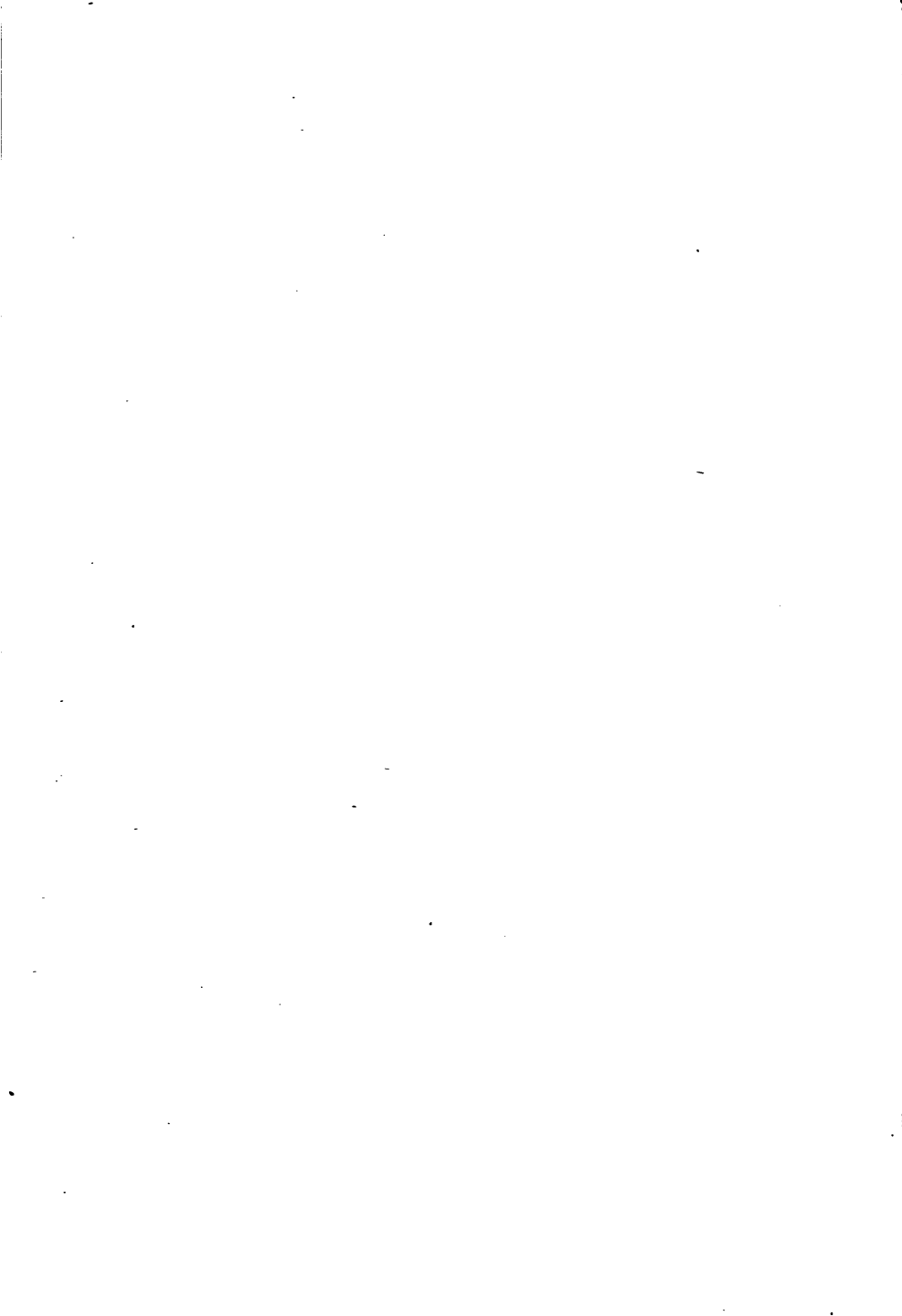
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*This volume is affectionately inscribed to one
who has ever loved me—
To my Mother.*

Went 20 Mar 1936



PREFACE

The greater number of pieces in this book have previously appeared in various periodicals of the country, including the *Chicago Record-Herald*, *Boston Journal*, *Brooklyn Eagle*, *Pittsburg Sun*, *Fargo Forum*, *Moderator Topics*, *Will Carlton's Magazine*, *Outers' Book*, *World's Events*, and other periodicals. A few of the selections have been printed in foreign periodicals, including the *Glasgow Herald*, *Dumfries Standard*, *Ayr Observer*, *London News*, and several Canadian publications.

For the illustrations appearing in the volume the author is greatly indebted to Miss Nelle M. Johnston and to Mr. James E. Raze.

The efforts of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Skinner to make the volume presentable are greatly appreciated by the author, and he wishes to acknowledge also the kindness and support of his friends everywhere.

FLOYD D. RAZE.



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The Home of the Wild Rose and Other Poems

PROEM

I've been thinking of the things
That have wings;
Of the swarm of tiny gnats
Flitting 'round our ears in June,
With their roll of sharps and flats
In a tune;
Of the condor circling high
In the clear Andean sky
Till the snow
Of the heaven-ascending height
Lies a tiny speck of white
Far below.

I've been thinking of the things
That have wings;
Of the humming-bird that flew
Thru the happy summer day

The Home of the Wild Rose

To the dainty flowers that grew
 By the way;
Of the homeward laden bee,
Of the robin in the tree
 Perched to sing—
Perched among the blossoms white
In the early morning light
 There to swing.

I've been thinking of the things
 That have wings;
Of the sunny days of yore
In the seasons that are gone
And I call them back once more
 One by one;
But each momentary joy
That sustained the careless boy,
 At the last
Is a momentary pain—
And I look and long in vain
 For the past.

Still I'm thinking of the things
 that have wings;
Of ambitions that have flown
Like the birds from winter's snow,
Of the hopes I made my own
 Long ago
Ere the future, fair and bright,
Had become a cloudy night,

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"And Winter had spread her bleak garments around."

The Home of the Wild Rose

Well nigh o'er,
Ere the best of life had gone,
Ere I stood, as now, alone
On the shore.

THE HOME OF THE WILD ROSE

The home of the wild rose, the fallow, is white
With the feathery snow that is falling tonight;
All leafless and cold is the shivering stem
That erstwhile was bright with the bloom of its gem.

The home of the wild rose—how changed it has grown!
The bees all are silent, the birds all are flown,
And the voices that summer made sweet to the ear
Are lost in the snow and the storm of the year.

The home of the wild rose—I passed it to-day;
The tints of the summer had faded away—
Where one time the bough made a canopy green
The gray leaf alone on the alder was seen;

And winter had spread her bleak garments around—
All barren the rosebush, all frozen the ground,
And the brook that once rippled so sweetly and low
Lay buried and still in the depth of the snow.

The Home of the Wild Rose

But say, friend of mine, shall we grieve o'er the past
As if we e'er thought that such beauty could last?
'Tis a law of the world from which none may choose,
We meet, we admire, and we love—then we lose.

OVER THE HILL

Over the hill the road runs
Dusty and bare and long,
Over the hill the loaded wain
Chatters its merry song,
And back to the hill and the highway
The vision of memory steals,
Back to the dust of the byway
Under the passing wheels.

Back to the thorn in the fence-row,
The robin's nest in the thorn
That sifts its summer snow around
The sweet wild rose new born,
Back to the greensward fallow
Aslope to the glassy pond
That mirrors the skimming swallow
And great green wood beyond.

There to walk in the noonday,
To bask in the summer heat

The Home of the Wild Rose

And bathe in the smoky dust cloud
That 'rose 'neath my shuffling feet;
To hear the bee's low droning,
The locust's noonday shrill,
Back where the dusty road runs
Over the memoried hill.

There, where the twilight lingered
Long when the day was done,
There, where the stars of heaven
Smiled to me one by one,
Back to the golden glory
That streamed from the silent moon,
Gone like a mythic story
Told in a mother's croon.

Now all too heedful of duty,
Now all too pregnant with care,
Now all too mindless of beauty,
Passing it by unaware,
So I have grown, so am growing—
While farther and farther still
There lies in the dim of the distance
The road that led over the hill.

The Home of the Wild Rose

A SUMMER EVENING

Sweet is the breath of evening
After the heated day,
Sweet is the twinkling starlight
Shedding its feeble ray
Over the dusky fallow,
Over the drops of dew,
But sweeter the thought that comes to me
Of a night gone by, and you.

I hear in the dusky distance,
Along the wooded hill,
The whisper of the katydid,
The call of the whippoorwill;
And out of the deeper shadow
The song of the fallow stream,
And out of the past, the faded past,
The memory of a dream.

Sweet is the lush of water
Over the buried stone,
Sweet the far-off curfew
Sounds in a muffled tone,
But sweeter is the merry laugh
That memory brings to me,

The Home of the Wild Rose

And dearer far the absent form
That fancy bids me see.

Oh, for the dear companion
That made these shadows bright!
Oh, for the fond enchantment
That fancy brings to-night—
Sweet is the twinkling starlight
Over the fields of dew,
But sweetest of all is the memory
Of a night gone by, and you.

TO A FROZEN WATERFALL

Thou silent woodland stream
Wrapped in thy winter garments and asleep,
Perchance thou bid'st thy time in pleasant dream
Of future joy when thou again shalt leap
Free as the sunshine down thy sunlit steep—
Perchance thou dream'st of flowers that wait to peep
From out their winter hiding, and unfold
Their glorious banners while with chalice deep
They welcome back thy music as of old
Ere thou lay dumb, enthralled by winter's cold.

The Home of the Wild Rose

Perchance thou dream'st not of a time to be
But of some happy, golden day gone by
When sweet the robin sang her song to thee
Or taught her fledglings 'long thy course to fly—
Yea, God perchance has made thee, e'en as I,
With memory endowed and hope imbued,
Or winter, mayhap, is thy time to die
And spring thy resurrection, life renewed—
And this thy grave in which no dreams intrude—

But let that be; I pause in vain to hear
The ripply plash that I have known of yore;
I find no traces of the bygone year—
But silence and a barren, ice-bound shore;
Yet I shall come, dear, silent stream, once more
When time has loosed thy fetters, and the bee
Sips honey from thy bank-embroid'ring flower,
Then I shall come, an old-time friend, to thee
And thou with wonted voice shalt welcome me.

THE OAK

Giant of nature, stern and grim,
Rugged and rough in autumn's cold
Flinging aloft thy sturdy limb,
Flutt'ring thy banners of red and gold,

The Home of the Wild Rose

Emblem of might from the times of old,
Bearing unburdened thy countless years,
Thine is a tale that is yet untold,
A story of life with its hopes and fears.

Storms unnumbered hast thou withstood,
Battled and won from a stubborn foe,
Daring the might of the vernal flood
And scorning the weight of the wintry snow;
Here, monarch-like, 'gainst the winds that blow
Thou rearest today thy crowned head
While years and centuries, passing slow,
Have mouldered to dust their ancient dead.

Few are the beings that find reprieve
Over the ruins of grim decay,
And fewer still that do not grieve
Over the years that have flown away—
Yet every life has its part of May,
Its happy season of summer sun,
And thine are myriad—who can say
How many such have come and gone?

Oft hast thou shielded the clinging vine
And sheltered the flower from the pelting hail,
A thousand feathered guests are thine
Safe fortified against the madd'ning gale.

The Home of the Wild Rose

So couldst thou tell me the varied tale
Of life, its checkered sun and shade,
Its summer song and autumn wail
That youth and age have deftly made.

E'en as my own is the tale thou'dst tell,
Half joyful and half joylessly—
The might of foes I too know well,
Their wrath has fallen oft on me.
Yet greater than Adversity,
Greater than he in might art thou—
In this, thy calm serenity,
I read thy vict'ry now.

SEPTEMBER

The tinge of autumn now is here,
Dame Summer lays her cloak away,
This is the changing of the year,
This is her waning day;
And yet it seems like summer still
Save that the sun is growing cool,
Save that the maples on the hill
And willow stems along the pool
Are tinted now with gold and red,
Save that the nests are empty grown
And on the dry branch overhead
The coo-dove sits alone.

The Home of the Wild Rose

Yes, these are like the summer days,
Save that the winds are piping high
Save, too, the sumach's fiery blaze
And lighter tints along the sky;
Save that the beech leaves flitter down
Where erstwhile hung a bank of green,
Till the rough branches, gray and brown,
In outline show between.
The gaudy flowers the summer knew
Are fading, fading day by day,
And Nature dons a somb'rer hue
While Autumn leads the way.

So like and yet so changed is all—
The summer's ghost it seems to be;
From near and far the bluejays call,
The blackbirds gather on the tree;
The gray squirrel chatters loud and long
Where hang the ripe nuts on the bough—
Where erstwhile rang the robin's song
The crow is calling now.
The summer green, the autumn gold,
We hail the one, bid one adieu;
And while we weep to lose the old
We smile to greet the new.

The Home of the Wild Rose

THE KINGLET

The golden crowned kinglet that all summer long
Has brightened the wood with his presence and song,
Oh, where has he gone that I see him no more
On the bough of the pine, where I saw him of yore?

His wee, tiny nest hangs aloft in the tree,
All empty and cheerless and lone as can be,
Where erst in the cool summer breezes it swung
A hammock and home for his clamorous young.

Now loud through the fir boughs the autumn winds blow
Where soon will be gathered the cold winter snow,
Aloft in the birch is the call of the jay
But never a kinglet to greet me to-day.

He has left the old home with a solemn "good-bye"
For a spot that he loves 'neath the far southern sky,
Yet I know as he murmurs his "tsee, tee, tee, tee,"
He'll sometime be thinking of summer and me.

The Home of the Wild Rose

TO THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER

Thou mighty sculptor of a continent
And master of this Western World, thy hand
Has chiseled this majestic course and rent
These hills in twain leagues long upon the land—
A hemisphere but waits at thy command
And towering mountains bow their heads to thee;
Their pond'rous rock-mass crumbles into sand
And with thy waters seeks the yawning sea.

These are thy monuments, these hills that rise
Weathered and gray thy rock-hewn path along;
Their massive forests swaying 'neath the skies
Recount thy glories in a mournful song—
They sing to me of all the myriad throng
Of ancient scenes that time has overcast,
They speak in tones of a mysterious tongue
Born of old times and cherished from the past.

Yea, here is glory—but in days gone by
A wilder chasm yawned and threatened here,
And mightier cliffs arose to meet the sky,
And thund'ring waters shook the atmosphere.

The Home of the Wild Rose

Where now these long, low lines of hills appear
Mountains once rose and crags beset the shore
With beetling brows—but many a passing year
Has come and gone, and they are here no more.

Yes, thou hast traced upon these crumbling walls,
From age to age, thy doings—but alas,
One column builded, and another falls—
Thy story is as mine. Tho' thou surpass
Infinitely the puny power that has
Been given me, yet 'tis with thee the same—
Time tears to ruin all thy sculptured mass
And wastes thy monuments and wears thy name
E'en to oblivion.

NOVEMBER

What change is this in Nature's garb!
My fav'rite haunts I scarcely know;
How strange is all the world above,
How changed the earth below!
The sky that once was clear and blue
Is somber grown today,
And earth has changed her garb of green
For tattered rags of gray.

The Home of the Wild Rose

In geometric figures come
The wild geese from the north ;
Mile-high along their southern way
The leader calls them forth ;
His faint "honk, honk" disturbs the air,
A far but mournful cry,
To northern rill and reed-bound lake
It echoes back "good-by."

The wood across the way is still,
Her tenants all have flown,
And barren now her branches sway,
Her summer robe is gone ;
The rude north winds have torn the leaves
And hurled them far and wide,
And piled them deep within the vale
And on the gray hillside.

Where once the dewdrop hung upon
The fragrant clover here,
The Frost now spreads his subtle robe
O'er stubble dead and sere ;
And where the sun hung warm and bright
Above the woods-flower then,
To-day the sky is wrapped in gloom—
November's come again.

The Home of the Wild Rose

CHANGE

I sit in the shade of an old elm tree
On a bank that I used to know,
While the green leaves whisper over me
And the river sings below,
And yet, what a change there seems to be
Since the days of long ago!

It seems that some of the old-time green
Hangs not on the tree to-day,
It seems some part of the old-time sheen
Has run with the stream away,
That the many years that have passed between
Have left the earth less gay.

It seems that the flowers are a paler hue
Than the flowers I used to know,
That the yellow butterflies, all too few,
Are fitting to and fro,
That the bees that hummed in the morning dew
No longer come and go.

It seems that the bird on the bending bough
Scarce sings in the old-time way,

The Home of the Wild Rose

That the river flows less gaily now
Where the willow branches sway,
That the beauties rare I used to know
Are gone from the world to-day.

But no—the stream, the flowers, the sky,
Are all as they used to be;
The very scenes that round me lie
Are those that I used to see—
The change that seems to meet my eye
Is only a change in me.

HUCKLEBERRIES

I'se obsarved de huckleberries
An' de places whah dey grows;
Ah hab seed a thousand acres
Right befo' mah very-nose,
An' I'se picked 'em fer de table
An' I'se picked 'em fer to sell
Till ah guess I'se got de business
Sized up purty middlin' well.

Dah's a piace down in de fiel' dah,
Right out in de blazin' sun,
Whah dey's thick ez hasty-puddin'
Wen de puddin' 's overdone;

The Home of the Wild Rose

Yo' kin grab 'em by de han'ful
Wif yo' eyes blin'folded tight—
Yo' kin git a wagon load dah
On de darkes' kin' ob night.

But whut kin' ob berries am dey?—
Jes' obsarve whut ah shall state—
Dey is ripe away 'long early,
An' dey's dried up 'fore hit's late,
Dey is sour an' dey is bitter
An' dey's mos' oncommon small,
But dey's huckleberries, shuahly,
Huckleberries—dat am all.

Now dat's whah ah gits mah berries
Dat I'se 'tendin' fer to sell,
Cayse I'se got de huckleberry
Business sized up purty well—
But when ah wants ter eat 'em,
Lor', d'ye 'spose ah ever stops
In dem runty, scrubby, scorchin',
Blazin' huckleberry lots?

Ah goes out to de fores',
Way down in de shady glen
Whah you' only fin's a huckle
An' a berry now an' den—

The Home of the Wild Rose

But O Lor', dey's berries fer yo'
Whut ain't shriveled by de drouf,
Mos' ez big ez any cherry,
Fairly meltin' in yo' mouf—

Yo' can't pick 'em by de bushel
Lak de ones yo's gwine ter sell,
But yo' certain, shuah'll pick 'em
Ef yo' knows yo' business well;
Dey's de kin' dat's worf de prizin'
Dough dey's few an' fah apart—
Dey's de kin' dat fits de spaces
In de regions nex' yo' heart.

Now yo' tak' de population
Ob de kentry an' de town
• An' mix 'em wif de city folks
An' stir 'em 'roun' an' 'roun',
Yo'll fin' dat ninety-nine er mo'
Ob ebery hundred—well
Dey's lak de huckleberries
Dat yo' gadders fer to sell;
Dey ripens awful early
But dey's mos' oncommon small—
Dey is population, shuahly,
Population, dat am all.

But now an' den yo' fin's one
Outen frum de common lot—

The Home of the Wild Rose

Yo' will hab some scrutinizin'
'Fore yo' fin' him, like ez not;
But good Lor', dah's suffin foh yo'—
Lak de berry in de glen,
He's de so't ob huckleberry
Dat ain't common amongst men;
Fer he's bigger dan a dozen
Ob dem runty little tots
Dat yo' fin's out in de common,
Scrubby huckleberry lots.

SUNSET IN AUTUMN

He is lost in the hills—oh, the round, yellow sun
That dallied so long on the crest
Of the highlands afar—oh, the pale, yellow sun,
He is lost in the hills of the west.

All the day he has been painting forest and field
With the hues of vermilion and gold;
All the day he has shone thru the rich autumn haze
With the same mellow light as of old.

He has gilded the stream with a rainbow of tints,
He has burdened the landscape with blue,
And with purple adorned the dull gray of the hills
Ere his last feeble ray glimmered through.

The Home of the Wild Rose

All the day he has painted the elm by the road,
And emblazoned the maple afar;
And sumach and alder that border the slope
Are brighter than night's reddest star.

He has left half his gold on the brush fallow there,
And adorned with rich crimson the dell;
He has painted the oak by the edge of the marsh,
And the ferns on the brow of the hill.

And I look on the scene as the twilight descends
Over woodland and valley and crest,
And exult in the glory of autumn that hangs
Afar o'er the hills of the west.

BURNS

The dead leaf hangs upon the tree,
The wind sweeps o'er the plain,
And winter spreads her snowy robes
Along the hills again;
But still within their icy banks
The rivers babble on
In memory of the bard who sang
Of them in years a-gone.

The Home of the Wild Rose

'Twas they that taught him first to sing,
He taught the world to hear
Till name of bard and river
Are known to every ear. •
His songs have made the flower bloom
More sweetly in the glen—
Oh, when shall time be blessed with such
A gentle heart again?

O thou immortal Devon,
Sweet Afton with thy flow,
Auld Ayr, and thou too, bonny Doon,
With voice so sweet and low—
Or flow 'twixt winter's icy banks
Or summer flowers among,
Auld's Scotland's rivers cannot sing
As Scotland's bard has sung.

WINTER SCENES

The days have grown cold with the passing of summer,
The fragrance and bloom have forsaken the flowers,
The Southland inviting spring's earliest comer
Now shelters the thrush in its shadier bowers.

The frost blanket spreads o'er the brown of the fallow,
All glassy the ice-sheet has mantled the pond,

The Home of the Wild Rose

The woodland once gay with its crimson and yellow
Stands cheerless and gray in the distance beyond.

Yet, still ever fondly I seek for one treasure,
But one of the many so precious to me,
For time with its changes has robbed the full measure
And strewn the dead leaves o'er the blossoming lea—

And out of the life I have known in its blooming
There lingers no trace of its beauty and breath—
O'ershadowed it lies in the dusk of the gloaming
All wrapped in the sere-cloth and mantle of death.

Thus, thus are the stages of nature prophetic;
Tho' voiceless, their over-fraught lessons convey
A mystic unknown to a mem'ry pathetic,
And mingle the snow with the blossoms of May.

MINNEHAHA

When nature wrapped her robes of green
Around each winter-naked child
And built her palace all between
The ocean and the mountains wild,
When from her throne she looked away
Th' approaching summer to beguile
'Twas Minnehaha, longest lay
Within the sunshine of her smile.

The Home of the Wild Rose

The bird-song sounded from the shade
That overhung the loit'ring tide
Or where the swifter waters made
Sweet music from its pebbled side;
The sunbeams danced upon the wave
That paused to take its leap below—
E'en from its glory to its grave
'Twas "Laughing Water"—ever so.

And even so it is to-day—
The sunshine sparkles down the fall,
While from its never-ending spray
A sound returns the wild bird's call.
Still bright and clear from shore to shore,
From height to depth it gurgles on
The same today as when of yore
It smiled beneath the summer sun.

By night the yellow moonbeams throw
Their misty veil athwart the stream,
While mirrored in the depth below
A thousand stars are all a-gleam—
But still along its endless flight
Its music is the same away—
'Tis Minnehaha all the night
And "Laughing Water" all the day.

The Home of the Wild Rose

SASKATCHEWAN

Far as the eye can see, a rolling plain
Of virgin sod and ever restless grain,
Sweet blooming flowers of every growth and hue,
The prouder sort, the creeper in the dew,
The royal purple honored well of old,
The purer white, the faithful blue, the gold,
The nodding lily with its deeper dye,
The crocus, mimic of the summer sky,
The prairie rose and troop of daisies fair
To tempt the eye and scent the sunny air,
While far and near, like whitecaps on the sea,
Nods the white host, the sweet anemone—
Such is the scene as summer passes on
Such is the last great West, Saskatchewan.

BEYOND THE STARS

In that far world beyond the stars
Toward which the spirit wends its way,
Where time his brazen gates unbars
Nor notes the bounds of night and day —

The Home of the Wild Rose

In that far realm in which they say
Is treasured Heaven's boundless store,
Ah, is it true that there we may
With hearts unbosomed love the more?

Is there in that dim realm a balm
For wounded hearts and souls that grieve,
For troubled life a peaceful calm?—
Would that my mind could this conceive,
Or failing thus, my faith believe
The utmost that my fancies bring—
Where joys ne'er fade nor hopes deceive
And blessings all eternal spring.

I look up to that world on high,
Those azure depths beyond the cloud
That put to shame my doubting eye
And glad my soul with faith renewed—
I gaze, and lo, the flimsy shroud
Of unbelief is rent apart,
And faithless lips confess aloud
The silent gladness of the heart.

The Home of the Wild Rose

OUR CREED

There's nothing so good as it seems
When afar in the offing it lies,
The visions and joys of our dreams
Are sweeter than those of our eyes;
Real gold is not gilded so bright
As the phantom of gold that we see,
And the diamond allures with a light
That is less than we thought it could be.

There's nothing so good as it seems
While yet 'tis unseen and unknown,
The rose of our fanciful dreams
Is the rose that is ever unblown
And summer with all of her flowers,
The warmth of her sunniest day
Scarce rivals the joy of the hours
That fancies of winter portray.

We build—never castle so fair—
Affection's palatial abode,
And lo, a real hovel is there
Obscured by the dust of the road;

The Home of the Wild Rose

The mountain peaks sink as we climb,
And fades the soft tint of their blue—
The glory of space and of time
Augments with the distance of view.

But still let us dwell with our dreams,
Let us build on the hopes that they give,
Nor mourn for the joy as it seems,
But laugh with the joy as it is;
Perchance it is all that we need
And all we are able to feel—
In dreams be our hopes; but our creed
Be to live and rejoice in the real.

THE SAME OLD TOWN

Like a lonesome stork I have come of late
To the same old town in the same old state
Where I used to walk when the day was bright,
Where I used to stroll in the pale starlight.
I say I've come to the same old town
With its way-up folk and its folk way-down,
And stand once more in the same old street
And walk again the same old beat
That leads away to a shady dell
And grassy bank I once knew well.

The Home of the Wild Rose

'Tis the same old town, but older grown,
And sights and sounds, at first unknown,
Return again to their wonted track
And all seem glad that I've come back.
The same old trees fling out their shade—
The same old man and the same old maid,
The first too blind and the last too shy
To speak to me as I pass by,
Still worry on, but still they stay
The same as when I went away.

The same old fountains bathe the lawn,
The same old whistles wake at dawn,
The same old train goes whizzing thru,
The deacon holds the same old pew,
The same old preacher, unperplexed,
Gives out anew the same old text ;
The same old soldiers sit astride
The soap-box on the groc'ry side
Where, 'mid the wreathes and rings of smoke,
One hears again the same old joke.

And thus I find the town once more,
And make my way to the same old door
Of the same old house on the same old spot,
In the same old street, on the same old lot ;
And my heart leaps up with the same old bound,
The door-bell rings with the same old sound,

The Home of the Wild Rose

The door swings wide and a care-worn face
Appears once more in the same old place,
An old-time smile is the smile I see
While the same old mother kisses me.

BLACK AND WHITE

The stars shine bright on Chippewa,
The shore is dark and still
And silent is the deeper way
That leads round to the mill;
The old bridge with its lengthy span
Leads to the wooded side
Where, hid among the maple leaves,
The "Katy"-dids abide.

And there beneath the dusky trees
Where sleeps the quiet night,
I see, like specter in a dream,
A moving spot of white;
And close along its farther side,
A patch of deepest black—
And instantly to years ago
My thoughts go harking back.

Again upon that wooden bridge
I hear the clatt'ring steel

The Home of the Wild Rose

And listen to the rumble
Of the far-benighted wheel
The while, upon the up-stream side
In silence and affright,
I form a patch of deepest black
Behind a robe of white.

I wonder as I sit and muse
Upon the past alone,
I wonder if there is not one
Whose mem'ry, like my own,
Comes creeping back from out the years
To view this scene tonight —
I wonder if she'd dare to say
Who wore that robe of white?

“O time and change!” the bard has sung,
How much of joy ye hide—
And yet how vain your presence here!
The “Katy”-dids abide
Within these spreading maple trees,
The stars shine just as bright,
And here is still the patch of black
Behind the robe of white.

The Home of the Wild Rose

HALLOWE'EN

When lights and window-shades went down,
 Preparing for our nightly sally,
We tiptoed round the little town
 Thru dusky street and shady alley.

Before each shop we made our bow
 And on the windows painted pictures,
Hitched up the parson's mulley cow
 And loaded in the blacksmith's fixtures.

The moon rose up behind the wood,
 The stars lit up their thousand tapers,
But shine and gleam as best they could
 They scarcely brought to light our capers.

The "wizards" growing ever bold,
 The "witches" little shrieks suppressing,
Each in its slyer way foretold
 Some reckless tho' unseen caressing.

Thus passed the hours till by and by,
 When headed down a country highway,
One sonsie little "witch" and I
 Thru some mistake turned down a byway.

The Home of the Wild Rose

'Twas just a path, but still we found
An ample space for nightly rovers—
I've since been told 'twas Cupid's ground
Now turned into a lane for lovers—

But this I know, howe'er that be,
I first explored this wooded rhombus,
And proudly claim—my only fee—
The right and title of Columbus.

The gnarly oaks with branches crossed
Served only more and more to blind us
Till all at once we just got lost
With no one there to up an' find us.

* * * *

O Hallowe'en, thou night of nights,
To thee I owe my bliss of blisses!
I thank thee for thy dear delights,
Those fourteen hugs and forty kisses—

I thank thee for this kind return
Along the slope of life's rough highway—
Perchance some other heart may learn
Thru thee the bliss of lovers' byway.

The Home of the Wild Rose

OTHER DAYS

Oh, sing to me a song of other days,
A song of youth and youth's affections gone,
And voice the rhythm of those glad wild lays
That stirred my heart and, voiceless, still live on.

Sing me the chime that oft in days gone by
Flung round my gladsome heart its magic spell,
The subtler harmonies of earth and sky,
The living charms that I remember well.

Sing them again, those mimicries of joy,
The song of bird, the note of woodland stream,
And let the purer gold from time's alloy
Gild bright the memories of a boyish dream—

For when, in all the years that life enfolds,
Amid the varying scenes that time has given,
When has the heart surpassed its joy of old,
Or been since boyhood half so near to heaven?

There was a music then I hear not now
Save in the notes that sound from memory's lyre—
As oft we find beneath a realm of snow,
Unquenched, a smouldering remnant of a fire,

The Home of the Wild Rose

So in my heart the songs of youth remain,
Those fainter sounds of love's fond minstrelsy,
And snow of years heaps o'er the scene in vain,
Youth's fires still smoulder on in memory.

THE GIFT

Who gives quickly gives twofold,
Once, the thing he offers you,
Once, a thing you can not hold,
Yet, the better of the two.

There are gifts to please the eyes,
Richest gifts of gold and art,
But a richer gift still lies
In the confines of the heart.

Who gives quickly, tho' it be
But the widow's mite of yore,
He it is that gives to thee
More than Midas' fabled store.

Gold by thieves is snatched away,
Land once thine shall others reap,
Silver lasteth but a day,
Gems are lost in ocean's deep;

The Home of the Wild Rose

But an immaterial gem
That outvalues gold or art
Is the nameless diadem
Worn around the giver's heart;

This you know but can not name,
This you feel but can not see,
This, once thine, is thine the same
Now and through eternity.

Who gives slowly robs the poor,
Leaves the beggar's heart bereft—
Tho' his gift were Croesus' store,
More is taken than is left.

Give me not with grudging hand
Wealth to match a prince's fee,
Rather leave at my command
One poor pence, but willingly.

THE NEW YEAR NIGHT

O cold and stilly winter night
That far, so far around me lies,
Thy myriad lamps are burning bright
From out these distant northern skies—

The Home of the Wild Rose

Above me gleam thy thousand eyes,
Bright eyes that glimmer thru the cold,
And in my thoughts sweet dreams arise
Of Bethlehem's star of old.

Dear winter night, thy voices speak
In dream-like echoes in my ear,
I feel thy cold breath on my cheek
The last of the departing year—
The sound of far-off bells I hear,
Their tones by distance mellowed low,
So calmly deep, so sweetly clear
Across the glistening snow.

Yes, tho' unlike that southern clime
Where summer holds her yearly reign,
There is a joy belongs to time
That winter 'sieves all in vain;
And now that joy has come again
In tinkling bell and silver light
To whisper far across the plain
The glory of the New Year night.

The Home of the Wild Rose

THE HOMESTEAD

Not much unlike the ragged nest
In yonder winter tree
And e'en as empty and forlorn
The old house seems to be—
It was my home in years gone by,
And memory gilds it bright
With ruddy glare of blazing hearth
And flickering candle-light.

Dark and forsaken now it stands
Deep ridged with winter snow
Which, sifting thru the broken pane,
Has quenched the ruddy glow ;
And all abroad from vale to hill
The whitened mound appears
Piled strangely o'er the bloss'ning heath
I knew in other years—

For I remember how the leaves
Made summer's sweetest bower,
And how with joy I used to pluck
The fragrant perfumed flower,

The Home of the Wild Rose

The lily red upon the plain,
The rose within the dell
That sheltered graciously the bee
Within its cloistered cell.

The massive oak, once green above,
Is desolate and lone ;
The wind howls thru the barren boughs ~
With sad and mournful tone,
And I but wonder as I stand
Knee-deep in winter snow,
If summer e'er can bring again
The bloom of long ago.

THE TOILERS

Like toilers up the mountain side,
O'er ragged rocks and hoar,
Past gloomy chasm yawning wide
And torrent's hoarser roar,
We carve our pathway toward the height
With toiling step and slow,
And guide our footsteps by the light
That lingers here below.

And in this light that round us dies
How prone we are to fall!

The Home of the Wild Rose

How far the treach'rous shadow lies
 Beyond the surer wall!
How recklessly we strive to gain
 The phantom that we see—
How bright its gleam and yet how vain
 Each fleeting phantasy!

The ether that we see afar,
 Clear in the morning ray,
We find commixed with lower dust
 As we pursue our way;
And oft where from the distant view
 The bright way seemed to lie,
We find, the while we journey thru,
 A somber, clouded sky.

And yet, to him whose spirits soar
 Above the low-hung cloud,
Whose heart defies the torrent's roar
 And chasm's deeper shroud,
To him there is no conqueror's throne,
 No hopes dismayed by fears,
He passes upward, though alone,
 To higher atmospheres.

The Home of the Wild Rose

MOTHER MINE

Pallid cheeks that once were fair,
Raven locks grown whiter now—
Sixty years of wrinkled care
Trace their furrows on thy brow.
Step infirm that once was light;
Laugh once gay, a smile divine,
Eyes grown dim that once were bright —
Thus I see thee, mother mine.

Oh, the memories love can hold,
Lingering fancies of the heart!
Lovely as thou wast of old,
More I love thee as thou art.
Thine has been the checkered round,
Sun and shade of changeeful day;
Blooming roses thou hast found,
Thou hast seen them fade away.

Thine has been the crimson dawn,
Thine, the brighter blaze of noon;
Years have come and years have gone
Mingling winter's snow with June—

The Home of the Wild Rose

In sorrow, yet fondly; in smiles wreathed with tears,
We call back the pleasures and griefs of lost years—
For the bird-song and rose-wreath of summer we yearn,
We linger and look, but we would not return.

I'LL THINK OF YOU

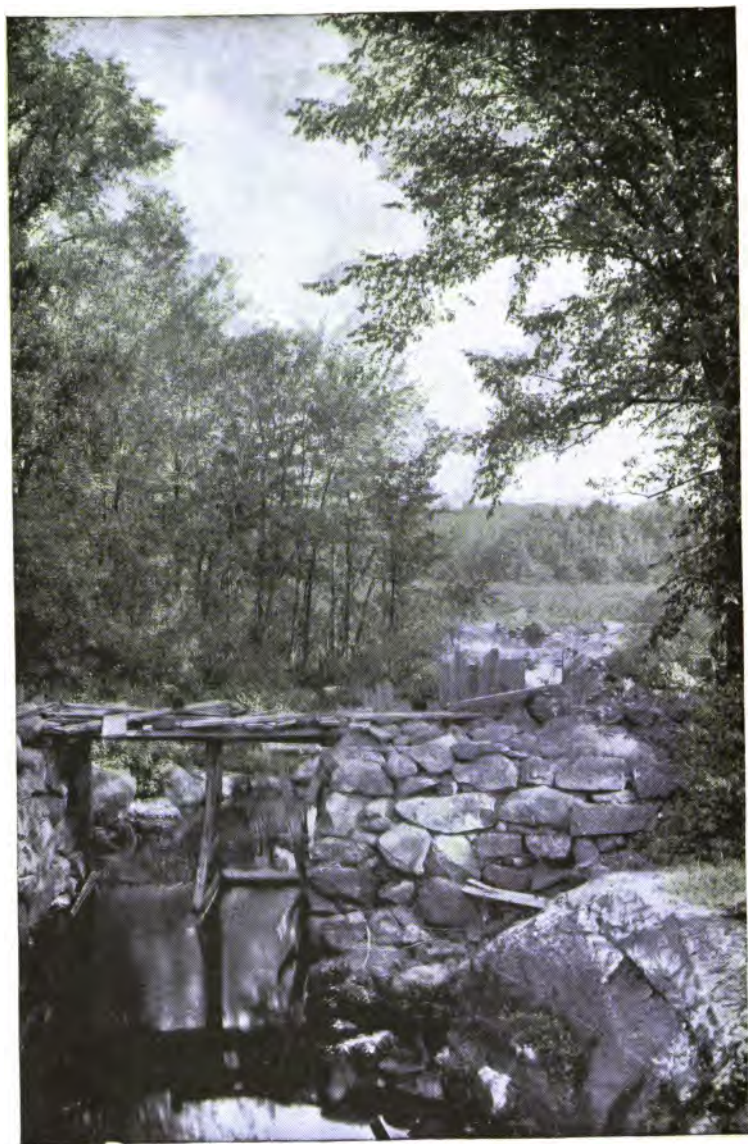
A wand'rer far from scenes of home
Past wid'ning plain or mountain view,
Where green woods smile or lakes lie dumb,
I'll think of you.

When leaps the brook adown the glen
And smiles the blue vault of the sky,
In dreams I'll walk such scenes again,
You, love, and I.

Or if I mingle with the throng
Of loving hearts and faces fair,
I'll search fond memory's throng among
And find you there.

And when with toil I close the day,
When life is hard and joys are few
And clouds arise, I'll turn away
And think of you;

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*"It lay behind the village
Where the little wimpling stream
Sang through the tangled brushwood
Like a love song in a dream."*

The Home of the Wild Rose

For in such retrospect I find
A joy the present can not give,
For love has ever been designed
With love to live.

And tho' my path lead far away
I'll hold you still as dear and true;
'Twill be my joy from day to day
To think of you.

LOVERS' BOWER

It lay behind the village where the little wimpling stream
Sang thru the tangled bushes like a love song in a dream;
It sheltered from the sunlight with a deep, unchecked
shade,
And wrapped the misty moonbeams in the meshes of its
plaid.

When out beyond the hilltops the summer sun went down
And dewy dusk and starlight hung o'er the little town,
Glad from the sportive chatter, from childish laugh and
croon,
It was my wont to wander forth to greet the rising moon.

The elms along the wayside, with arms outstretched or
high,

The Home of the Wild Rose

Obscured the narrow, winding path and hid the starry
sky;
While farther on a little cove, o'erthatched with leaf and
vine,
Revealed the lovers' mecca in a smatch of eglantine.

Not mine to make confessions—the secret is mine own—
Tho' gladly did I share that joy, I muse on it alone;
Some solace from my troubled hour is in that bower
entwined,
And linked with this a memoried love lies in my heart
enshrined.

SEEMING

It sometimes seems that life is full
Of bitterness—it sometimes seems
That our few joys are only dreams
Too oft forgotten in the dull
Monotony of tears—
It sometimes seems, howe'er it be,
That sorrows dwell in memory
And rankle even when the night
From which they came has passed from sight
Adown the flight of years.

The Home of the Wild Rose

It sometimes seems that friends are few;

Tho' many smile, but few remain;
That of them all one may be true
Through calumny and pangs of pain
That may beset our way—

It sometimes seems that love of gold
Has gripped all men within its hold;
That man has grown e'en less to man
Than when the dawn of love began
In that far distant day.

And yet, 'tis true, howe'er it seem,
Of joy and sorrow man is king;
That man is lord of fleeting dream,
And makes or breaks the magic ring
That circles him—

And still 'tis true, that one may find
Hearts that are pure and fond and free,
That earth is such as God designed,
That God is kind to you and me,
Howe'er it seem.

The Home of the Wild Rose

REMEMBRANCE

There's a village that's gone with our youth, my dear,
 There's a brook and a gray old mill—
Ah, you will remember it well, my dear,
The dripping wheel and the flood gate near,
Yes, you will remember them well, my dear,
 And the plashing that never was still.

There's a willow tree by the mill-dam, dear,
 With branches that dip to the stream—
Ah, you will remember it well, my dear,
The quivering leaves with their sounds so queer,
Yes, you will remember them well, my dear,
 In your musing hour and your dream.

It was there we strolled in the twilight, dear,
 Along the grass-fringed shore—
Ah, you will remember them well, my dear,
The ripple and song of the eddy clear,
Yes, you will remember it well, my dear,
 That beautiful song of yore.

But mourn not the scenes that are gone, my dear,
 Nor the brook nor the mill nor the tree,

The Home of the Wild Rose

Nor sigh for the days that are flown, my dear,
Let memory steal from your eye no tear,
For I have been left to you, my dear,
And you have been left to me.

THE LOOKOUT

Watcher on yon lookout, say,
Dost thou see me on my way?
Weary tho' thy sight may be
Scanning far the restless sea,
Tho' a thousand ships sail on
And a thousand days are gone—
If I pass this way again,
Watchman, wilt thou see me then?

Watcher on yon lookout, hail!
Whether raging storms prevail,
Whether summer's azure hue
Sinks to rest in ocean's blue,
Whether morn with golden ray
Ushers in the coming day,
Or on high the noonday sun
Counts the white sails one by one—
Whether shades of eventide
Bend to ocean far and wide,
Whether on the rocky shore
Wavelets dance or breakers roar,

The Home of the Wild Rose

Still I see thee, foul or fair,
Morn and even, ever there—
True, tho' calm or storm prevail—
Watcher on yon lookout, hail!

And as thou art, let me be;
Ever scanning life's far sea—
Thru the morning of my day,
Thru the noontide still away,
Even when my weary eye
Sees the lowering clouds draw nigh,
And the length'ning shadows fall
Dark and gloomy over all,
E'en when most I need relief,
Worn with watching, worn with grief,
Bowed with all the cares that find
Refuge in the weary mind,
Even when the twilight fails
And the ebon night prevails,
Still, a watcher o'er life's sea,
On the lookout let me be.

BEN AND I

Ben and I were boys together
On the hill in winter weather;
Like the hours we slid away
Boys and hours alike so gay;

The Home of the Wild Rose

Down the hillside, sled to sled;
Boys and time together sped—
Ben and I came trudging back,
Time held on his endless track.

Ben and I were boys together,
Barefoot in the summer weather,
Happy as the birds that flew
From the meadows sparkling dew.
In the loft we tramped the hay,
Helpers through the blazing day,
And at night a blanket spread
Just to sleep "up overhead."

There we chatted, Ben and I,
At the first a little shy,
Then of greater things we'd do,
Battle scenes and love scenes too;
Silly secrets slyly told
Just like folk tell when they're old —
I was growing bold, but then
Not a bit more so than Ben.

Just a few years bring a lad
To a youth so shocking bad;
So it is—and Ben and I
Grew less bold, but wondrous sly;

The Home of the Wild Rose

Watermelons 'gan to grow,
Got ripe in the loft, you know;
Peaches softened on the beams
While we took our morning dreams.

Strange to say, with all the sin
That Ben used to lead me in,
I recall him with a joy
That I knew when just a boy;
I recall him as we lay
Chatting in the loft of hay;
Or along the fields of corn
Searching melons till the morn.

Yesterday I passed the barn,
Thought of each sly trick and yarn,
Swung the gate and, walking through,
Barn and hill were all I knew
Of the old familiar place
That my presence used to grace
In the good old seasons when
Ben knew me and I knew Ben.

Had I stopped and told my name
Not one there had known the same;
Joylessly I turned away,
Brief of word and brief of stay,
Left the strangers standing still
As I climbed the sloping hill,

The Home of the Wild Rose

Pausing only to look back
Down the well-remembered track,
Where I rode in winter when
Ben knew me and I knew Ben.

HOME

A few old pictures on the wall,
Chromos and reprints, these are all;
A clean but hard and barren floor,
A few old chairs, a stove as poor,
A table and but little more—
Yet this is home.

Aye, this is home—more truly so
Than many a mansion built for show,
Where well the stranger's eye can trace,
By every sign about the place
The presence of fantastic grace—
Yes this is home.

And home, tho' one can see, indeed,
A semblance of the form of need:
For tho' no luxury bequeath,
To those within, her golden wreath
No "golden sorrow" lurks beneath—
And this is home.

The Home of the Wild Rose

For home is not in granite wall,
Nor art, nor luxury, nor all
The glittering robes that pomp may wear
To hide the signet of despair—
Where love is, home is ever there.
Aye, there is home.

CHRISTMAS

When Christmas had a Santa
And Santa had a sleigh,
And rode from Spitzenbergen,
From Bergen far away,
Ah, what a time that used to be
For youngsters such as I—
The fun, the noise, the girls and boys
The yellow pumpkin pie,
The pail of apples from the bin,
The pan of flaky corn,
And all the pretty tasty things
That waited Christmas morn!

Ha, ha, we scrambled out of bed,
Sans pantaloons or frocks,
To see how hung the stockings, then,
How bulged the roomy socks,

The Home of the Wild Rose

For sure enough the reindeer team
Had stopped when no one knew,
And while we slept the driver crept
Back up the chimney flue ;
And here were striped candies,
And soldiers blue and green,
And cars all full of passengers,
Stout rubber men, serene ;
And Santa, dear old Santa,
Had rummaged through his pack
And found (it was a precious find)
For me a jumping jack.

But now times have been altered ;
Strange things have come to pass—
Incredulous I hear the tale
Of dear Saint Nicholas ;
Tonight, in unbelief I climb
The creaking, time-worn stair,
And yet I grieve for faith to leave
My socks pinned to a chair—
I long for those sweet fancies
That clung to me at night,
I long for those dear pleasures
That welcomed in the light
When Christmas had a Santa,
And Santa had a sleigh,
That rode from Spitzbergen,
From Bergen far away.

The Home of the Wild Rose

LINES

(Written on hearing "America" sung by a boy in Saskatchewan.)

I hear the song, "My Country, 'Tis of Thee"—
How sweetly now it breaks upon my ear!
I never knew how grand this song could be,
Till musing, listening in the twilight here,
Far, far away from those loved "rocks and rills"
I sit, a stranger, in this wide domain—
I love as ne'er before those "templed hills,"
And all my thoughts speed homeward once again.

And now I hear, "Let mortal tongues awake"—
Yea, let them wake and vibrate far along
Till hoary "rocks" their "'ternal silence break"
To join the music and the "sound prolong"—
And let the whole world, reverent, pause to hear
The sound of Freedom's voices while they sing,
Till crushed and gone's the tyrant's rule of fear,
And thou, O Freedom, reign alone as king.

The Home of the Wild Rose

THE HUDSON BAY TRAIL

(Written on traveling the same for some distance westward through Saskatchewan.)

Westward I look and westward turn to-day
O'er the dim trail that winds along this stream—
How many thousands here have made their way
A down this thread of hope, lured by the dream
Of riches in the wilderness that lies
Beyond those mountain tops that skirt the sea!
What cheer shone o'er them from these morning skies?
O, mighty west, what lurements hide in thee!

What ills beset them, none can ever know—
The years that lie behind us speak no more—
They came and passed, e'en as a phantom show,
And sleep forgotten with the toils they bore.
But here their footprints linger through the years,
Dim monuments by which the world can trace
The steadfast zeal that conquers human fears
And founds another empire for the race.

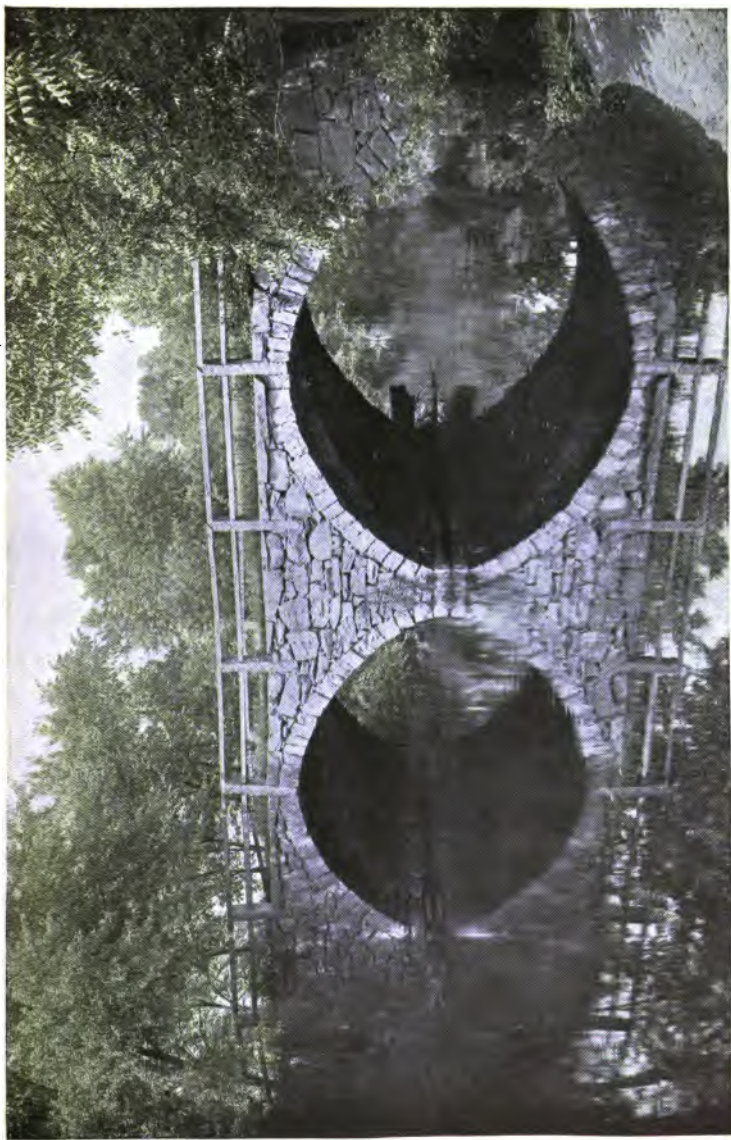
The Home of the Wild Rose

THE RIVER GRAND

It winds its way past rugged beech
And willow leaning o'er its tide,
Past lowlands where its waters reach
The cowslips blooming at its side.
It plays just as it used to play
In lazy whirls that I have known,
Or in the "narrows" hurls its spray
Against the rising stone.

The same old elms are shaking hands
Midway across the shining stream,
And yonder stretch the meadowlands
O'er which the skies of summer gleam;
I see the distant hills arise
Past which the waters flow and run
And, snake-like 'neath the morning skies,
Wind sparkling in the sun.

Upon yon leaf-arched bridge I stop
And watch the shadows come and go,
Or lean along the side to drop
The pebble in the stream below.



*"Upon your leaf-arched bridge I stop
To watch the waters come and go
Or lean along the side to drop
The pebble in the stream below."*

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L

The Home of the Wild Rose

I see the "red-horse" work once more
From side to side his careless way—
I see the reeds along the shore
That hide the pickerel from the day.

I look adown the stream to see
The ruined mill, the broken wheel,
The shattered dam, the willow tree
And scenes that time can ne'er conceal;
While farther still's the little town
Whose spires o'ertop the wood between—
These sights my childhood days have known,
And can I now forget such scene?

O grand old river, River Grand,
With spreading elm and mossy beech,
With green and dewy meadowland
And cowslips on the lower reach,
O native town, O silent mill,
Where'er I be, whate'er I do,
My fondest mem'ry ever will
Return thru all the years to you.

The Home of the Wild Rose

OUR NEED

What do we need that is not ours today?
A broader land extending leagues away?
A richer soil where grows the waving grain,
Or mightier rivers moistening the plain?
Is it a vaster tract of virgin pine,
Or richer wealth of gold within the mine?
Or loftier mountain peaks, or broader seas,
Or aught that Nature still might add to these?
Nay, 'tis not these—the time has come again
When Freedom calls aloud for honest men.

What needs each one of all our human host?
What is required to help one's country most?—
To be a man, kind-hearted and sincere;
To grow in manly ways from year to year,
To feel each day how much there is to do,
And know that God assigns a part to you;
To know that there's a love not born of self,
A joy beyond the thought of pampered self—
These are the things that make men truly great
And build the pillars of a mighty state.

The Home of the Wild Rose

DE HOSS DAT'S CALL HEEM "GRAY"

Wan tam I own maself beeg hoss
Dat Yankee man calls "bay,"
Fine saxteen honder' poun' was he,
Dat's jus' de poun' he weigh;
He's gentle, gude beeg faller, too,
Lak notting seen no more,
I t'ink I lak for own dat hoss
What I am own before.

Mos' every day I t'ink maself
'Bout dat sam' beeg bay hoss,
But what's de use for up an' cry
W'en milk she's spilt an' los'?
De cry she's mak' de man more fool
As what he's used to be;
Hees frien's deys only mak' de laugh—
I lak it not for me

Well, wan day cam' de Yankee man
For leev on Canadaw,
He com' heem wit de twenty hoss
An' mak de beeg hooraw;

The Home of the Wild Rose

He tak' hees-self dé beeg, beeg farm
Dat's 'noder side o' mine—
He's show heem how dey work de farm
On 'toder side de Line.

He's have de beeg steam trash-machine,
An' mak' de bon homme bow,
He's teach hees neighbors Canayen
How trash-machine can plow.
"Yaas—all de bes' new-fashion t'ing,"
Say he, "I show to you
Lak what you never see before"—
I t'ink, bagosh, he do.

De Yank he's ride heem all tam 'roun
Wit hoss dat's call heem "Gray."
He's mak' de ride all tam shees back,
But never on buggee.
Dat gray, she's go lak all git out,
An' mak de Canayens stare—
LaFlamboise say, "I ride shees back
Not till I mak' de prayer."

Wan day w'en he was ride heem pas',
De Yankee man, he's say,
"Bat:se, com' swop de hoss wit me;
I t'ink you lak de gray.

The Home of the Wild Rose

She's go de mile lak diable sure—
You court de girl, Bateese,
Now w'en you own de hoss lak dis
De girl was better please."

I t'ink maself de gray all right,
An' purty soon I say,
"Yaas—I will tak' de hoss, bagosh,
An' you can tak' beeg bay."
An' so we mak' de swop for sure—
"All right, Bateese," say he.
So Yank, hees tak' de beeg bay home
An' leave de gray wit me.

Nex' day I t'ink I try ma hoss;
I tell some fallers dere,
"I t'ink I go for heetch up Gray
For see ma girl, Elmire."
De fellers dey was all come out
For see, maybe, de fonne
W'en I begins for holler "whoa,"
An' Gray begins for ronne.

De harness, she's go on all right,
We ronne de cart out too,
Den heetch de tug an' snap de line,
An' purty soon she's troo—

The Home of the Wild Rose

Two fallers head, wan at shees tail,
Maself sit in de cart,
Gray jomp an' plunge 'bout eight ten tam,
Den purty soon she's start.

She's tak' me cross lots on de slough
More fas' shes-self can ronne—
De fallers holler out, "Bateese,
I t'ink you git dare soon!"
An' den she's head me down de road
Lak Soo-Spokane express—
De fallers whoop an' holler out,
"De gray go some, I guess!"

Wan mile, she's go heem lak de win';
Two mile, more fas' as dat;
Tree mile, I bus' ma coat behin',
An' lose heem too, ma hat;
But Gray, she's go it yet lak hal,
An' keek shees up de heel—
I set me part tam on de seat
An' part tam on de wheel.

Ma girl, she's stan' her on de door
An' look long tam dat way—
Say she, "Where is ma beau Bateese,
I lak to know today?"

The Home of the Wild Rose

But purty soon she's see de dust
Lak cyclone mak' hees tour,
An' den she cry, "Oh 'tis Bateese!
He's come heem die for sure!"

Den out she's ronned an' wave de han'—
I t'ink she's sure come dead,
W'en suddint—Scat! Gray stop, Kerbiff!
Jus' lak she's chunk de lead.
Maself go on, sam' gait before—
I t'ink herself she's strong—
Elmire, she's ketch me in de lap
W'en I am come along.

"Mon Dieu!" she's say, "Bateese is die!"—
Maybe I try for speak,
But stop me w'en she's lif' ma head
For kees me on de cheek.
An' den I say, "I am not die;
Elmire, you sav' ma life.
I leev me still for you, bagosh—
I wish you be ma wife."

Elmire, she's blush lak prairie rose;
Den lif' me up ma head
An' say, "Bateese, come on wit me;
I put you on de bed."

The Time of the Wild Rose

THE WILD ROSE IS THE
FLOWER OF THE MOUNTAINS
AND THE WINDS OF THE
MOUNTAINS ARE THE
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The Home of the Wild Rose

I lak heem not de bed, bagosh,
An' so, "Elmire," I say,
"You go an' set de tab' for eat;
I ketch me firs' de gray."

Dis tam, de gray she's eat de grass
An' switch shees tail de fly
Jus' lak she's t'ink its mak' no dif'
Whedder I do come die.
I limp me some for please Elmire
Who's t'ink I'm sure be dead,
But feel all tam lak somerset
Or stan' me on de head.

Dat night I leaves me ma Elmire
W'en clock strak two, tree, four—
I promise me I come ag'in
But not lak dat some more.
I say I mak' it room for two
An' build heem queek new shack;
An' den I tak' ma Yankee gray
An' ride shees home de back.

Nex' day I see de Yankee man—
He's mak' de bon homme bow,
An' say, "Bateese, you lak de hoss?"
I say, "You bet I do.

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The Home of the Wild Rose

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The Home of the Wild Rose

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The Home of the Wild Rose

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An' so, "Elmire," I say,
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I ketch me firs' de gray."

Dis tam, de gray she's eat de grass
An' switch shees tail de fly
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Whedder I do come die.
I limp me some for please Elmire
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Or stan' me on de head.

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W'en clock strak two, tree, four—
I promise me I come ag'in
But not lak dat some more.
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An' build heem queek new shack;
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He's mak' de bon homme bow,
An' say, "Bateese, you lak de hoss?"
I say, "You bet I do.

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"NIGHT NOW IS KING."

The Home of the Wild Rose

She's go de mile lak wan, two, tree;
I t'ink dat's purty queek—
She's tak' me to ma girl Elmire,
Dat's mak de cyclone sick."

"She's git me dere all right for sure,
Den stop lak she's de trap—
Elmire, she's meet me on de road
An' tak' me in de lap.
I lak de gray, you betcher life,
More as you never see!
Troo her I learn how very moche
Elmire she's t'ink of me."



NIGHT

Night now is king—the whole wide earth is his
And, hushed to silence in the dappled bright
Of heaven's stars, these murky wildnesses
Shadow to rest the beauteous forms of light.
Such is the king and such his realm! his hand
Rules plain and mountain peak; his robe is thrown
O'er wood and vale and ocean-beaten strand,
And all is quiet now; the stars alone
Shine from his palace roof as if to show
The peaceful tenor of his wide domain,
And add still to the silent world below
The glory and the myst'ry of God's reign.

The Home of the Wild Rose

Sweet sleep is here. Oh blest indeed is he
Whose heritage is this, all else denied ;
Blest is the sailor on the moonlit sea,
Blest, the poor cotter on the mountain side,
And all earth's weary toilers wheresoe'er
Their eyes be closed in calm forgetfulness
By fairy touch of heaven-sent messenger
From Night's dim throne, Sleep's gentle shepherdess.

And thus Night reigns upon the misty deep
Where, dim, the thousand vessels come and go,
And looks upon the land and gives his sleep
Alike to torrid climes and realms of snow—
Yet, listening now, I hear a note of praise ;
Not all the world doth sleep—a bird's low call
Sounds from the gloomy forest's deeper ways ;
I hear the dreamy, distant waterfall,
The hum of insect in the humid air,
The stir of leaves and low, complaining wind—
The world that sleeps, wrapped from its daily care,
Has left some minor notes of joy behind.

O somber king, I love to watch with thee
Along the strand and o'er the dusky hill,
To hear the notes of thy fond minstrelsy,
The fainter call of the far whippoorwill ;
I love to hear the singing of the stream

The Home of the Wild Rose

And the low lapsing on the quiet shore,
And give for these the sleep and placid dream
That thou wast wont to give to me of yore;
Gladly I make thy dusky realm my haunt
And bow a devotee before thy shrine,
Nor fear thy sable shadows, grim and gaunt,
But claim thy subtler beauties all as mine.

HARVEST

And I have loved these prairies, love them still—
I look upon the yellow fields today,
Nor east nor west the semblance of a hill
Obstructs the scene that fades in blue away.

The golden grain that bends beneath its load
Swayed by the constant breeze that fans my brow,
The blue-lined flax, the black but dustless road,
These are the sights that greet the noontide now.

And far and near the harvest's rhythmic flow
Wafts its old tune, its charming song to me
The while with steady move the reapers go,
Grim, battered ships across the yellow sea.

The Home of the Wild Rose

DE SAILAH

Wen de win's blow ha'd 'pon de roughened sea
An' de waves spring up fer to meet de gale,
Wen de white-cap breakers roar a-lee
An' he heah de snap ob de win'-split sail,
Say, whut's de sailah gwine ter do
Wen he haf ter face de giant tide?
An' say, whut ob de trem'lin' crew
Wen de ocean foam up fah an' wide?

Dah's de hold way down whah de engines beat,
Way down, de win's an' de waves below—
Am dat de sailah's best retreat
Wen de ocean's mad wif de sto'ms dat blow?
Down dah yo' kin but hide yo' eye
An close yo' ear to de fearful soun',
But de waves, dey roll up jest as high
An' de win', he screeches roun' an' roun'.

No, dat am not de safes' place
Foh de sailah lad wen de sto'm am on;
Dah ain't no use to hide yo' face
An' t'ink de ragin' sto'm am gone—

The Home of the Wild Rose

But go up dah on de uppah deck
Whah de ropes an' de rafts an' de life-boats stay,
An' wen yo' ship drives a sinkin' wreck,
Let de life-boat down, push away, push away!

An' so it am on life's big sea,
Dah am sto'ms an' sto'ms dat blow an' blow;
An' dey comes to yo' an' dey comes to me,
An' twis' us roun' an' sway us so—
But it ain't no use fer to go an' hide;
Jest climb up dah whah de life-boats stay,
An' turn head in to de rollin' tide—
Let de ol' wreck go, push away, push away!

TWO VIEWS

Ti'ed ob de cabin whah de chiluns play,
Sick ob seein' nuffin all de liblong day,
Nuffin 'cept de co'nfiel' whah yo' come an' go
In de blazin' sunshine, hoein' ob de row.
Weary ob de mock bird callin' from de tree,
Longin' for a suppin dat yo' nevah see;
Weary ob de ol' mule, weary ob de plow,
Wonderin' why de Lawd made poo' folks, anyhow—
Sick ob daily drudgin', wishin' fer to roam
Hyar an' dar, anywhah, anywhah but home

The Home of the Wild Rose

T'inkin' ob de wide worl', longin' ebery day,
Plannin' an' a-schemin' fer to git away—
Watchin' ob de ol' sun snailin' fru de sky,
Nuffin seems to please yo' while de days go by.
Jes' a life ob longin' fer de busy whirl,
Out ob de stagnation, out into de worl'
Whah de folks am happy all de liblong day,
Den de longin' takes yo' an' yo' breaks away.

* * * * *

Out into de great worl'—what a worl' we see!
No one keers fer no one, dat am whut it be—
Nuffin' 'cept his own self does de great worl' know,
Dat am how he's acted since de long ago.

“Do de great worl' lub yo'?” Doan yo' t'ink it, chile;
Dis hyar worl' is busy, busy, all de while;
Dat am why I'm longin', wishin' ebery day,
Longin' fer de cabin whah de chiluns play,
Longin' fer de mock bird callin' frum de tree,
Wishin' fer a suppin dat I neveh see—
Longin' fer de ol' mule, longin' fer to roam
Hyar an' dar, anywhah, anywhah toward home.

The Home of the Wild Rose

WINTAH

De woodchuck's in his burrow
An' de wintah, it am come;
De snow am in de furrow
An' de brook am frozen dumb,
De robin dat by summah
Wah so sassy an' so lippy,
Am now de lates' cummah
To de state of Mississippi.

E'en the flowers dat smelled so sweetly,
All de mignonettes an' roses,
Dey hab vanished too, completely,
Frum de vision ob ouh noses;
An' dah's nuffin lef' to cheah me
Ob de summah's golden glory
'Cept to ax yo' all to heah me
Tell de sad, lamenshus story.

Dough de jay am still aroun' us,
He mus' tak' de consequences,
Foh dah's snow enuff to drown us
On de top ob all de fences,

The Home of the Wild Rose

An' de chimbley 'sports a mitah
High enuff foh ol' Saint Petah,
An' de co'n shocks all am whitah
Dan de ghos' ob Julius Cæсах.

De bluebird, how ah miss him
Wif his summah-time hosanna!
An' de oriole, Lor' bless 'im,
Way down dah in Loosiana,
He am happy now as evah,
'Scapin' all de win's dat vex us,
While de wil' goose haunts de rivah
Rio Grande down in Texas.

Dah's de snowbird in de pasture,
Dah's de rabbit in de bushes,
But ah doan pahceive de laughter
Ob de happy long-tailed thrushes,
An' ah doan pahceive de brightness
Ner de sweetness ob de clovah,
Foh dis robe ob wintah whiteness
Done hab made de whole worl' ovah.

SUMMAH

De bes' t'ings ob de summah
Am de t'ings yo' of'nest see,
De green upon de hillside,
De green upon de tree;

The Home of the Wild Rose

De blue tint ob de ribber
An' de blue tint ob de sky
A-blendin' wif de cullah
Ob de bluebird fittin' by.

How sweet de variashuns
Ob de robin an' de thrush,
De one upon de rail fence,
De odder on de bush,
A-winkin' at yo' wif de wings,
A-noddin' wif de tail,
De one upon de sassafra,
De odder on de rail.

Beneaf dem am de wil' rose
A-blushin' pink an' red,
An' roun' her laughs de wil' bee
At suppin' dat he's said;
An' dar's de lily red as blood,
Away across de lot—
Dat bee hab been a-whisperin'
To her as like as not.

Dar's de sunshine an' de breezes
Wakin' frum de rosy mo'n,
Wen de dew am on de meadow
An' de dew am on de co'n;

The Home of the Wild Rose

Dar's de yellow ha'ves' apple
An' de cherry black an' sweet,
Wif de striped watermillion
Gittin' mighty fit to eat.

Oh, 'tis dese t'ings am de bes' t'ings,
But yo' sees dem ebery day,
An' yo' doan know how yo' miss 'em
Till dey's done gone went away —
Like de li'l piccaninny,
Playin' careless roun' de doo',
Yo' can't 'preciate his prattle
Till he doan play dar no mo'.

ONCE AG'IN

When de cotton wah a-bloomin' 'roun' de cabin
An' de ribber wah a-sparklin' in de mo'n,
When de ol' folks sot togedder,
Busy gabbin' 'bout de wedder,
An' de breezes went a-whisperin' frough de co'n,
Dah wah nuffin' lef' foh me to do 'cept stealin'
Frum de doo'way whah de sun come creepin' in;
Dah wah no wish 'cept a-wishin'
To be by de ribber fishin'—
To be by de ribber fishin' once ag'in.

The Home of the Wild Rose

In de happy, happy times aroun' de cabin,
When de darkies wah all geddered at de doo',
When de daylight wah declinin'
An' de eb'nin' stah wah shinin'
An' de singin' echoed to de ribber sho',
Dah wah nuffin' lef' foh me to do 'cept stealin'
To de doo'way whah de moon went creepin' in,
Jes' to steal back to de cabin
Whah I lef de ol' folks gabbin'
An' to jine de happy chorus once ag'in.

Now no mo' de cotton blooms aroun' de cabin,
'Cept de bloomin' dat am ebber in mah dream;
An' no mo' de darkies singin'
Sets de eb'nin' air a-ringin'
Frum de doo'way ob de cabin to de stream.
An' dah's nuffin' 'cept to dream dat I am stealin'
Frum de doo'way whah de sun comes creepin' in,
An' no wish lef' 'cept a-wishin'
To be by de ribber fishin',
To be by de cabin singin' once ag'in.

LONELINESS

Lone as a bird whose mate is gone
When the starless night comes creeping on,
Lone as the tree whose fellows lie
All prostrate 'neath the winter sky,
Lone as the loneliest—thus am I.

The Home of the Wild Rose

Only the hunter, lost, can guess
Half the gloom of the wilderness;
Only the lover of home can be
Plagued with the longing his home to see—
'Tis a thousand miles 'twixt mine and me.

What is the city with all its gleam,
Its noisy throng in an endless stream?
What is the whole world's glitter and glare
When the heart of the gazer is fixed elsewhere?
When he finds not the love of his bosom there?

Others may find in the crowded mart
Forgetfulness—and with joyful heart
Welcome the glitter that seems to prove
'Tis gayety, happiness, joy to rove.
Give me the desert with her I love.

Take thou the world with its tinsel show,
Its golden smile and polished glow,
Fickle and false and meaningless—
Give me rather one true caress
And a hovel home in the wilderness.

The Home of the Wild Rose

RICH AND POOR

The north wind blows its swirls of snow
Thick thru the murky sky
And spreads in flaky rifts below
And piles the chimneys high.
Round mansion hall and hovel door
All day and night 't has roared
Its misery to the shivering poor,
Its music to the lord.

Thru tinseled glass the one looks forth
And smiles to see the storm,
The other hugs the cheerless hearth
In vain to keep him warm,
On velvet rug and easy chair
One basks in warm delight,
One on the rough boards cold and bare
Waits thru the bitter night.

Oh, what a gulf hath fate left wide
'Twixt men of woman born;
The one in luxury and pride
The one in need forlorn;

The Home of the Wild Rose

One surfeits with the wealth of earth
And opulence' caress,
And one ekes from his humble birth
Life's fullest bitterness.

But still they say that God is just
To all that hold him true,
That they who eat on earth the crust
Shall drink in heaven the dew.
Fond hope is this, and doubly fond
To eyes that look thru tears,
Sweet benizon that lies beyond
The Psalmist's 'lotted years..

Divinely blest are they that see,
Beyond the sable shroud,
The sunshine of eternity
Melt thru the lowering cloud—
Thru hope we fill life's measure up;
The bitterness of grief
We drain from out the iron cup
Of faithless unbelief.

The Home of the Wild Rose

THE FLAG OF '61

Forlorn and dark above the wall,
 Against the skies of gray,
Half staff upon the army hall
 The old flag hangs today.
Its gathered folds are motionless,
 Nor stars nor bars undone—
Waves to no joyful wind's caress
 This flag of '61.

All day the crowded street along
 The busy life has passed,
Yet few of all that careless throng
 Have seen the flag half-mast ;
None but the dimmer eyes have read
 The solemn message given,
None but the vet'ran's snowy head
 Has bowed in prayer to heaven.

Kind hands have placed the emblem there
 Between the earth and sky,
And kindlier love all unaware
 Has dimmed the keeper's eye—

The Home of the Wild Rose

Bowed with his threescore years and ten
He counts his comrades o'er—
Once captain of a hundred men,
He's "keeper" now of four.

Some sleep along Potomac's side,
Some in the wilderness;
Their graves are scattered far and wide,
Where, none presume to guess—
Nor mounds nor memory disclose
The ashes of the brave,
We only know they found repose
Within a soldier's grave.

And one whom war and time had spared,
Decrepit, old and gray,
Has gone at length to his reward,
Has answered taps today—
From life's long bivouac, a call;
A time of watching, done;
And drooping o'er the army hall,
The flag of '61.

The Home of the Wild Rose

LINCOLN—A TRIBUTE

Out of the chaos when the millions stand
 Awed by the turmoil of a thousand creeds,
Out of the shadows that beset the land
 Time raises up that master which it needs.

Judea has her David, Solomon,
 Egypt her Rameses, and India's shore
Still proudly claims as hers that mystic son,
 Brahma, who wrought so mightily of yore.

For Rome a Cæsar led the uncertain way,
 For oligarchical Greece a Pericles—
And half the world of men unite to pay
 Their homage to the "Conqueror of the Seas."

France loved her Charlemagne a thousand years,
 And fettered England Cromwell's name has blessed,
But more than these, than all, the heart reveres
 The Lincoln of the world power of the West.

His was her master mind, her guiding hand—
 And writ indelibly on history's page
His greatness with the glory of his land
 Survives the blood and bondage of the age.

The Home of the Wild Rose

For him a tear we shed, a wreath we twine
Of fairest flowers that Nature ever gave;
He found enchained, but left thy land and mine
No tyrant's spoil, no bondman, and no slave.

FAREWELL

Friend of my youthful years, farewell to thee;
Tears and farewell for thy journey is done—
Sere is the rose bloom and drooping the tree,
Somber and sad at the set of the sun.

Soft, gentle hands that have often caressed,
Hands that were fashioned to love's tender touch,
Pallid and folded so gently to rest,
How have I loved them! Yet never too much.

Lips that have always spoke gently to me,
Parted no more by the smile I have known—
O that with grieving I ever should be
Left to recall thee, yet wander alone!

Eyes that once sparkled with lovelight divine,
Deep as the azure skies drowned in the stream,
Oh, could they smile once again into mine,
Open and smile with the ruse of their dream!

The Home of the Wild Rose

Curtained and hid from the warmth and the light,
Drawn are the fringed lids that shadow them now—
Pale as the white moon that rises by night,
Still as the marble and cold is thy brow.

Love of my youthful years, farewell to thee!
Fondness like thine is not given in vain—
Tho' thou be parted forever from me,
Deep in my heart shall thy image remain.

EARNESTNESS

To be in earnest—ah, I like the man

Who earnestly pursues a fixed end,
Who clings to cobwebs firmly, better than
The wishy-washy, vacillating friend
Of everything that rises in the zone
Of his experience. I count him more
Who has the pluck to firmly stand alone
On but a fancied rock, than half a score
Of those same "sticks" that upright stand
Waiting to bend at every wind's command.

Give me for friend the man whom some one hates,
The man who stands for something, great or small,
Whose earnestness defies the bolted gates
Of adamant and scales the manned wall,

The Home of the Wild Rose

Or clings tenaciously e'en to a straw,
A flimsy straw not worth a nick of time—
From such a man the world can better draw
A worthy lesson than from all that climb
The zig-zag way that least resistance shows—
I like the man who has a host of foes.

His is the better, immaterial prize,
No worldly wealth or nine-day-wonder name—
They are accomplished fools who sacrifice
A something real for a mere show of fame.
Yes, they are knaves who do not dare to stand
Against the world for tenets they should hold,
And greedy swine who let an itching hand
Betray one scruple for a world of gold—
Give me for friend instead of this whole throng
The man who's in dead earnest tho' he's wrong.

DRY SHOD

Dry shod they stood, where erst since time began
No man had stood, upon the Red Sea floor;
Stern Moses, all undaunted, led the van,
The cloud-gloom strewn behind, the light of Heaven
before.

The Home of the Wild Rose

Dry shod they passed—the waters rolled amain
Mighty and high till motionless they hung
To right and left above sad Israel's train,
The gray-beard long enslaved, the wond'ring, helpless
young.

Dry shod—their wavering fears and doubts all gone;
Their faith in God established firm and fast—
The stern one leads, the multitudes press on—
Dry shod, they reach the distant shore at last.

* * * * *

O Thou whose hand has in far times controlled
And shaped Thy chosen people's destiny,
Guide Thou my way when I, like those of old,
Shall stand afraid beside the raging sea;

And grant that I may trust Thy guiding hand—
The surging waters parting on before —
Till with a purer, worthier faith I stand
Dry shod with Thee upon the distant shore.

—

DREAMS

Last night I slept and dreamed of them,
The friends I knew in years gone by,
Youth let me touch her garment's hem
And look again into her eye.

The Home of the Wild Rose

Sweet youth that in those far-off years
Retook the joys thou gav'st to me,
E'en in my dreams I give my tears,
Dear buried youth, to thee.

The light of love is dimmer now,
The sounds of love are fainter grown,
And time has taught my feet to go
The silent path alone—

Yet, as I pass upon the way
That all the world before has gone,
Fond mem'ry follows day by day,
And night by night the heart dreams on,

Dreams on of days that come no more,
Of lights that fill no more the skies,
Brings back from out time's buried store
The love that never dies.



THE DANCE

"Honors all," the caller sang—
Ah, that was years and years ago,
When the banjo chimed in a "ping-pang-pang"
And the fiddle squealed to the rosined bow.
Ah, but that was a merry tune!

The Home of the Wild Rose

The heart was gay and the foot was light
As on we whirled to "Old Zip Coon"
Thru the fleeting hours of the frosty night.

The soft, warm hand I dared to press,
The sidelong smile that was meant for me
As a mild reproof for the light caress
Bestowed—involuntarily,
All these were mine when, left and right,
We circled 'round the village hall
And stopped mid-way in the yellow light
As the caller sang out, "Honors all."

"Swing, all swing!" And 'round we swung—
Ah, but that was years ago
When the dancers, now grown gray, were young
And tripping on to the rosined bow.
Now no more do the gay hours pass
Where the dance went 'round and the caller sang;
No more I bow to the brown-eyed lass
While the banjo chimes in a "ping-pang-pang."

I merely dream of the old-time scene
And sigh that the world so dull has grown,
And chafe at what has passed between
The present hour and the hours long flown;
But they are gone—I'll let them go,
Tho' I can't forget how the caller sang,
How the fiddle squealed to the rosined bow,
While the banjo chimed in a "ping-pang-pang."

The Home of the Wild Rose

TWILIGHT

The roseate hue of evening,
The hue that I love best,
Is flooding all the hilltops
Along the silent West —
Now faintly sound the herd bells
From out the pasture far,
And from the eastern woodland
Looks down the evening star.

The noisy winds have dwindled
Into a passing sigh,
The air returns the echo
Of the lake loon's distant cry;
Fainter and ever fainter
Return the sounds of day,
Paler and ever paler
The sunlight fades away.

And evening hangs around me
So beautiful and bright!
It is not glaring daytime
Nor deep and solemn night;
It is the fading twilight,

The Home of the Wild Rose

The somber lovelight when
The angels come from heaven
To walk the earth with men.

MY LITTLE WORLD

I look across my little world,
Out to the borders of the sea,
Out to the ocean where are curled
The mists that hide the rest from me.

I call it mine, for I must share
The good and ill it holds in store;
The gloom it gives to me I bear,
I con its varied treasures o'er.

My world is but a little span,
A meager realm of time and space,
The fleeting home of transient man,
The sole explorer of the place.

A narrow realm it is indeed,
Dark bordered by the great unknown,
And yet 'tis all that I shall need
To lead me safely to mine own.

The Home of the Wild Rose

A little world of earth and sky—
.. I seek in vain to fathom more ;
Alas, the vision of mine eye
 Finds naught beyond its mystic shore.

Yet something teaches me to name
 A world that lies beyond my ken,
A sphere from which my spirit came,
 To which it shall return again.

THINE

Thine, thine be my heart ever,
 Thine, thine ever my love,
Thine be the joy of the prayer that I proffer,
 Life everlasting above,
 Life never ending above.

When, when nightly I'm dreaming,
 When, when hover o'er me
Visions of eyes like the stars in their gleaming,
 Then I am dreaming of thee,
 Then I am dreaming of thee.

Morn, morn in its earliest making,
 Morn, morn with its splendors anew,

The Home of the Wild Rose

When in the meadows the flowers are awaking
Jeweled with diamonds of dew,
Decked with the pearls of the dew,

Then, then out of love's musing,
Then, then doth affection recall
Nothing so fair from the realm of its choosing,
Thou art the dearest of all,
Thou art the fairest of all.

Years, years alter love never,
Years, years, tho' long they may be,
Span not the circle of time that can ever
Dim my affection for thee,
Lessen my longing for thee.

Thine, thine be my heart ever,
Thine, thine ever my love ;
Thine be the joy of the prayer that I proffer,
Life everlasting above,
Life never ending above.

THE SECOND MILE

Who goes with me a weary mile
Is kind to me indeed ;
He is a very friend the while

The Home of the Wild Rose

He shares with me my need—
Who doth my toilsome hour beguile
Lives the apostles' creed.

I thank him, for I know how few
Possess such kindly heart —
I linger long to say adieu
And dry the tears that start—
I linger long to say adieu,
I would not from him part.

But who the second mile doth go,
Who does so much for me,
He is an angel sent below
From God's eternity—
What may I do to partly show
My love for such as he?

O, if within the time that gives
To life its interim
Such spirit with thy spirit grieves
To make thy path less dim,
Love thou him for the Christ that lives,
And love the Christ for him.

The Home of the Wild Rose

JULY FOURTH

Hoist the old flag above the town
Before the sun shall gild the day,
There let her wave, nor haul her down
Till evening twilight fades away.

Boom the old cannon on the square
Till, echoing to his rusty throat,
The brazen bugle answers there
The old-time martial note.

Let Freedom sound her every voice
That may awake the sleeping earth,
And let the very hills rejoice
In echoes o'er a nation's birth.

Not war today, tho' warlike shrills
At peep of dawn the rousing fife;
These are but echoes from the hills
Of Freedom's old-time strife.

Peace reigns today, and Liberty,
The priceless blessings of the brave—
Hoist the old flag from sea to sea,
Hoist the old flag and let her wave.

The Home of the Wild Rose

THE FOREST

This is the woodland, these the leafstrewn bowers,
Pillared and walled by many a massive tree,
Where from the noisy whirl of mid-day hours
I come to seek the charms of reverie.

Here in these ancient solitudes I find,
Far in the depth of this uncultured wild,
A world apart from that I've left behind,
Pleasures unknown and fancies undefiled.

From out these shades the songs of Nature rise,
Th' unbroken silence pours into my ear
A voiceless tale of all that round me lies,
The beauty and the glory of the year.

Here in these checkered realms I learn to know
How poor is man, how pompous to deceive,
How worthless is his boast, how vain his show,
Tho' passing fair his filmy make-believe—

What are his temples when compared with these,
The rugged oak, the heaven-towering pine—
Or what are all his glittering palaces
To these, O Lord, Thou claimst here as Thine!

The Home of the Wild Rose

This sunny cript no human hand could make,
No power of man could form this vine so well,
Nor art nor subtle reasoning could make
One flower to bloom within this shady dell

(Where thousands now, of every shape and hue,
Breathe out their 'prisoned fragrance to the air),
Nor give this sky its faintest tint of blue,
Nor form one leaf of all the millions here.

Nay—these are beauties from the Master's hand,
The mighty Architect who built the world;
'Twas He that reared these temples o'er the land,
'Twas He that left these myriad flags unfurled

And wove these garlands for my tired eyes,
And for my comfort reared this spreading tree—
'Twas His own hand adorned these summer skies
And left them all to silence and to me.

NATIVE HAUNTS

O dear native haunts, I remember you well
With all else forgotten I'll think of you still;
I remember the street where I loved so to play,
And the little brown house 'mongst the trees by the way,

The Home of the Wild Rose

The vine that went creeping along up the wall,
The song that the robin sang high over all
As he tuned his fond throat to the summer and me,
Atilt in the bloom of the old apple-tree.

I remember so well the sweet, morning perfume
Of roses and lilacs just bursting in bloom,
The tangled old grapevine, the arch that it made,
And the thousand bright hours that I spent in its shade;
The yellow-thighed bee buzzing hour after hour,
The whirr of the humming-bird over the flower,
The eaves-swallow peering adown from her cell—
I remember them all, and remember them well.

I remember the bridge and the river below
Where the waters sped on in a musical flow,
Where the shade and the shine, now a-cloud, now a-
gleam,
Through the branches and leaves dappled over the stream.
There the children delayed when returning from school,
And the swallow made sport when the evening grew cool,
And the minnow, allured by the slow humming fly,
A quick upward leap for the morsel would try.

I remember the school and the playground that still
Lies grassless along on the top of the hill
Where careless and care-free I romped through the noons
Of golden Octobers and redolent Junes,

The Home of the Wild Rose

Where I played with my comrades now scattered afar,
(God grant they be happy wherever they are),
Where from a sweet face that I clearly recall
I learned the first love thrill that comes to us all.

Ah, yes, native haunts, I remember you well,
With all else forgotten I'll think of you still;
When the bright happy years of my youth long have fled
And the snows of a lifetime lie white on my head,
No sorrows of winter shall e'er overcast
The sunshine that gleams from that era long passed,
Nor worldly forgetfulness turn me away
From the hopes and the loves that were born of my play.

THE KAISERIN

I've read a sketch of the kaiserin,
 (The top of the world beneath her feet)
And seen the shimmer and heard the din
 That makes a kaiserin's life complete.
I know how vast is the realm she sways,
 I know how grand is the state she bears,
How for her sake a nation prays
 And how God answers a nation's prayers.
I've read of the court that round her flings
 The glory that shames my poverty,
And fancied I saw the thousand things
 That lead to the garlands of royalty.

The Home of the Wild Rose

But back in the kitchen of my poor home,
Remote from the world and its bubbles vain,
Where wealth and opulence may not come
Is the meager realm of a grander reign.
No robes, no jewels, no glare of gold,
No glory that comes to the pompous great,
No fawning worshippers bought and sold,
No vain intrigues of a gorgeous state.
Yet she who rules is queen indeed,
And hers is more than a sceptered sway,
Her power is the power that God decreed
Should rule the great millennial day;
And hearts, not lips, are shriners here,
And love is more than hollow show;
Affection rises not by fear,
'Tis a heritage of long ago.

And she is queen, tho' none there be
To hold her name in fear or awe—
The heart must follow love's decree,
And love is not enforced by law.
Not luxury escapes the cross
Nor menial work debars the crown;
True royalty may suffer loss,
And queens be clad in cotton gown—
Then here's to her with surer throne,
(Tho' rulers lose or rulers win,
Tho' empires fall), here's to my own,
My royal, household kaiserin.

The Home of the Wild Rose

THE PRAIRIES

These fields are mighty, vast as is the sea
And fenceless as the heavens—The far line
That bars the sailor's eye infinity
In the dim distance shuts the same from mine.

From horizon to horizon, away,
From the rich South unchanged these fields stretch on
Along the world to where the lengthened day
Smiles back the glory of the Arctic sun.

From East to West, from where the rolling tide
Of Mississippi plunges toward the sea,
E'en to the slope of the rough mountain-side
These prairies speak their own immensity.

Long ages have they lain beneath these skies,
'Neath wintry snows and summer blooming flowers,
Unseen save by some rude, untutored eyes
But not unloved by hearts as fond as ours.

Here, o'er this spacious realm, how oft has trod
The myriad hoofs, like wave-beats on the shore,
In deep-scarred paths across the virgin sod
In wild stampedes that thunder here no more!

The Home of the Wild Rose

For man has set his foot upon this ground
And made his home, his habitation here,
And all of yore is changed—the reaper's sound
Rolls back the native silence from the ear:

And nature of her charms has been bereft—
No more her subtler beauties may be seen,
Yet in these boundless realms there still is left
Enough to show how grand they once have been.

THE WARNING

The old clock ticks upon the wall
From morn till night, from night till morn—
It waits to mark my final call,
It marked the time that I was born;
Long years ago it spoke to me
With warning voice and pointing hand,
Tho' I could hear, tho' I could see,
I would not understand.

The old clock ticks upon the wall,
It speaks in solemn tones away;
I hear its voice, nor is that all,
I understand it all today.

The Home of the Wild Rose

It speaks to me of times gone by,
Of hours ill-spent, of years ill-flown;
I hear and answer with a sigh,
I should have known—

I should have known how vain is time
That runs not to a nobler strand,
That, like a stream in torrid clime,
But wastes itself in desert sand;
I should have marked time's warning voice
When first the old clock spoke to me—
Alas, but I have made my choice,
It can not be.

MY AUTOGRAPH

Read the first letter of the first line in connection with the second letter of the second line, the third letter of the third line, etc., the name will thus appear.

Far be from me vain flattery—
I leave deceptive trash to those
Who know not friendship meaningly
Nor yet have felt the wrath of foes.
This do I know, that friends are few.
Forbid that I e'er find them less—
I've learned to value such as you

The Home of the Wild Rose

In life's allotted wilderness—
And may my zone of love extend
To all who've learned the worth of "friend."

MA FEMME

I leev me on de leetle farm
 down by Le Seuer Riviere,
Ma femme she's keep it well de house
 lak she was used to dere,
I work it hard maself de fiel'
 for git de corn potat,
An' never go up on de house
 till it come purty late.

Wan night I lay shees down ma hoe
 an' straight heem up ma back
An' wish I was in city me
 for tak it home de hack—
De moon she's shine her in de eas,'
 de star, he's shine heem wes'
De tam I walk me to de house
 for mak' maself de res.'

I walk me by de peeg pen, dere,
 an' geev de peeg hees meal
For fat heem up on Christmas tam
 an' stop it up his squeal;

The Home of the Wild Rose

An' w'en I come up on de house
 an' stan' me by de door,
De window mak' herself no light
 lak she was mak' before;
An' notting mak' de noise at all—
 ma femme she's sing no song
Lak what she's sing it all de tam
 w'en I am come along.

I wonder me maself awhile
 dat's geev me moche de fright,
An' den I ronne me 'roun' de house
 for see maybe de light.
I leesten dere a while—Mon Dieu!
 de man—ma heart, she's swell—
He's talk heem to ma purty femme;
 I lak dat purty well.

I look me me troo de window-pane
 an' see ma femme, Marie,
De man, he's set heem on de dark,
 ma femme set on hees knee.
I ronne me back aroun' de house
 lak notting seen before;
So queek I go me dat I t'ink
 I miss de door for sure.
I grab it all ma might de latch,
 an' mak' de beeg hub-bub—
I scratch heem very queek de match
 an' grab shees up de club.

The Home of the Wild Rose

Ma femme, she's smile an' say "Alfred,"
 wit fonny sparklin' eyes,
"Mon pere, he's come him here today
 for mak' us de surprise."

I feel me lak de leetle sheep
 for mak' de beeg hub-bub,
An' t'ink me queek what I can do
 for 'scuse it me de club—
Jus' w'en I scratch so queek de match
 I see shees ronne, de cat;
I let de club fly af'er heem
 an' yell lak diable, "Scat!"
An' den I shak mon pere de han'—
 I guess I fool it heem—
But ev'ry nod'er while I see
 she's fonny smile, ma femme.

GLADNESS

I have been glad upon my mother's knee
When she was wont to kiss and fondle me—
I have been happy in my cottage bed
A-listening to the raindrops overhead;

Oft has the wild bee tuned his happy song
The tangled, lovely wild-rose flowers among—

The Home of the Wild Rose

The winding, rippling stream with sunny dart
Pierced all the dark recesses of my heart.

How glad I've been in all those homely joys
That children love—those crude but valued toys!
How fondly with my feathered shaft and bow
I've tracked the rabbit thru the new-laid snow

Or scared the squirrel from the autumn tree
In gathering nuts from beech and hickory,
Or, thru the stormy evening felt the cheer
Of brightening hearth against the wintry year!

I have been glad in all my loyal friends—
No one has many such, yet heaven sends
Some few to sweeten life and lend the joy
That changes bitterness to an alloy.

I have been glad—perhaps no joy is pure;
I know there is but one that can endure—
The joy of love and being loved by one,
The fondest heart beneath the shining sun.

I have been glad in that most dear delight,
The love and ardor of my wedding night—
Let no one speak of earth's anointed bliss
Who has not known the loveliness of this.

The Home of the Wild Rose

Still I am glad—tho' oft the clouds arise
To hide the azure of the summer skies—
While heaven will grant one heart to love me true
I'll sing my gladness to the world and you.

TRUTHFUL MIKE

We sot by the brook, my chum an' I,
A-fishin' fer speckled trout,
While a city kid on a rock near by
Wuz watchin' us pull 'em out,

An' tellin' us yarns o' city ways
We both knowed wasn't true—
The fust wuz a whopper, but my days!
The second and third ones—Whew!

An' en fer the sake o' the country folk
I thought I'd try my skill;
Sez I, "Don't take this fer no joke—
D'ye see that orchard hill?"

"Wall, that is whar Si Jenkins stops;
Las' year, sir, ef you please,
He raised, outside his other crops,
A million pounds of cheese."

The Home of the Wild Rose

The city kid looked skeptic like,
As city kids kin do,
'N 'en I turned 'round an' sez I, "Mike,
Ain't thet air statement true?"

Now Mike wuz truthfuler 'an me
An' spoke right out an' out—
"Jes' how much cheese he made," sez he,
"I don't know nothin' 'bout;"

"But I dew know his nine mills run,
A-sawin' night an' day,
An' all of 'em exceptin' one
Is run by whey, jest WHEY."

COMMON FOLK

The more I see of hollow pride
In flaunting frocks and dresses,
In Paris gloves with rings outside
And shop-made flaxen tresses,
The more I cling to homely ways,
The more I like the spirit
That scorns this phosphorescent blaze
And all its whitewashed merit.

The Home of the Wild Rose

The more I hear of wealth immense
And airs aristocratic,
The more I love the wit and sense
That fled out through the attic—
The sage advice, the pompous stride,
Some lordling's worth betraying,
Convey the fact, naught else beside,
Of Balaam's ass still braying.

O, common folk throughout the earth,
Sans trappings and grimaces,
The Lord preserve your modest worth
From these dissembling graces—
Give gilded pomp her penny fee
And self-exalted station ;
The gem is still the mind that's free
From dross of affectation.



THE LABORER

Tho' far you go from east to west,
Tho' far from west to east,
You'll find that happiness thrives best
Where luxury thrives least.

In life we find 'tis not the fee
That makes us wholly glad,

The Home of the Wild Rose

But rather 'tis the memory
Of earning what we've had.

The man who does his day of work
Enjoys the setting sun
A thousand fold beyond the shirk
Who *has* his labor done.

Long life to him who clears the fields
And him who plows the land,
Whose honest, hearty grip reveals
The callous in his hand!

Through him the loller must be fed
However proud or great;
Through him the nabob has his bed,
The emperor his state.

The country's bulwark and defense,
It's wealth and worth are his—
He makes, with meager recompense,
The nation what it is.

The Home of the Wild Rose

THE LASS O' ENDERLIN

Ane day I met a bonny lass,
A sonsie lass I will na name,
To her I doffed my auld black hat
An' spak, "My lass, whar is your hame?"—
She'd twa bright een o' hazel hue
Wi' lang, dark lashes fringed in—
Quo' she, "I gie guid e'en to you;
I am the lass o' Enderlin."

Twa rows o' pearly teeth she had,
Twa cheeks as pink as ony be,
Twa lips, to kiss had made me glad
Fra a' my former misery—
I langed to press her heart to mine,
But sic a joy lang since has been,
Sic pleasure is o' auld lang syne—
Alas, the lass o' Enderlin!

Oh, for some turn in this straight way
'Twad lead me fra the iron rule
That says to me, "Thou maunna lay
Aside thy robe to play the fool."

The Home of the Wild Rose

'Tis this that says I maunna feel
The warmth o' love that weel I ken,
That I maun only say, "Farewell,"
My sonsie lass o' Enderlin.

THE PATHS OF YESTERDAY

I turn me back along the way
That leads to paths of yesterday,
That wind thru green and sunny vales
And wooded glens and flowery dales,
For in my heart I long to find
The pleasures I have left behind—
The brooklet running all day long,
The robin with his pleasant song,
The busy bee with ceaseless hum,
The wood bird with his mimic drum,
The fleecy cloud that soared so high
And airy in the azure sky;
The clover bloom, the orchard tree
That dropped its harvest fruit for me,
The diamond dew that gleamed at morn
From meadow grass and tasseled corn
As down the quiet, winding lane
I pick, barefoot, my way again
And hear at broken intervals
The tinkling of the pasture bells,

The Home of the Wild Rose

And voice of love that now is still
Forever on the voiceless hill—
Such is my journey o'er the way,
Such are the paths of yesterday.

MASSASOIT AND SAMOSET

Massasoit and Samoset—
I can see their wigwams yet,
See them as they used to be
In the quaint, old history.
Deep the snow upon the ground,
Snow-bent cedars drooping round,
Frozen river, white and still,
And a tree-rimmed, leafless hill
Standing like a fortress gray
In the background far away.

How I loved that scene of old!
Smoke-wreath, whitened by the cold,
Curling from the wigwam floor
Through the ever-open door—
How I longed to peep within
That quaint house of bark and skin
Lined with haunch of deer and moose,
Winter food for red papoose.

The Home of the Wild Rose

Oft I smiled to think of this,
(Ignorance is, truly, bliss),
For I ne'er had understood
The dark secrets of the wood
When the Red Men, robbed and wronged,
Round their painted chieftain thronged
And the nightly war-whoop rolled
Through the forest deep and old.

I had never known the fear
Wrought upon the sleeping ear
By the wild and savage cry
Of the midnight foe drawn nigh,
Never seen the flames arise
To the cold stars of the skies,
Never known the woes and fears
Of those dim colonial years.

Massasoit and Samoset —
I can see their wigwams yet,
See them as they used to be
In the quaint, old history,
And I love the storied lines
Printed round those crude designs—
"Friends were they"—I love them yet,
Massasoit and Samoset.

The Home of the Wild Rose

EDUCATIONAL

A bachelor professor
Who for years had been afraid,
At last was duly married
To a pretty little maid—
The funny part of this same tale
Is, as you plainly see,
That just for marrying a maid
The Prof. lost his degree;
But what is more mysterious,
A twelve-month and a day,
And this same pretty, little maid
Came out with an "M A."

* * * * *

O glorious education,
How subtle is thy fee!
For what slight reasons one may lose
Or gain thy prized degree!

The Home of the Wild Rose

BLACK EYES OR BLUE

Black eyes or blue—I like the first
And leave the lighter shade to you;
I like the eyes in which are nursed
Affection's very wrath—the blue
Are calmer in their softer light,
But all the pent-up powers of night
Lie in the sabler hue.

Black eyes or blue—the day is fair
And glads the heart with azure skies,
And passive lovelight lingers there
That never, never wholly dies,
But night, black night with lurid leap
Of lightning flash reveals the deep
Abyss that therein lies.—

And so do eyes, dark fringed eyes
Love-litten with a warmth of soul,
Nor free from passion's wild surprise
Nor yet rebellious of control,
But wherein love and passion sway
The higher and the human way
Around affection's goal.

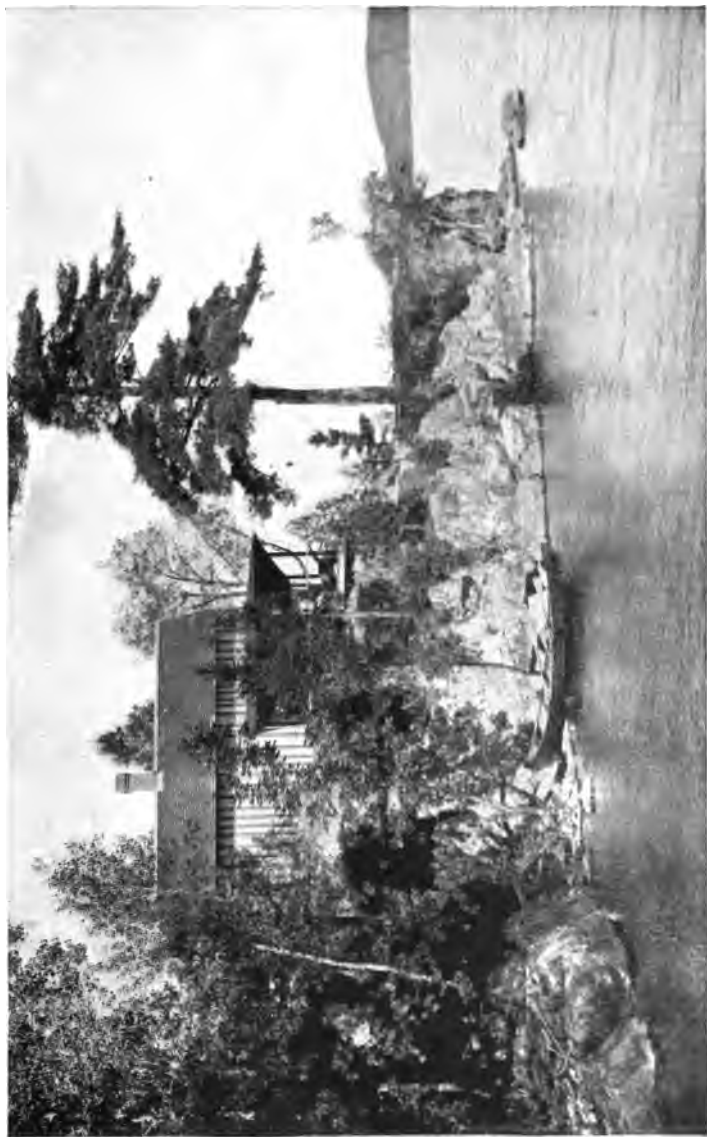
The Home of the Wild Rose

SEND ME THE NEWS

Where is my letter—and what does it say
People in Michigan did t'other day?
" 'Lected a 'Rep' to th' governor's chair"—
Oh, 's that all? Well, I don't care—
I don't love the old state for that
More than if she went Democrat';
Tell me some news that would tickle your ear
If I were there and you were here.

Send me some news of the good old town,
With a page or two from the country 'roun'—
Just imagine that you're out West,
What do you think you'd like the best?
Send me the news and never mind
Who's ahead or who's behind;
Sprinkle the page with home-like stuff,
Stick to the old town, that's enough.

Send me the news and if you see
Any one who remembers me,
Scribble his name on the topmost line;
That is the news that I call fine—



*"And tell me, Do you sometimes take
A boatribe on the dear, 'old lake?'"*

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R

The Home of the Wild Rose

Oh, what a joy it is to know
One is remembered from long ago!
This is the news that makes one feel
That love is beauty and life is real.

Send me the news; just say you've seen
The old home spot with its meadows green,
And give me a line on the dear old school,
With a word or two on the muddy pool
That lay 'way back in the pasture lot
Where we used to go when the day was hot—
And tell me, do you sometimes take
A boat-ride on the dear old lake?

Perhaps you go to the campground, too?
If so, who goes along with you?
And do you pause by the river-side
To hear the song of the gurgling tide?
And tell me, do you sometimes see
The girl who oft went there with me?
I speak no name, but you know who,
And how I used to love her, too—
Ah, kiss her if you think you dare;
That's what I'd do if I were there.

Write what changes come about,
Who still stays and who's sold out,
Who is single and who is wed—
Name them all if alive or dead;

The Home of the Wild Rose

Send me the news from the good old town,
With a page or two from the country 'roun,'
Sprinkle it over with home-like "stuff"
Say I'm remembered—that's enough.

LURA BELLE

Do you recall the days gone by
When we, young lovers, strayed
Along the river gurgling nigh
The foot-path in the shade—
Do you recall that shady dell
Beside the river, Lura Belle?

Do you recall the flowers that grew
Beneath the green-leaved tree—
The daisy and arbutus, too,
In all their modesty—
Do you remember these as well
As I remember, Lura Belle?

Do you recall the words you said
One evening long ago
When all the stars winked overhead
And Luna hung so low—
You said that yo—er—Shall I tell—
Don't you remember, Lura Belle?

The Home of the Wild Rose

Do you remember—yes you do—
As we still strolled along
How you kissed me and I kissed you—
It surely wasn't wrong!
Do you remember how I fell
In love by courting, Lura Belle?

Do you recall when we were "one"
What future plans were laid,
What strangers came, the first a son,
To change the plans we made—
Do you remember how I fell
To midnight walking, Lura Belle?

Do you remember, as I do,
My soft tread on the floor
As later on I walked with two,
Then walked with three, then four—
Do you recall the fifth as well
As I remember, Lura Belle?

You recollect how hard it was
At first to find a name?
But when I got to walking, Laws!
How easy then they came!
"Great Scott," "Jemima," "Cæsar," too—
Don't you remember? 'Course you do.

The Home of the Wild Rose

But now what shall I say? I fain
Would end this lyric, yet I fear
To save revising it again
I'd better write, "continued," here—
"To be continued"! That sounds well
Don't you, too, think so, Lura Belle?

P. S.

But do you ever, with regret,
Turn from these days of care and strife
To times ere that fond epithet
Of "sweetheart" changed to "wife"?
Or do you sigh in turning to
The dell in which I courted you?

To My Friend,

MR. BROOKSIDE CEDAR

Look for me over today, old friend,
I'm coming this afternoon;
I trust my presence will not offend,
So look for me over soon.

Your castle is mine, is it not, old friend,
The same as it used to be?
And tho' you're busy you'll condescend
To chat for an hour with me.

The Home of the Wild Rose

Call out your singers and let them sing
The same as they sang of yore,
For I shall be in your grapevine swing
At twenty minutes of four.

Whisper the news to the rippling stream,
But tell her she must not wait,
For the miller is waked from his noon-hour dream
And the mill-wheel clanks at the gate ;

And the miller is fretful and rash, you know,
In an idle interim,
For every minute the wheels don't go
Is a whole long hour to him.

I well remember one day last fall,
When I came over to you,
I stopped the brook with a great stone wall,
And the old brown mill stopped too.

But trouble has ofttimes been my lot,
Tho' ever to it I'm loath—
And such a scolding as I got
From the stream and the miller both !

But that is a time that is gone, old friend ;
Let bygones bygone be ;
The past and present should not contend—
The brook has forgiven me ;

The Home of the Wild Rose

So look for me over this very day,
But if I am here detained,
Be sure, old friend, you may safely say,
"He is dead, or else it has rained."

A TALE AND A MORAL

Once on a time a rascal stole a sheep,
A measley, little, scrubby mountain lamb—
The mean whelp thought his neighbors all asleep,
So, as I said, he stole that sickly ram;
But in accordance with the proverb old
Which deftly tells that "Crime will come to light,"
Some long-nosed gossip passing by the fold
Observed the wicked pilf'rer in his flight
And told the tale to several folk that night.

Next morn the thief arose at break of day
And sauntered out upon the passing street
Just as a crowd of boys came up the way,
And, seeing him, they all began to bleat.
He heard the bleat and soon divined the cause,
And, being angered much, began to rail,
When lo, the sheriff, armed with guns and laws,
Rushed up and nabbed the rake who, minus bail,
Was shortly landed in the county jail.

The Home of the Wild Rose

MORAL

The moral is—tho' oft not worth a d——n—
An old sheep costs no more than does a lamb.

THE COUNTRY SCHOOL

'Tis not from classic halls we've drawn
The worth of our great nation—
Our day of glory saw its dawn
From a more humble station,
The rank and file of martial host,
Our country's grim defenders,
Saw, sought, possessed, and valued most
What sturdiness engenders.

The smoother way and easier life
Impart a passive knowledge
And give the fancied pomp that's rife
'Round the pretentious college;
This polished mien and classic lore
We set not at defiance—
We need all this, but what is more,
A sturdy self-reliance.

The mighty river grows from rills;
From tiny drops, the fountain;
A thousand unpretentious hills
Make the majestic mountain;

The Home of the Wild Rose

From myriad beams the sunshine grows
 Into its noontide glory,
And hour by hour the years disclose
 The world's recorded story.

The great have sought the halls of fame
 From humble stations ever,
Proud of the path by which they came,
 The road of grim endeavor—
And names which all the world repeats
 Once stood out superficial
Upon the country schoolhouse seats
 In "jack-knife carved initial."

The tanner's son a warrior grew;
 The barefoot boy, a poet—
To these we feel how much is due
 And fondly we bestow it—
But shall we then admire the gem
 And scorn the hand that mined it?
Or laud the glittering diadem
 And loathe that which designed it?

Let vanity with pomp deride,
 And ridicule sit smiling;
Let thoughtless folly lend to pride
 Her moment of beguiling—

The Home of the Wild Rose

The humble means must e'er fulfill
Worth's noblest expectation—
The little country school is still
The bulwark of the nation.

TO _____

Accept a stranger's willing fee
And pardon him his ragged line—
Here's every good to thine and thee,
Here's every joy to thee and thine.

A friend's request finds in my heart
A friend's response; tho' crude the strain,
Tho' rough and rude, the rhymer's art
Pleads 'gainst that friend's request in vain—

For him and thee whom he loves best
I would invoke life's richest dower,
Affection's unadorned bequest,
The joy of love's connubial bower.

TO A COLLEGE CHAP

What's this I hear of college breeding?
Indeed, I think that's what I'm needing—
I'm really ashamed at heeding
The wise so poorly,
But at that moment I was reading;
I'll stop it surely.

The Home of the Wild Rose

Now what was it, young man, you said?
Oh! yes, of course—you're college bred;
I've finally got it through my head—
 But there's some proof
That this same mixture, "college bred"
 'S a four-year loaf.

This college life, so says report,
Is of a very strenuous sort—
A mad-cap scramble 'tis. In short,
 'Tis so intense
There's very little time to court
 Plain common sense.

For by the time one learns to speak
An epigram from epic Greek
And gets his Latin organs sleek
 And Hebrew polished,
The structure of his English's weak,
 In fact, demolished.

A gentleman, 'tis true, it leaves one,
And all the gridiron phrases gives one,
But really it greatly grieves one
 Outside the college
To see what morsels one still lives on,
 And scraps of knowledge.

The Home of the Wild Rose

Of course, I know those college airs
That gather round one, unawares,
With manners fine as thrice-split hairs,
 They make him shine
And give him several watered shares
 In learning's mine.

From simple freshman, all unknown,
The much-wise senior soon has grown;
At length he dons his cap and gown,
 And dreams that Fame
Her best silk petticoat has thrown
 Around his name.

Alas, dream on, thou little man,
Such dreams as learning only can,
For out beyond the Rapidan
 'S the wilderness
Where dreams are ever under ban
 Of sore distress.

Dream on and scan thy greatness now,
Brush thy black locks from off thy brow—
We, who the college may not know
 Have much to damp us;
For thee, the cowslip sucks the cow
 Out on the campus.

The Home of the Wild Rose

For thee the siren sings her song
Not clearly, tho' 'tis sweet and long,
Still fascinating, tho' 'tis wrong,
 And 'twill resort hence
(For human weaknesses are strong)
 To Ruth or Hortense.

Dream on, but take a fool's advice—
Hounds have their hares, and cats their mice;
And there is many a wise device
 That beats your show—
Tomfoolery for a time is nice,
 But what d'ye know?

And what are all your polished parts,
Your scraps of sciences and arts?
You've but been bruised by learning's darts
 And formed a callous
No fitter for fame's halls and marts
 Than for the gallows.

The alphabet turned wrong end to
May flaunt the news that you've "got through"—
As Balaam's ass could speak Hebrew
 Without much bother,
I dare suppose so too can you
 And many another.

The Home of the Wild Rose

Despite the fact of your degree
And all your fancied brilliancy
You're still of mediocrity
 Clean through and through,
A rain-drop bubbling in the sea—
 My friend, that's you.

Not all the schools of God's green earth
Can furnish what's denied by birth—
Of brains, young man, there's still a dearth—
 All your flim-flam
I take exactly at its worth,
 A tinker's dam.

WHAT WILL IT MATTER?

What will it matter in years to be
 Whether tomorrow be foul or fair,
Whether sweet pleasure abide with me
 Or whether today I'm bowed with care?

What will it matter if those I know
 In careless manner shall pass me by,
Or look askance at the work I do
 And scorn me with an averted eye?

The Home of the Wild Rose

What will it matter if I shall fail,
And hopes and longings be all in vain;
If I shall struggle to no avail
And pass unknown unto dust again?

'Twill matter nothing.—Tho' life be passed
Unfriended, poor, and joylessly,
I'll glory e'en to the very last
Remembering all I've tried to be.

THE SHOVELER'S SONG

In the hottest part of town
Where the sun is beating down,
In the middle of the street,
In the dust and in the heat,
You can see him working there
With his strong arms brown and bare,
With his clothing grimed and wet
By a toiler's honest sweat.
All the long and weary day
Still the shov'ler works away,
You can see him stoop and rise
'Neath the brassy, glaring skies,
See him bending to his toil
While his shovel cleaves the soil.

The Home of the Wild Rose

From his lips no song is heard
Answ'ring to the happy bird
Singing on so blithe and free
From the shade of yonder tree.
Yet with subtle eye I trace
On the shov'ler's sunburned face,
(Tho' his leisure hours be brief)
Not alone a poor man's grief;
Tho' his lips breathe out no song
Thru the dusty day and long,
Yet I know his throbbing heart
Sings a sweet but silent part.

Tho' around on every side
Struts the show of pomp and pride,
Tho' beneath the bordering trees
Is the city's wealth and ease,
Still the shov'ler works away
Hour by hour throughout the day;
Still beneath the blazing sky
While the busy throng pours by
He is toiling in the earth—
Tho' his lips breathe out no mirth,
Yet I know despite the heat
Of the hard and dusty street,
Tho' the weary hours have flown
Till his hands have tired grown
With the steady throw and dip,
That the shov'ler's silent lip

The Home of the Wild Rose

Sings of rest from weary toil,
While his shovel cleaves the soil.

Oh, it is not leisure gives
Bliss of life that longest lives,
Neither can man's pomp bestow
Balm to heal a human woe;
Wealth has not the power to bless
All her sons with happiness.
Honest toil, tho' e'er so poor,
Ever has abundant store.
E'en a shov'ler in the heat
Of the hard and dusty street,
Tho' he have but few of these
Outward blessings that he sees,
Still may have an ample part
Of life's thankfulness of heart.
Tho' his lips may breathe no song
Through the weary day and long,
Still his heart may know a tune,
Know a silent soulful rune
Of the things that help and bless
Hope, and love, and thankfulness.

The Home of the Wild Rose

EFFORT

We may not succeed in the doing
Of all we have purposed to do—
We may, for the whole of our wooing,
Win nothing of that which we woo;
But, whether our fate or our fortune
At close of the conflict prevail,
There's joy in the hope of our winning,
There's joy in the fight if we fail.

So let us continue the struggle,
How weary soever we be,
Nor let the grim front of the battle
Unnerve us by aught we may see;
We fashion our sorrow or pleasure—
In facing or fearing the strife
We fill or we stint our own measure,
We make or we mar our own life.

The Home of the Wild Rose

WHEN PERKINS COMES TO TOWN

Ye toiling, moiling, grouty men,
Ye sad-eyed scolding wives,
Th' lecture season's round again;
Your money or your lives.
Forget your rent, throw off your style,
Or let your grocer down;
Do anything to buy that smile
When Perkins comes to town.

Old Sober-sides who hasn't had
A laugh since Hanna died,
Will chuckle like a tickled lad
And hold his weaker side;
The mean, old cynic will begin
(Although he'll try to frown)
To spat his hands and work his chin
When Perkins comes to town.

The lover of the dollar-bill
Will half forget its worth—
Why should a half-a-dollar still
The rolling tide of mirth?—

The Home of the Wild Rose

And staid, old residenters then
Will act like Barnum's clown;
The parson will act funny when
This Perkins comes to town.

The prim old maid, the fussy one
Who's stolen Wisdom's wreath,
Will laugh so hard to hear the fun
She'll swallow all her teeth;
Her corset strings will snap in twain;
She'll burst her ev'ning gown.
O, folk will roar with might an' main
When Perkins comes to town.

At first the funny man will grin,
Then laugh, then roar, then shout,
Roll over, then begin again
And end up wrong side out.
O, goodness! What a time there'll be—
The scenes all up-side down!
There'll be a funny jamboree
When Perkins comes to town.

The Home of the Wild Rose

I FORGET

When I turn to my youth for the pleasures it gave,
Not a thing from the lap of old fortune I crave;
Not a care have I then for the days yet to come,
And my daily companion, old Fretful, sits dumb,
And I hear twenty wags, if I hear even one,
All inviting me back to partake of the fun.

With this all before me I throw down my cane
And leave the rough highway for young lovers' lane;
I forget crippled joints and lumbago of back,
I forget sixty years drag along on my track,
And I join the gay crowd, the gayest by half,
Swing round on one heel and bend double to laugh.

I forget that my head shines as bright as new tin,
That my remnant of cheek has grown faded and thin,
That my hand is unsteady, and firmly I grasp
The hand of some fellow our friendship to clasp.
I forget politics and the weather and all,
For the shindig is on in the old village hall.

It makes me forget I'm alone on the sea
With a half-broken plank 'twixt the bottom and me,

The Home of the Wild Rose

For youth is the main-mast and love is the sail,
While *court*-ship and *smack* bear me on thru the gale—
And I'm gay as the rest in the mirth of the dance
While the night glides away like an hour of a trance.

And the lass at my side is the belle of the ball
Who keeps even step in our whirl round the hall,
While with rattle of heel and with tripple-touch toe
We allemande left to the swing of the bow,
Till onward and on like the flow of a stream
We finish the "breakdown" with—somebody's *Dream*.

Then I wake and review all the struggles and strife
In my long promenade toward the breakdown of life;
And I laugh at the thought of my being placed back
Full two score of years on life's varying track—
For what with bald head and lumbago and all
Would it pay to plod back for the belle of the ball?

THE MILL AND THE MILLER

A thrifty old miller once ground in a mill,
In a mill by a bright, foaming river;
Like the wheel the old miller could never be still,
But was moving and moving forever.
At morn and at eve, through the long summer day,
Keeping time with the bright river's flowing,

The Home of the Wild Rose

You could hear the old miller still pounding away
Like the mill-stones, perpetually going.
Heigh-ho, what a miller was he!
With work he was e'er in a jam, quite—
But this thrifty old miller who lived by the Dee
Wouldn't leave the old mill by a dam site.

His heart, it was light as the foam on the wave
When the flood-gates were opened at morning—
His motto was ever, "Keep working and save,"
"Wear little, eat less," was his warning.
Forty years he had labored at calking the gate
And pecking the stones in due season,
Forty years he had scrambled there, early and late,
And striven 'way out of all reason.
Heigh-ho, what a restless old soul!
With work he was e'er in a jam, quite,
But never forgot he to take out his toll
In the old wooden mill by a dam site.

His daughter, sweet soul, what a damsel she was!
She had stuitors, some ten or a dozen;
On Sunday a fellow who practiced at laws,
On Monday a twenty-fourth cousin,
On Tuesday a farmer drove in with his grist,
On Wednesday the teacher came over,
On Thursday the smith added one to the list,
On Friday some purposeful rover;
Heigh-ho, what a damsel was she!

The Home of the Wild Rose

As pretty and gay as a lamb, quite—
But the old miller said, "While they're welcome to ye,
They won't get the mill by a dam site."

Oh, oft in the bright sunny hours of the day,
Within sound of the sweet flowing water,
The while the old miller was working away
The lawyer was courting his daughter.
How sweetly he smiled as he looked o'er the scene,
Or paused there to hear the mill humming,
And weigh up the evidence lying between
Dull fate and the fortune 'twas coming!
"Heigh-ho, what a lawyer I am!
I've captured the heart of my lamb, quite!"
He'd won the sweet damsel in sight of the dam,
But not the old mill by a dam site.

IMMORTALITY

When the clock ticks on the wall
And the world is wrapped in sleep,
When the moon shines in my hall
Through the windows curtained deep,
When the wind dies on the hill
And the waves sleep in the sea,
There's a waking spirit still
Tapping at the door for me.

The Home of the Wild Rose

'Tis no phantom of my mind,
No creation out of place,
'Tis a creature of mankind
With a sweet but solemn face
Come to still my throbbing heart,
Come to soothe my lids to sleep,
And my troubled dreams depart
Like the mists at morning's peep.

In the dim, uncertain light
I can see her by my bed;
In the silence of the night
I can hear her muffled tread;
On my cheek her warm breath lies
And I feel her lips on mine;
In the lovelight of her eyes
All the stars of heaven shine.

When the light of morning gleams
And I greet the coming day,
Happy, I review my dreams
Of the loved one far away—
For, tho' earth be dark and still,
Motionless and dead the sea,
There's an angel ever will
Come by night to comfort me.

The Home of the Wild Rose

“ENGLISH AS SHE IS SPOKE”

- You who would know the English tongue
Attend me to the close—
My uncle John “kicked up his heels”
When Aunt “turned up her toes.”

She was, as Uncle will attest,
Most selfish and unkind;
And yet she gave him every day
A large “piece of her mind.”

One day, alighting from her cab
When she had made a call,
I thought my Aunt would “go straight up”
'Cause Uncle let her fall.

She was indeed the queerest piece!—
Although it does appear
She should have gotten on her feet,
“She got up on her ear.”

One time when from the 'lectric car
My Uncle gazed about,
He drew his head in quick as “scat”
And yelled to Aunt, “Look out!”

The Home of the Wild Rose

And so she did with curious haste,
When, horrors! whizzing by,
Scarce thirteen inches from her nose
A signboard "caught her eye."

She screamed with fear and howled with fright;
Her "head began to spin"—
She fainted—"Squash!" she fell outside
But just about "all in."

"All in"—indeed! Poor lady, she
Was nearly dead from fright—
"All in"—ah, yes—but "Doc" appeared
And "brought her out" all right.

Well, when my Auntie bade farewell
To railroad trains and wrecks.
And thanked the Lord she'd got back home
'Thout "passing in her checks,"

She went for water to the pump,
A pump—yet strange to tell,
She up and "kicked the bucket"
'Cause she tumbled in the well.

The Home of the Wild Rose

WHAT I LEARNED

I went to school when I was young
And all the world was gay,
And learned to read with fluent tongue
The annals of the day.

I learned the boy's mischievous part
Before I learned to read—
I learned the teacher's face by heart;
She learned my first misdeed.

I learned to think each girl a queen
And longed to be a king,
Then started, as I thought, unseen
To help along the thing.

I looked at Jane across the aisle
And Jane looked up at me;
My heart sprang up to greet her smile
Undaunted as could be.

Perhaps Jane thought each boy a king
And longed to be a queen—
I can't believe another thing
Could bring the selfsame scene.

The Home of the Wild Rose

I whispered, "Jane"—well, I won't say
The rest—there was no rest.
Just then the teacher turned that way
And caught me, I'll be blest.

I don't know if she heard my "Jane"
Or saw my hanging head,
But even now I hear again
The very words she said:

"Floyd, you may go and sit with Jane"—
I didn't want to go,
But blushing cheek pled all in vain—
I moved, but oh, so slow!

I guess Jane thought I'd never come;
She fumbled round her book,
And tho' her lips were sealed and dumb
She had a loving look.

How loud they laughed that summer day
To make a small boy sad!
'Cause Jane had stole his heart away
They jeered the shame-faced lad.

But when the merriment was o'er
And teacher dropped her eye,
Jane whispered, "They won't laugh no more"—
Then hugged me on the sly.

The Home of the Wild Rose

That was the climax—I had stood
The laugh of every one,
Nor would I change it tho' I could—
I envied them no fun.

E'en now I think big girls are queens
And Jane a queen of elves—
That even school-ma'ams, just for greens,
Would squeeze the boys themselves.



ABILITY

Three teams hitched to a load of logs
Were toiling up a hill;
The anxious driver urged them on,
"Hi, Molly, Jim! Hi, Bill!"
And stretching out full length they pulled
With inch-long steps the load
So high and wide it fairly hid
The whole view of the road.

Surely but slow the mass moved on—
Each horse was true as steel,
And large and strong and sinewy
With calks on toe and heel.
Four solid tons those horses weighed,

The Home of the Wild Rose

Full fourteen tons the sleigh,
And twenty rods of icy hill
To climb that winter day.

With nostrils wide and muscles tense,
'Gainst load and hill and wind,
They toil triumphant toward the top;
Ten rods are left behind,
When lo, the camp boy on a mule
Comes stubbing up the road
And slyly hooks a logging chain
To that gigantic load.

Surely but slow the mass moves on
Above the creaking sleigh,
And quite as slow the mule is turned
Down hill the other way—
This boy had argued with the men
And vowed that "mules is stout,"
And said if ever they got stuck
He'd "come an' pull 'em out."

Well, sleepy-like, the little mule
Got started down the hill,
But when he felt the backward strain
It went against his will;
Then straightway he began to dig,
Contrary-wise, and straight
Those eighteen tons of logs and teams
Were stopped, as sure as fate.

The Home of the Wild Rose

Scrabbling like mad, the horses plunged;
The driver yelled in vain—
Those eighteen tons of logs and teams
Went down the hill again.

* * * * *

This anecdote is bona fide
And serves, I think, to show
What one contrary, mangy, little,
Runty ass can do.

—

TO ALONZO SAGE

You are Sage and I am Raze;
We were friends in bygone days,
We are friends and friendly still
Like the fir-trees on the hill.
We were boys one time in school,
You the Sage and I the fool;
Now we live in manhood's age,
You be fool while I be sage.

Forgive, old chum, for friendship's sake—
For often does my sad heart ache
For old-time scenes that passed too soon,
When harp and banjo each in tune
Breathed out the strain, now loud, now low,
While roared the fire and beat the snow
Against the icy window pane.

The Home of the Wild Rose

Our books—Ah, what cared we for books—
Still in the sacks hung on the hooks
Till from the teapot's narrow snout
The smell of supper oozed out,
A warning that we stop the fun
That seemingly had just begun.

How many nights while sitting there
We'd hear a footfall on the stair ;
And welcome visitors were they
Who came to work, or rather play,
To laugh, to joke, to sing "Marie,"
Or "Rob and Allan Cam' to Pree,"
Till nothing but the street light shone,
When we at last were left alone,
To do the work of half a day
In thirty minutes, any way.

'Twas winter then. You know the bells
That soothed the young Mt. Pleasant swells
Went jingling past our neat abode
On horses scrambling down the road
As if to walk had been a sin.
A clerk, no doubt, you'd find within
The cutter, with some laughing girls
Whose rosy cheeks and lovely curls
Glared on the window as they passed.
No wonder that a glance we cast ;
No wonder that we wondered why
Such fellow should have caught such eye.

The Home of the Wild Rose

We knew those girls, old schoolmates they,
Who met us at the school each day.
We knew what innocence of look
They feigned, when Bellows seized the book
And quizzed in vain each lessoned page,
His keen eyes half aglow with rage.
We knew the why and longed to work
The mischief back upon the clerk.

But time has passed. Those boys and girls
Fill up the ranks that move the world's
Great spirit. They are in the race
To win or lose; and each must trace
His wonted course through life's short coil
Of smiles and tears. Ah, time brings toil
To every one. What weary care
He brings the heart? Ere we're aware
A day has fled, a year has passed,
And life indeed comes on too fast.

But let old Time bring on his worst—
Time that by all the world is cursed,
We will not curse him, let him be
Whate'er he will to you and me.
'Twas he that brought us face to face;
'Tis he still aids us in the chase;
'Tis he that makes us what we are;
'Tis he 'twill lead us on afar,

The Home of the Wild Rose

To what a goal? To what an age?
No matter: I'll remember Sage,
And know, however long your days
May be, you'll still remember Raze.

MAX PROBEE'S VILLY GOATS

Max Probee hat a villy goats,
A vunny goats vas he—
He lift on zocks und betty-coats
Und tings like dat, you zee;
Und efery tings dat moofs a bit
Arount dat plessed blace,
Dat villy goats, he looks at it,
Den kicks it mit his face.

Vell, vunce der schoolma'am kompt ter teach
Der schoolhouse close away,
Und goes to boart arount mit each
Of efery vun some day—
Vell, ven she go py Probee's blace
A couple day or so,
Dat goats, he kicks her mit his face
Und den away she go.

Vell, py und py der railroad tracks
Kompts puildings cross der farms,

The Home of the Wild Rose

But dat same villy goats, he acts
Mitout der least alarms—
He shust keep valkin' rount der yarts,
Und pack und fort und hence,
For villy goats haf no regarts
For vat ve galls, "a vence"—

Und so, vun day ven dat same goats
Vas valkin' rount der blace
Und lookin' fer some betty-coats
To kick at mit his face—
Lo, here der enchine kompt, "puff, puff,"
Like blitzen goin' tru—
Dat goats, he sees it—dat's enuff—
Now vat you tink he do?

He packs oop till his veet vas in
Vun blace, den he cuts loose—
Py cholly, but he vent ag'in
Dat enchine and capoose;
He kick dat enchine front, pell-mell,
He almos' kick 'im tru;
Und vat ve galls "der pucket," vell,
Dat goats, he kick dat too.

The Home of the Wild Rose

A HUNDRED YEARS FROM NOW

A hundred years from now, dear,
What will the old world be—
And who will love as you love
And who will love like me?
Aye, who will live by loving
And loving still, live on—
What hearts will beat like ours, dear,
When you and I are gone?

A hundred years from now, dear,
The world will scarcely find
One boon to add to this, dear,
The joy she leaves behind—
Then hours will pass as swift, dear,
And hearts will beat as free,
But few will love as you, dear,
And few will love like me.

The Home of the Wild Rose

UNCLE SAM TO COLUMBIA

(North Dakota celebrated the twenty-first anniversary of her statehood February 22, 1910.)

“Of age today—she’s twenty-one,
A likely gal, you’d better bet!
That very gal has up an’ done
A stunt that beats ’em all, as yet.”

“I’m proud o’ all the forty-six—
I’ve watched their growth an’ heard their brags,
But press my shirt between two bricks
An’ tear my handkerchief to rags”

“If this same lass don’t beat ’em all
In ways that make fer queenly pose—
She’s got the stately airs, by gol!
Without the turn-up of the nose.”

“You know how once her sisters smiled
An’ shook their heads an’ sighed, ‘Too bad
That so unpromising a child
Should come from such a famous dad!’ ”

The Home of the Wild Rose

"But ain't she changin' clothes! I vow!
You recollect her last year's dress—
Wall, that's her bathin' suit jest now,
A-growin'! Wall, I rather guess."

"She's growin' taller every day,
For grace she's mighty hard to beat,
She's growin' prettier too, an' say,
Columbia, she's growin' wheat."

"'Rough occupation'? I dunno,
Whut 'ud you have her do instead?
By heck! I'm proud to have her show
The meanin' o' the term, *well bread*."

"I know they boast o' breedin' fine
Our older gals, but I aver
That every mother's gal o' mine
Is better *bread* because o' her."

DAKOTA

Dakota means innumerable things,
The red man's way of saying "bound together";
It means short summers—yea, and shorter springs;
It means nine months of furious winter weather.

The Home of the Wild Rose

But not to me—Ah no! This name to me
Implies a deeper meaning than I've told—
While some maintain it means "without a tree,"
And others say it's simply "beastly cold,"
I say it merely means a great, broad prairie
Where Freedom dwells and everything is merry.

Some say it means a tomahawk, a Sioux,
A gob of paint, a scalping knife, a blizzard;
But these are eastern folk. I'll warrant you,
And voicing some outrageous, lying wizard.
Some even shiver when our name they hear,
And tuck their ears well up into their cap,
And some put on their mittens, I declare,
To find our situation on the map!
But we—humph! we don't give a poor iota
For other folks' opinion of Dakota.

To us it means a land of peace and pleasure,
A land of FLOURS and No. 1 spring wheat;
It means a land where every one has leisure
To stop three times a day to simply—eat.
It means a land of prairies, vales, and mountains,
Of crystal lakes to greet the roving eye.
'Tis true our land is not a land of fountains,
But where does heav'n look from a bluer sky?
Dakota means (a very strict translation)
"As-good-as-any-part-of-God's-creation."

The Home of the Wild Rose

“SKY HIGH”

“Sky high!” Indeed, a very lofty speech,
At any rate, I used to think it so,
But now, although I’ve not begun to preach,
“Sky high” ’s just right; ’tis neither high nor low.

The morning lark, that blithe and happy bird,
Ah, what delight it is at flush of day
To see him rise from out the dewy sward
And, ever singing, take his upward way

Into the azure of the welkin dome
In ever-widening circles still to fly
Till, passed from sight into his viewless home,
He warbles forth his little song “sky high.”

“Sky high!” What balm it bears for human ills!
What time the nightwatch slumbered at his post
The drowsy shepherds on Judea’s hills
Were ’roused to life by Heaven’s choral host;

And skyward, too, was Jacob’s ladder thrown;
And thither “rapt Isaiah” learned to fly—
And e’en to that same height I look anon;
I too have hopes within that world “sky-high.”

The Home of the Wild Rose

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

While greetings pass from friend to friend
One fond desire accept from me—
My dearest wish, that Heaven may send
Unclouded joy to thine and thee.

'Tis now time gilds himself with gold,
And puts his 'blazoned armor on—
Still mirthful as in days of old
He laughs and all his griefs are gone.

He laughs, and I look out at him,
Half doubting if 'tis really he—
A year has filled the interim
Since last he paid such call to me.

His mourning garb is laid aside,
Gone from his face the frown of care,
And simple kindness gilds the pride
That thru the year has gathered there.

And I am glad to meet him here
And claim his blessing as my fee,
I catch in turn his ripply cheer
And recommend his smile to thee,

The Home of the Wild Rose

That thou mayst gild with mirth thy woe,
With warmth of heart repel the cold,
And find above a realm of snow
Celestial blessings manifold.

TO _____

Friends come and go—We meet and pass
Like ships upon the open main,
A sign, a smile, a word; alas,
“Good-bye”—we may not meet again.

Thus have we met with joyful hail;
Thus have we passed upon the sea,
And I have said to you “farewell”
And you have waved “good-bye” to me.

Bon voyage, friend—With calm and sun
May you pursue your peaceful way;
And haven lost or haven won,
Bon voyage still from day to day.

THE BOTTLED FAIRY

I’ve thought it so often and still do I think
That a fairy inhabits my bottle of ink,
An elfin that peeps from the nozzle at me
As mermaids might peep from their caves in the sea.

The Home of the Wild Rose

In spite of the gloom which enthralls her about
When I'm looking in she always looks out
With a sparkle of fun gushing into her eyes,
A pretty, a happy, a pleasant surprise.
Now children, I'd just like to know what you think
Of a fairy that lives in a bottle of ink.
For my part I'd like to know where, when, and how
She ever got into this bottle; and now
I think I'll find out. Do you know what I'll do?
'Tis this—use the ink out in writing to you.
I'll dip and I'll dip and keep dipping; and when
The ink all has run from the point of my pen,
When th' bottle is dry and my letter is done
I'll take a sly peep at the elf just for fun.
There isn't a doubt but I'll see her in there
For how could she hide in a bottle of air?

Now here's the first dip—I tell you 'tis fine
To watch this ink running off line after line.
Of course you must know that the letter itself
Is nothing at all. But think of the elf!
Another dip now—now I think that you think
That no sprite inhabits my bottle of ink;
But nevertheless, I know that you know
There were hundreds of fairies in times long ago,
And the question is: Where in the world are they now?
But wait for I see I must moisten my pen.
Now answer my question and listen again.

The Home of the Wild Rose

If these harpies dwelt in the woods and the streams
And meadows and everywhere else as it seems—
In fact it were better to say, "as we know,"
(Since who but our grandmothers tell us 'tis so?)
What harm can there be if I want to think
That one of them hides in my bottle of ink?
Now if I'm deluded, and no one can say
That I am, or if I should find, and I may,
This being for whom I am searching—"What then?"
"What good would it do if I didn't or did
I've gotten more ink on the point of my pen.
"What good would it do if I didn't or did
Discover this elf where I think she is hid?"
Now that is the question I thought you would ask;
I answer: The good is derived from the task.
The greatest of truths were once mingled with doubt—
'Tis worth all the world to be bound to find out.

THE HILL CITY

Upon the hill the city lies
Where winter's snow is white and deep,
And 'neath the snow and 'neath the skies
The city's tenants lie asleep.

Her hundred avenues command
No jollity, no sign to please—

The Home of the Wild Rose

Her thousand spires promiscuous stand
Like pinnacles in northern seas

Whereon is carved the fleeting name
Of many a traveler to that bourne,
And tells how and from whence he came,
But never when he shall return.

O great, mysterious King of Gloom,
That frownst round about our birth,
Thy palace is the voiceless tomb,
Thy realm, the utmost bounds of earth;

And they that breathe are subjects, all,
Attentive to thy beck'ning hand—
They dread, yet they obey, thy call,
And weeping come at thy command.

O Monstrous Shape that tearest away,
And rendst the ties of love apart,
Take thou thy boon of lifeless clay,
Bring to the tomb the throbbless heart,

Uprear thy minaret and tower,
Build thy vast city, cript and stone,
And shape thy vaults, O Dreaded Power,
Mysterious and unknown!

The Home of the Wild Rose

The heart thou tak'st shall ashes be;
The form thou claimst shall turn to dust;
All that thou hast shall shrink from thee
And hoary moss thy spires incrust.

Yon city on the hill is thine,
And none may dare dispute thy reign—
Thou marr'st the Maker's best design,
But what, Despoiler, is thy gain?

A LETTER

Dear Lura Belle—

I'm prone to think at times
My better love has been belied by rhymes
Too faulty and too light to truly tell
How deeply I have loved you and how well;
E'en so are these—I have not learned the art
Of writing what lies deepest in my heart,
Yet to my theme my muse is ever true,
She turns her fondest, sweetest thoughts to you.

I've loved you long and dearly. When the May
Of other years lay blooming o'er our way
And youth's bright roses held my heart in thrall,
You were the fairest, sweetest rose of all.

The Home of the Wild Rose

And when at length the earth grows white and cold
And life and time are hoary grown and old,
Shall then my heart feel less of love, or dwell
Less fondly on my theme, dear Lura Belle?

- How idle are our yearnings for the past!
Futile as is a sigh upon the blast—
Though all earth change and grow with time, obscure,
Love, earnest, ardent love will still endure.
As tendrils unto tendrils closer twine,
So clings your heart still closer unto mine;
Tho' time will furrow o'er the cheek and brow,
The heart, my love, will e'er remain as now.

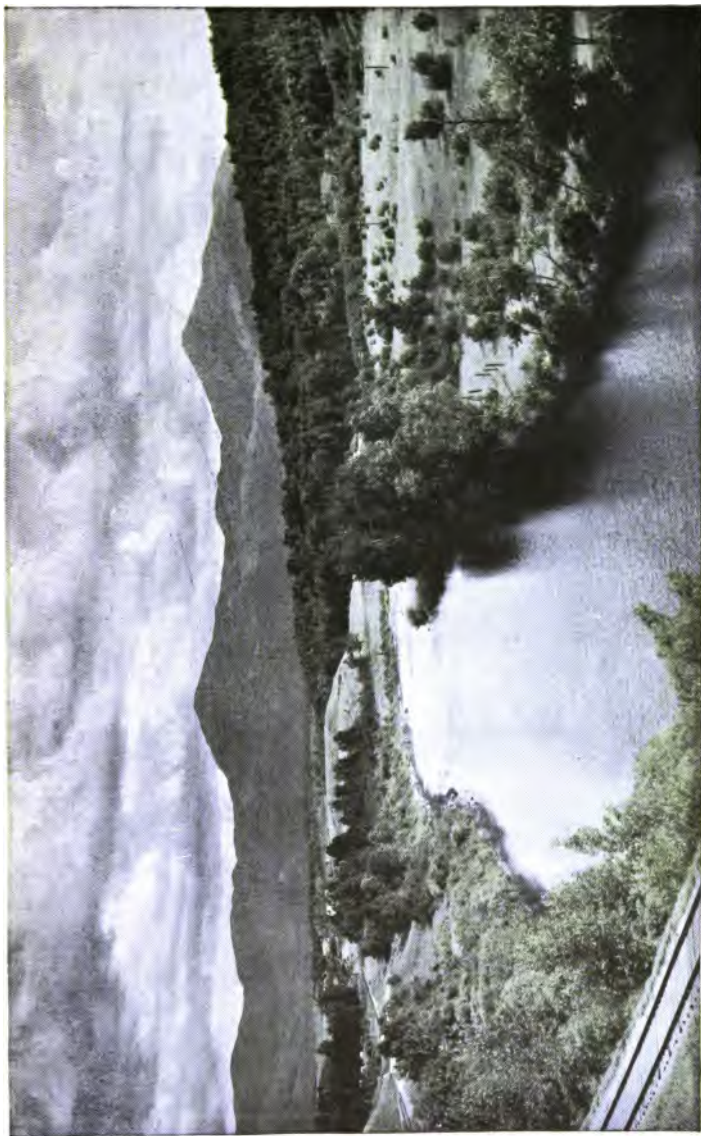
I heard you speak too feelingly today
Of summers gone, of hair of silver gray—
Your broken voice half chid the fleeting years
And pride alone forbade the flow of tears.
What tho' your hair, my love, grow "silver white"?
What tho' your rosy cheek's "no longer bright"?
Still I will fondly kiss your lips and say,
"You are the rose I plucked but yesterday."

The Home of the Wild Rose

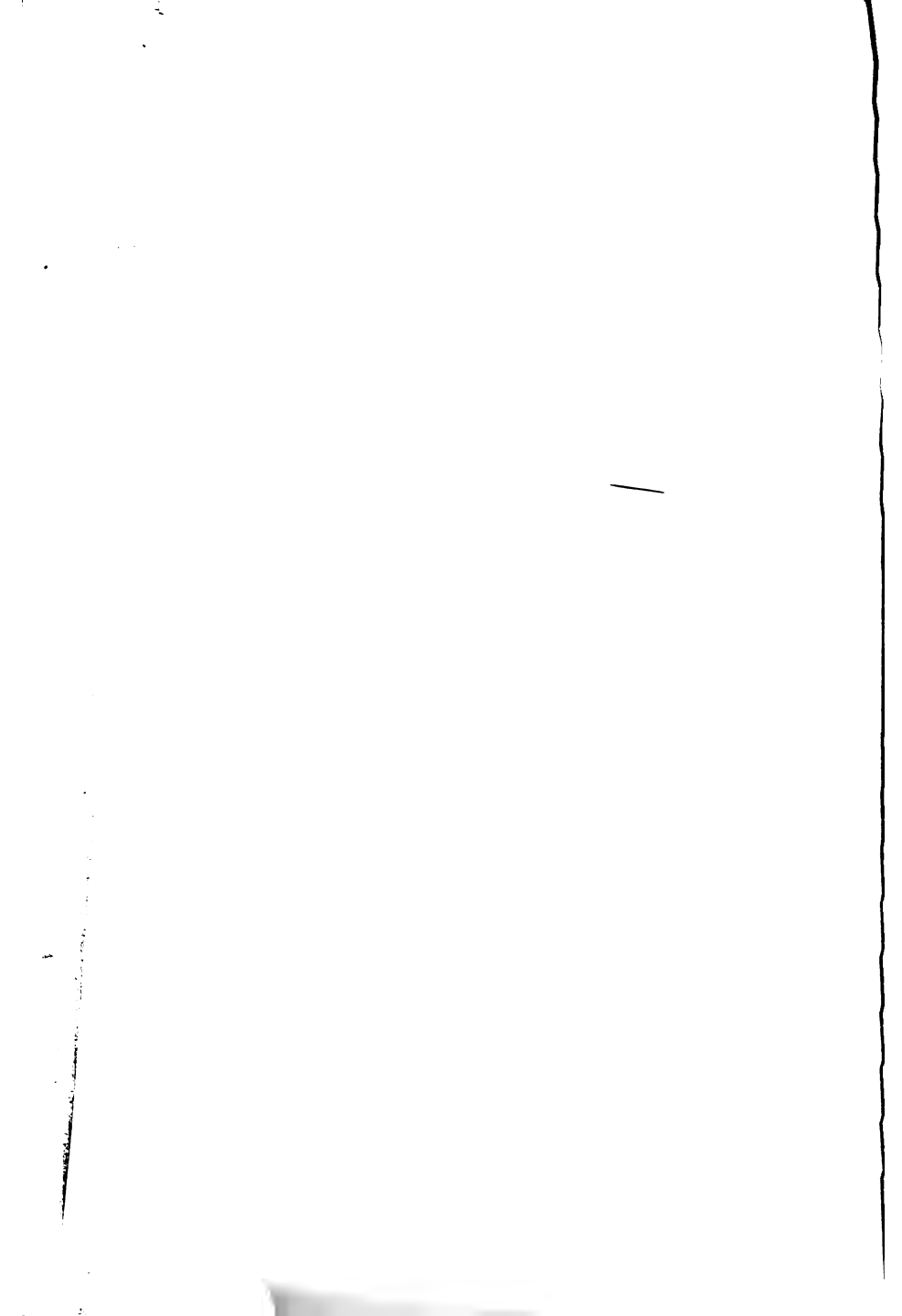
THE OLD HOME NEWS

What a motley pile of papers
Lie upon the table here
With their narrow, yellow name-slips
Pasted upside down, so queer!
Inter-Ocean, Post, and Journal,
All the latest news and best
Telegraphed from all the countries
Of the Eastern world and West —
Here's the Herald, there's the Eagle,
Take as many as you choose,
But I must reserve that weekly
With
the
old
home
news.

Not the speeches of a statesman
Nor the wrecking of a train,
Not the looting of a bank vault,
Forest fires, nor floods of rain—
Not the sinking of a navy
In the middle of the bay,
Nor the doings of a Congress—



*"Just that one word takes me back
Over eighteen hundred crossings
Of a barren railroad track
And it leads me to a village
Nestled in the yellow sand
And begirt with hills and valleys."*



The Home of the Wild Rose

What is Congress, anyway?
Not the things that happed this morning.
Nor the happenings to come,
Not the thousand more surmises
That make up newspaperdom—
None of these claim my attention,
You may read them if you choose,
But just hand to me that weekly
With
the
old
home
news.

There's the column headed, "Caldwell"—
Just that one word takes me back
Over eighteen hundred crossings
Of a barren railroad track,
And it leads me to a village
Nestled in the yellow sand
And begirt with hills and valleys
Where the pine stumps stand—
You may laugh at my description
And deride it if you choose,
But that column brings a heart throb
With
the
old
home
news.

The Home of the Wild Rose

For it tells of Jones' cattle
How three yearlings weighed a ton,
And of how they'd go three thousand
'Fore the winter was half done ;
How Joe Smiley who was huskin'
Smut-nose, Wednesday, from the shock,
"Done up" ninety-seven bushels
In nine hours by the clock—
There's a hint at "comin' weddins"
And a quiltin' advertised,
While a final lengthy item
Gives the whole gist summarized.
And the seasons keep on passing,
Winters go and summers come,
But that column always brings me
Heart throbs for the dear old home.
You may read those noted dailies
Much or little as you choose,
But I want the Caldwell column
With

the

old

home

news.

There is something in its quaintness
Makes me read it up and down,
There is something in its humor
That defies my 'customed frown ;

The Home of the Wild Rose

There are phrases quaintly mingled
Just to drive the thought a-skew
While a rambling rule of grammar
Permeates the whole thing through;
But it tells to me a story,
That I'd give the world to know,
Tells the story of the dear ones
That I knew long time ago—
You may laugh at my affections,
Call them childish if you choose,
But don't lug away that paper
With

the

old

home

news.

PATIENCE

Once when the waves ran high along the sea
And night was dark and breakers roared a-lee,
And the hoarse wind swept down her northern way,
And the weird lightnings made unnatural day,
An ill-starred vessel, driven, tempest-tossed,
Struck on a hidden rock and all was lost—
Of all her noble crew, the morrow sun
Peered o'er the waste to light the world for one,
For one who, on a rocky island thrown,
Paced the wild shore with sullen step, alone.

The Home of the Wild Rose

Five thousand miles from home and none to bless—
Before, the sea; behind, the wilderness—
Yet, happily for him as on he paced
So sadly gazing o'er the watery waste,
Thinking of those whom he might see no more,
An empty bottle drifted toward the shore—
He stooped and picked it from the surf and stood
And pondered long in seeming hopeless mood,
Then to himself he spoke: "From Cape Horn, north
Three days our vessel sped, and on the fourth,
Perhaps 'twas two o'clock, she turned due east;
Twelve days she sailed, aye, it was twelve at least,
Then north some dozen hours, then east again,
Just as the starless night and hurricane
Came down upon us, and the ship, fast driven,
Struck, whirled, and sank, no sign, no signal given."
This said, he tore the paper from his hat,
Sought out a place upon a knoll and sat,
And with a chalk stone wrote the day and date,
His name, his home, the vessel and her fate,
Then added, "Who shall read this, come for me—
A rocky island in the southern sea,
South latitude 'twixt forty-three and four,
West longitude some twenty-one or more."

This in the flask was sealed, and rising, he
Approached a rock that jutted out to sea;
Up this he climbed and from its summit hurled
His message to the wave and to the world.

* * * * *

The Home of the Wild Rose

Week followed week ; the months dragged slowly on—
A year had passed, then five had come and gone ;
Still day by day along the rugged shore
The shaggy hermit paced e'en as before,
And daily sought the rock and looked in vain
For sign of sail along the western main,
Then with the night to seek the caverned hill
And dream of home, at morn returning still
To view with hopeful eyes the waste again—
Such is the spirit of indomitable men.

Meantime, upon the ocean, day by day,
The bottle drifted miles and miles away,
Round calmer shores, or back where wild and free
The billows rolled across the open sea—
And still the sailor sought his place at dawn,
And still the flask through years was wafted on,
Till, if 'twas God's design or chance prevailed,
It reached the very port from which he sailed—

While there in grief a care-worn woman paced
And sadly gazed across the watery waste,
Thinking of one whom she might see no more,
A bottle drifted high upon the shore.
She stooped and picked it from the surf, and stood
And broke the seal in hopeless, listless mood,
And drew a paper from within and read,
O God, the name of him she mourned as dead—

The Home of the Wild Rose

And there she stood with mingled hopes and fears,
And flitting smiles and ever-falling tears,
And read aloud her lover's, "Come for me,
A rocky island in the southern sea,
South latitude 'twixt forty-three and four,
West longitude some twenty-one or more."

Hopeful, and yet with all the fears that keep
With love to dim the eye and blanch the cheek,
She turned with throbbing heart, and hurried back,
Running the while along her backward track,
Past fisher-boat, and busy wharf, and slip
Whose waters foamed to th' incoming ship;
Past battered hulk and torn and flapping sail
That told of weeks at war with ocean's gale,
And past the bar, and on along the bay
To where, out-bound, a ready vessel lay.

The captain paused with serious face and grave,
And stretched his hand to take the note she gave,
And all confusedly the message read
From one he too had long since counted dead—
But why delay the tale? Before the sun
Told from the ruddy west that day was done,
The out-bound vessel passed beyond the bay,
And heading southward, sailed from sight away.

Southward as straight as pilot's skill could guide,
Past Chili's coast and many an island side,

The Home of the Wild Rose

O'er seas becalmed and dreary wastes of storm,
From morn till night, from night till breaking morn,
Through weeks of change the sturdy vessel passed,
Till, bending round the stormy cape at last,
Upon the southern sea she spread her sails
Defiantly to brave the howling gales.
Northward she sailed three days, then three times three
She bore to eastward o'er the stormy sea,
And now the lookout, gazing from the mast,
Read the far sea and scanned each isle they passed
Until he saw beneath morn's varied smile
The shaggy outline of a rocky isle—
And there upon a barren cliff and high
That rose midway betwixt the sea and sky
A strange, wild figure stood—but why say more
Of how the battered vessel gained the shore,
Or weary heart that throbbed so long in pain,
Restored to joy and love and home again?
Suffice it that the solitary spot
So long his home, has been by all forgot,
That he, the hermit of a dozen years,
Sustained by hope, o'ercame his darkest fears,
Waited and watched till all those years had passed
And nobly triumphed over all at last.

* * * * *

How grand is patience and how great the boon
That comes to him who waits! The golden moon
May fade and pale, the rivers come and go,
And desert sands lie heaped with winter snow;

The Home of the Wild Rose

The mountain tops may dwindle to the plain
And rise to heaven in towering cliffs again,
And all things change in changing earth and air,
But he who nobly battles with despair,
Who builds his home on hope's unyielding hill:
And girds himself with patience' armor, still
Will sometime gain, however long delayed,
The boon for which he's waited, watched, and prayed.

—
TO —————

If we should sometime meet again
In Harlan or in Halifax,
In Heaven or earth or on the train,
Or 'mongst the Turks or wild Cossacks,
Or any place where friends may be,
Here or hereafter, I shall find
A second joy in greeting thee
To equal that I've left behind.

While memory serves and time still wears
My thoughts will often turn away
And, all unburdened of their cares,
Along those sunny precincts stray;
And thou shalt walk beside me then,
And I shall know the joy of yore,
For happily I shall see again
The "angel" I have known before.

The Home of the Wild Rose

She may be changed and so may I—
Time mars with years the outward part.
Material beauties wane and die,
But not the beauties of the heart.
The leaves may wither and may fade,
But there remains the living tree—
Such is affection; this, withal,
May be unchanged in thee and me.

So fare thee well—We two have met
And parted—maybe, out of time;
To me it bears a deep regret,
To thee, a semi-shallow rhyme—
And if we live to meet again,
I'll greet thee with affection still,
But if we meet no more, why, then,
My dear, I say again, "Farewell."

ROSIE LALONE

'Tis fines' night I never see—
De star, she's all come out,
An' win' dat 's sleep along de lak'
Was blow up from de sout' ;

I light ma pipe, tak' t'ree, four puff,
Den walk off from de shack—

The Home of the Wild Rose

Mebbe I go for visit some
Before I come me back.

I have new neighbor 'cross de lak'
On homestead sam' 's my own—
She's teacher up from Nort' Dakot',
Shees name, Rosie LaLone.

Dat's purty girl, an' so I t'ink
I walk me roun' dat way
For see if water's on de marsh
An' whedder dere 'll be hay ;

But somehow I forgit de marsh,
Don't see de hay at all,
For roun' de todder side de lak'
Mees LaLone she was call

Shees Jersey cow, "Come Bess, come Bess"—
So I jus' go roun' dere
An' walk up slow an' say, "Bon jour!"
"Dis is nice evenin' air."

She's say, "O, my! Monsieur Cavour,
You skeer me out my shoes!
I'm jus' come out for meelk de cow —
Mebbe you will excuse."

The Home of the Wild Rose

I say, "Yaas, geev to me de pail—
De grass is awful dew—
I sure will be mos' more as glad
For meelk dat cow for you."

She's say, "All right, but you look out!
Dat o' cow was kind o' skeer—
She don't seen not'ing lak de man
Since I was fetch her here."

So keerful lak I tak' de stool,
Sit down an' say, "So, Bess";
W'en dat sam' cow was blow shees nose
An' keek me galley wes'.

Mees LaLone say, "Dat is too bad"—
But all tam bus' for laugh—
I say, "Bagosh, I guess dat cow
Was tak' me for some calf."

"Mees LaLone, geev dat apern here,
An' dat sunbonnet too;
Poot on dis hat an' take dis pipe,
She's t'ink den I am you."

Den I was meelk dat Jersey cow,
An' purty soon she's done—
I say, "W'en cow don't know de dif'
I guess we sure be one."

The Home of the Wild Rose

Mees LaLone say, "I t'ink so, too,
Monsieur Cavour—Come in;
An' please to tak' my apern off
But look out for de pin."

But w'at's de use for write an write
W'en story she was done—
Dis is ma femme, Madame Cavour,
Nec, Mees Rosie LaLone.

REFLECTIONS

Occasioned by Mrs. N. C. Young's Lecture: "North
Dakota Writers."

I have reflected now for many days
Upon my failures and my fool devotion:
I've turned myself about in various ways
That I might form some saner sort of notion
Of what I am; and here is the solution—
I'm but a Jonah 'mongst the whales of ocean.

I have been swallowed, too; on these occasions
I've kicked and squirmed and struggled, but I've lost.
My enemies have shed some—incantations
And drunk my happy downfall in a toast;
But when they seemed to be rejoicing most
The whale would spew me out upon their coast.

The Home of the Wild Rose

Proof that a poet can not be kept down
As if he were a mere link of bologna,
Or common magistrate about the town,
Or soldier stationed on the Isle of Cona—
Indeed, I will assure you this is bona
Fide, subscribed to both by me and Jonah.

Three days was Jonah hidden from the world
With all its follies, foibles, sin, and crime,
And then, "Hiccough!" and Jonah, he was hurled
Most violently out into the slime—
Three days! I wonder how he stood it all that time?
For I remember Jonah couldn't rhyme.

With me 'tis different—I escape at once;
I'd tell you how if only you'd request me—
I'm dull enough, but still not such a dunce
But that my story well might interest ye—
Yet, 'twould "be mean" to those that so detest me.
So I will say, A whale just can't digest me.

In youth I dreamed that I was born to sing—
'Tis an hallucination of the age—
But poverty has clipped the muse's wing,
And sorrow built for me an iron cage,
And set me in oblivion's umbrage
With one lone star the darkness to assuage.

The Home of the Wild Rose

One feeble star set in a murky sky,
One dim, uncertain ray by which to nurse
My hopes and dreams—but these have passed me by
And left me hopeless, cheerless, even worse,
For tho' my dreams are gone, 'tis still my curse
To be ambitious yet for fame in verse.

Yes, rhyme has downed me; 'tis the last extreme,
The *ne plus ultra* of degraded men,
The real infection of a fancied dream
From which I may not hope to rise again,
But seek me out some dim, secluded den
And brood o'er glories lost, that might have been.

But why do this? I still am loved by one,
And have been, in my time, by three or four—
We scarcely finish life as 'tis begun—
The apple eaten, there remains the core,
A witness to the sweets we've known before—
I still am loved by one—I ask no more.

The roses plucked, tho' fragrant on the tree,
Will fade and wither, once they leave the stem;
This much, experience teaches you and me—
No robe but time will frazzle at the hem—
Water will wear away the hardest gem,
And Youth will pawn to Age her diadem.

The Home of the Wild Rose

Time runs apace—the loved and lovely die,
Dreams vanish and hopes fade away; in sooth,
The morning sun sinks in the western sky
And all earth's loveliness becomes uncouth—
"Nothing," says Doctor Holmes, "retains its youth,
Except," I think it was, "a tree and truth."

Well, well, so let it be. A few gray hairs
Add wisdom, or at least 'tis thought they do—
At any rate, they witness to our cares,
The sorrows and the suffering gone through—
I write these straggling lines, fond youth, for you;
But might refrain, for time will prove them true.

I would deny it gladly, but alas,
Truth must be nurtured even in our tears—
I write this cringingly before my glass
And note the gray that's sprinkled round my ears—
My heart grows sad, for truly it appears
I have grown old at thirty-seven years.

I have grown old—a stranger to the charm
That youth once wove around me—still I feel
Some fond sensations, for my heart is warm
And will not let my youthful blood congeal—
Years touch us tangibly, but can not steal
Nor crush life's joy 'neath time's revolving wheel.

The Home of the Wild Rose

I still am loved—despite the rabble's scorn,
The frown of poverty and all the ill
That flesh is heir to—Tho' my heart is torn
By rancor, there is one that will
Cling at my side adown life's western hill:
She loved me in my youth, and loves me still.

With her I've dreamed of something more than this,
This *ignis fatuus*, not yet quite gone,
That has allured me to the wilderness
Where still I chase the phantom lightning on—
Tho' oft it vanishes, 'tis sure anon
To rise again, more pallid grown, and wan.

It has deceived indeed. Perhaps you know
That dreams add several cubits to our folly,
That faded hopes retain a tinge of woe,
And disappointment shades to melancholy
That seldom leaves the hopeful dreamer jolly,
Except he be, perhaps, like Mr. Foley.

He is our poet, poet laureate—
I envy him the title, envy highly.
I would have snatched the laurels, but the state
Knew my designs and hid the branches slyly;
My love of Burns had made them rather wily—
They much preferred their Eugene-Foley-Riley.

The Home of the Wild Rose

So I am left to scribble on alone
Or stop, just as I choose. Some really think
My downright poverty must surely own
Existence to my useless waste of ink,
That were my masterpiece thrown in the drink
'Tis ten to one 'twould be too light to sink.

But, "sink or swim"—Aye, let it "live or die,
Survive or perish" in the strenuous game,
Know ye, that through these many seasons, I
Have fondly courted all the wiles of fame,
That I am watching still the muse's flame
Smoulder into a smudge to hide my name.

I'm writing this with more than a suspicion
That it will call out numerous regrets
From North Dakotans, with some fine derision
From Mrs. Young and other suffragettes—
But then, all literati can't be pets
So this must find its way to Massachusetts.

Or maybe I'll conclude to send it on
To find its readers in some more remote land
Where other worthless trash of mine has gone,
For, "distance lends enchantment," does it not?—and
I have several readers back in Scotland
And some in Canada and Hottentot land.

The Home of the Wild Rose

'Tis fine to know, whate'er your townsmen think
Or say, or do about your rhyming folly,
That strangers like the color of your ink
And praise your special shade of melancholy—
That Count Eugene or Mademoiselle Molly
Admires your muse's gauzy fazzioli.

But to come home—O naughty Mrs. Young,
Why did you slight me in your grand review?
My friends inform me you have lately sung
Of Messrs. Smith, and Jones, and Foley, too;
And then they add, "But not a word for you."
O Mrs. Young, I beg you, is this true?

"I pause until my heart come back to me"—
Let's see: who was it started this, "I pause"?
My memory is very poor, you see;
It fails with age—one of the natural laws;
But there's no mind or heart without its flaws—
My heart is crushed and you have beer the cause.

But now I have bethought me of your spite
That's left my soul with such a painful blister,
And I've said aloud, "By Jove, she might
Have been or may be friend to Mister,
(If so, this riddle surely is no twister)
To Mister Stockwell—maybe she's his sister!"

The Home of the Wild Rose

If so, I know, of course, just how you feel—
The great cling to the great—I should despise
A lady who would in the least conceal
A brother's wrongs before the public eyes;
'Twould be but masquerading in disguise
And seeming what were false—that she were wise.

Yes, I am slighted by the kaiserin
And nothing more is to be done or said;
I now am buried like some miser in
The potter's field—my follies on my head—
While other brilliants, raised up from the dead
By Mrs. Young, must now be known and read.

Still, each and every dog must have his day—
Mine's yet to come; it may arrive before
Its scheduled time; at least, I hope it may—
But, Mrs. Young, I'm rather more than sure
Your muse and critic-craft will higher soar
If you read Foley less and Shakespeare more.

I own that I have pondered for some time
Why you ignored me—I've been much perplexed,
And read again three yards of my best rhyme
And found it good, by gosh! And now I'm vexed
That you proscribed me from your lofty text—
Tho' maybe you won't do so in your next.

The Home of the Wild Rose

But, Mrs. Young, I have forgiven you;
I hold no malice, or it is but brief—
'Tis sweet to pay forgiveness when 'tis due;
And gentle words are balm for every grief—
Their sweetness is the spirit's sole relief
When it is foundered on a hateful reef.

I might have been a heartless wretch indeed,
A hardened miser with a harder purse—
I really can repeat the Apostles' Creed,
And love, save bigots, God's whole universe—
I think I might avoid all fear of curse
And yet affirm, I really might be worse.

You don't believe it? I forgive that, too,
And meet you still upon the broad, bright level
Where man meets man in friendship still as true,
Where hearts still mingle in their joyous revel—
I am, I think, no bosom friend of evil,
Yet I've a heart that could forgive the devil.

I've loved and lost, as many another has,
Hearts that in parting have been torn from mine,
And still in memoried grief recall what was
To me earth's tenderest flower—Souls will entwine
E'en as the tendrils on the creeping vine—
Throughout all life is nurtured God's design:

The Home of the Wild Rose

I pity him who loves not nor is loved—
The hardest heart craves some companionship;
The vilest soul is visibly moved
To see his friends, companions helpless slip
Into the dark abyss—Death's fearful grip
Leaves but the tear, the sob, and quivering lip.

So much for death—but as I'm not yet dead
I'll mingle with the living, as I may,
And try to hide the bald spot on my head,
And still deceive the world to think I'm gay—
For vanity would keep us young always
And turn a month of time into a day.

O Vanity! What being has it not?
The vanity of dress, of fancied worth,
Of wealth, of name, of fame, of house and lot,
Colonial ancestry or noble birth,
Of blue blood or blue stockings—there's no dearth
Of everything that's worthless on God's earth.

I too am vain—they say I'm vain of rhyme—
Now may I ask, dear reader, What's your hobby?
Pray ask yourself and answer this one time —
Have silks and satins, diamonds, made you snobby?
Maybe you haunt the legislative lobby
Or strut before the girls like Scotia's Bobbie?

The Home of the Wild Rose

I'll bet my life you've grown some peacock plumage
In one way or another—let that go—
This is in sooth the powder and perfume age
When paint and nature scramble at the show
And paint wins out by half a mile or so—
If this is false, then truly I don't know.

But there is much, of course, I have not learned,
A little that I have; and this is true,
Whatever disregard I may have earned
I feel the world has left no payment due—
It may have showered its golden coin on you,
'T'as paid me in a bogus revenue.

Perhaps e'en this is all that I deserve;
Yet I have striven, human mind and might—
Time holds for me but little in reserve;
My day has worn well on toward the night;
The shadows lengthen where the sun shone bright,
And hope sits brooding by a borrowed light.

Yet one must hope and dream and hope again,
And strive and slave and die, devoid of glory—
The muse uprears her olive branch in vain—
The life of Burns reveals the painful story;
The Cotter now is housed with Mother Morey—
He died of grief, of course the world is sorry.

The Home of the Wild Rose

O Robert Burns, forgive that I presume
To drag thy matchless name into these rhymes;
Thinkst thou thy sweetest lay could more illumine
Wert thou alive to sing these later times?
No. 'Twere but desert air to mock thy chimes
And count thee out in groschen and in dimes.

Earth had her Poe—O earth, where is he now?
"Sweets to the sweet"? Ah, no, 'twas "dust to dust,"
"Ashes to ashes," and they laid him low,
Starved to the grave upon a mouldy crust—
O Muse, thus are thy choicest children thrust
Into the gloom—then some one carves their bust.

"A pessimist!" Not I—but black is black
Howe'er distorted visions call it white—
'Twas this same world designed the fearful rack
And made the wheel to crush man with its might—
'Twas this same world that set the cross upright
Where Christ himself hung nailed a joyful sight.

'Tis true there is no night however dark
But somewhere in the gloom's a waking voice,
And somewhere in the heavens is a spark
To scintillate and make the eye rejoice,
But every happiness has its alloys
And nowhere may the wand'rer have a choice.

The Home of the Wild Rose

"The world is kind?" O gentle world indeed!
Thy mockery was coined in hell's abyss;
And worse than hellish is this human greed
That prowls the earth with such a heart as this—
Devils betray and venomed serpents hiss,
Their nature 'tis—in men 'tis much amiss.

The world is fickle, false, aye false as hell,
Vain, lustful, greedy; still the rabble pass
Beside the moat wherein their brother fell,
Yet few there are to help him out—alas,
'Tis true today and so it ever was
Since time was measured first with sand and glass.

But I must finish this and go my way—
I lately vowed my full intent to shun
All sermonizing, and enjoy my day
E'en to the fullest, whether cloud or sun;
And so I bid adieu. As I've begun
I finish—I am loved by one.

YOU FALLER

You faller dat's work in de governor office
An' keep de beeg book, an' do all of dat t'ing,
Whose finger was quicker for set down de figger
An' keep all de beezness lak beads on a string,

The Home of the Wild Rose

Dat's purty nice job you was havin', yonge faller,
Wit' everyt'ing fine dat's surroundin' you dere—
Dat's purty fine girl, too, wit' purty fine curl, too,
Dat's pack oop your papers an' dus'-off your chair!

I'm t'ink I should lak for to feex oop de letter,
An' tell dat fine girl w'at I'm wantin' for say,
An' geev her more paper an' watch all de caper
Her finger was mak' in de typewriter play.

I lak de black eye an' de long lashes 'roun' it,
De fringes, or w'at do ye call it, de nam'?
I lak de red cheek w'en de paint don't be on it—
W'en af'er de dance she is look jus' de sam'.

You's have it de gude tam, an' easy, yonge faller—
De mornin' an' night you was sit on de car
An' lean back compose dere, for nobody knows dere
You's smoke it de Governor gold leaf cigar.

Dat Mademoiselle, she was maybe go wit' you
An' sit down beside you an' chat all de way—
She's t'ink you gude faller—you purty soon tell her
"We go down for dine on de Leland café."

But say, my yonge faller, de tam will be comin'
W'en all dis is changed, an' dat Mademoiselle,
She's rope you a while in, den she is go smilin'
On somebody else—sure you never can tell.

The Home of the Wild Rose

Jus' lak gauzy bee who was look for de honey,
A hummin' an' stoppin' aroun' de gay flower—
She's jus' boun' to call dere an' smile on dem all dere—
She's come; an' she's smile, an' she's go in an hour.

Lak dis is de girl you was courtin', I bet you—
Dat may be fine blush she was got on de cheek,
But look out, yonge faller, w'en somebody tell her
De money you's get was ten dollar de week.

Ha! Ha! You can figger, but not on de woman—
You don't know how queekly de snow palace melts—
I geev you fair warnin' dat some of dese mornin'
You'll wak' oop an' fin' dere is somebody else.

It may be maself was be makin' de mash, too—
De Canayen, he's know purty well how to shine,
An' dat leetle girlie wit' hair dat was curly,
You're maybe wak' oop for fin' out she was mine!

THE ABBOT'S PRAYER

The long, bright summer day had run
His wonted course—the setting sun
Had robed his red and purple light
Along the western hills—'twas night;
Yet, through the chancel dim the twilight played
Upon the kneeling abbot—thus he prayed:

The Home of the Wild Rose

“O Lord, Thou knowest my degree,
(Got at the University),
Thou knowest the abbot's ways are just,
His heart is pure and free from lust,
His soul's designed to do Thy will,
His brilliant intellect is still
At Thy command—Lord, Thou hast won
In me a second glorious son.”

“Or, Lord, if Thou wouldst rather bless
Thy child in terms of purport less,
Thou knowest (for Thou, too, art wise)
Thy servant still might compromise,
And still forego the name of son
For that of Second Solomon.”

“Thou knowest that servant who of old
Wrought mightily and manifold
Those glorious deeds! At Thy command,
From bondage and from Pharaoh's land
He led the common rabble forth
Into the Canaan of the north;”

“Thou knowest how he but smote the rock
And how, responsive to the shock,
The living waters bubbled up
To fill the thirsty swine-herd's cup—
E'en such a patriarch as he,
Lord, Thou beholdest now in me.”

The Home of the Wild Rose

"But, Lord, Thou seest Thy very pride,
Thy chosen rudely cast aside!
Thou hearest, O Lord, his suppliant cry—
Lord, what if Thou shouldst let him die!
Who then, O God, could fill his place
And keep alive Thy love and grace!"

"Yea, Lord, these are ill-favored times—
Thou seest Thy child lampooned in rhymes,
Thou seest Thy chosen servant born
Of all his glory rudely shorn—
Lord, frown on this infernal poet
That writes—Lord, do not let him do it."

"O Lord, 'tis scarcely six months past
(Would that those verses were his last),
Since he with his Plutonic art
At mighty Stockwell launched his dart
While half the state, in ghoulish quorum,
Bought copies of that rag, the Forum."

"O Lord, confound the blasted caper!
Smite, Lord, that Brewer and his paper!
And wouldst Thou make my joy complete,
Annihilate that devilish sheet!
Lord, Lord, give ear to him that prays—
Smite that ungodly rhymmer, Raze!"

"His sins are myriad, great and small,
Lord, classify and weigh them all!

The Home of the Wild Rose

Thy vengeance, Lord, I do beseech
On this despised, degenerate wretch;
And Lord, if Thou wouldst please me well,
Give him Thy righteous dose of hell!"

"And now, O Lord, before I close
To seek the blessings of repose,
Remember that Thy child is just,
And purged of every worldly lust—
Guard Thou this pearl from sinful swine
And half the glory, Lord, be Thine,
AMEN."

DE BIG FIELD BY DE TOWN

De clovah bloom am fadin'
Frum de big fiel' by de town,
De purple am a shadin'
Into suffin ob a brown,
De summah win's am shiftin'
Frum de regions ob de souf,
An' de bumble-bee am drawin'
Down de co'ners ob his mouf.

He knows de fros' am comin'
W'en de honey days am pas',
Dat de murmur ob his hummin'
Soon will vanish on de blas',

The Home of the Wild Rose

An' he wo'ks a leetle ha'der
Roun' de blossoms gittin' brown,
An' he stays a leetle latah
In de big fiel' by de town.

Oh, I'se sorry for to see it,
Win' a-shiftin' to de wes',
Sotry dat de snow am comin',
But de bee am needin' res',
Foh de toil ob makin' honey
Ain't de easiest, doan yo' know—
Lak de wo'k ob makin' money
It am drefful ha'd an' slow.

So good-bye, sweet clovah blossom,
An' good-bye, ol' bumble-bee,
You hab made de breaif ob summah
So't o' musical to me;
I shall t'ink ob you wif kindness
W'en de snow am comin' down
On de dead an' faded purple
Ob de big fiel' by de town.

The Home of the Wild Rose

OBSERVATIONS

"A nation never gets above its people"—

I don't know who 'twas said this, but 'tis true;
One can not judge a church by height of steeple
Nor man's devotion wholly by his pew—
Whatever garb is worn, the Grand Review
Reveals the Gentile yonder, here the Jew.

From two extremes we strike an average

Not far from truth—you may depend on that;
This is a sort of long arm leverage,

A hammer that will hit the nail-head flat—
A tasteful lady cons you quick as "scat"
By looking at your shoes, then at your hat.

I like that Monsieur Frenchman's illustration,
(Though to the praise of Frenchmen I am loath),
Who said that English ale is like its nation,
"At one extreme 'tis dregs, at t'other froth."
And I will add, The texture makes the cloth—
A butterfly is but a painted moth.

A petty king may wear a prince's robe;
- In fact, this very thing is often done—
This punch-and-judy show o'erruns the globe—
For instance, note Emanuel of Lisbon,

The Home of the Wild Rose

Who, being a lecherous father's lecherous son,
Counts this sufficient for Napoleon.

I've never seen one of these Easter eggs
But I have seen their pictures in the papers
And wondered what to call them, froth or dregs;
The magazines give all their pretty capers
And make their "Royal Highness" real sky-scrapers
Half hidden in a cloud of purple vapors.

I've never seen a stitch of princely garment,
But I suppose it is designed to dazzle—
I'm really ignorant, but there's no harm meant
To any king or any kingly castle—
I'm sure that any garment a king has 'll
Have my best suit beaten to a frazzle.

But just the same, the cad is born of woman,
Begotten in the self-same lust with me;
Then might one ask, Which is divine? Which human?
And so, to which one should he bow the knee?
But for *one* king, we all like kings might be,
The millions now enslaved to make him free.

I would not worship man because he's kingly,
Nor ridicule a king who's just a man—
This "Royal Highness," why, there's no such thing, I
Dare affirm and let him prove who can;

The Home of the Wild Rose

For several years I've placed this under ban—
A king's one camel in a caravan.

And sometimes he's the scrubbiest of the lot;
Sometimes, the biggest—but let's say no more
Lest we take to bombshells and what not
To even up the tyrant's bloody score
Of centuries past. We'll leave the king encore
To love the vice and tawdry loved before.

I have observed, if not this kingly spirit
A something like it, even in our town;
I say, if not this same, 'tis mighty near it—
The stately airs, majestic walk, the frown;
'Tis very laughable, I'm free to own,
Or 'twould be if I weren't left alone

To parry it. I once was proud to be
Columbia's son; but this fine scorn would crush a
Much stronger and a better man—for me
I have begun to study up on Prussia—
And when they say, "Youse wuzn't bornt dere, wuz
yuh?"
I cuss the stork that lugged me out of Russia.

I've scarcely left the borders of my country,
Yet I have lived in Russia, Norway, Poland,
I've been a peasant 'mongst the Italian gentry,
Been walked on by the wooden shoes of Holland;

The Home of the Wild Rose

I've mingled with them all, upon the whole, and
Am a stranger to the tribes of no land.

I like them all in spite of color, stature,
Wealth, intellect, religion, or vocation;
They all afford some proof that human nature
Grows more inhuman as they rise in station,
Or as they think they rise—this mind inflation
Exalts the tribe into a mighty nation.

“All men are equal”—this, my country's motto,
I have conformed to to the very letter;
One man's as good's another, is he not? “Oh
Y-a-ss; ay tank wan bin a d—n sight better!”
Thus I've become by birth a foreign debtor;
He takes the crown and leaves for me the fetter.

So be it, Yet I frankly say I like him
Just for the human study he affords.
Speak but so simply that your thoughts can strike him
And he'll betray his spirit in his words—
And thus it is that every man accords
Himself the true anointed of the Lord's.

The mild Jew robs you in the name of Moses;
The Moslem cuts your throat and thanks Mahomet;
Each of the forty Christian sects discloses
A faith as—steadfast as a Halley's comet;

The Home of the Wild Rose

Each has his code, his creed, but wanders from it—
I'll illustrate by saying "dog" and "vomit."

And each converts you, or would like to do so;
If you refuse, why, hell is yours eternal.
In life, an outcast like our Robin Crusoe,
In death, a bon-fire, caldron, and infernal,
Grim, black surroundings that are far from vernal
And warmer than a matrimonial journal.

Each is the Simon pure, and all the others,
Mohammedans, Confucians, Buddhists, Tartars,
Heathen and Heretics, Christians—these are brothers
And have supplied some fifteen million martyrs
Since the first pope and pasha donned their garters—
Not a bad list to come from two small starters.

O Superstition! What a power thou art!
Thou rul'st the world while time grows old and
hoary;
Religion e'er has been thy subtle dart,
Hypocrisy, thy cross-bow—earth's best glory.
Thou hast perverted—Hell is scarce less gory
Than the red page that tells thy gruesome story.

Thy pious sword has bathed the world in blood,
Thy gentle wrath, ignited conflagrations;
For forty centuries thou hast withstood
Successfully the intellect of nations—

The Home of the Wild Rose

Thou art the instigator of privations,
Tears, sorrows, inquisitions, and cremations;

And still the lay-mind closely clings to thee—
Poor, weak, benighted children seek thy shrine
And grovel, reasonless—a slave more free
Than they—they would consign
The whole of earth to thee, infallible, divine—
But some degenerates still are not all thine.

I've read about the fish that swallowed Jonah
Just as a shark might gobble up small fry,
Or as some sweet Italian prima donna
Might well absorb a prince within her eye—
I've read about the sun up in the sky;
If Joshua could stop it, so could I

I do detest a parent's cynic smile
Because his child has faith in Santa Claus,
When he, himself, is nursing all the while
A like monstrosity with no more cause,
And with his vacant head discerning flaws
And recommending some religious laws.

I hate a fool, whate'er you choose to call him;
I hate a bigot (if it may be) worse.
I really wish that something might befall him,
And yet, I would not smite him with my curse—

The Home of the Wild Rose

There are few places for him; to be terse,
I think his proper sphere is—in a hearse.

But this involves some complicated questions,
Some that I really meant not to propound—
With all fools dead, why, what about the sextons?
And is there hearse enough to go around?
And where on earth, I ask, could there be found
Sufficient space to put them under ground?

And who would then pronounce the funeral sermon?
And who would write it for the local press?
French, English, Spanish, Swede, Italian, German,
Russian and Norsk, all dead! Oh, what a mess!
I would be gone, and you, too, as I guess,
And earth would be one manless wilderness

To be repeopled by another Adam
Or Eve or ape, just as the case might be—
I've studied Genesis, dear Sir or Madam,
And delved ten years in Darwin's theory,
And, looking in my glass, I feel I'm free
To say, Mankind is Adam's progeny

But when I see the "phys'ogs" of my neighbors
In profile, glaring 'gainst the fair landscape,
I rise in Irish scorn and say, "Be jabbers,
Leuk at thim heads! Jist see 'em blink an' gape!

The Home of the Wild Rose

Begorry, nature too has had her scrape—
Darwin is right—we're sure sprung from an ape."

Tho' every man's a parcel of creation,
He fancies all, save him, is much amiss;
Each one is subject of an inclination
To be his fellows' sovereign, more or less;
And thus my observations come to this:
No man is perfect—tho' each thinks he is.

NATURE

Where are the flowers that for a briefer space
Gave to these barren fields their varied grace?
Where is the rose, where the anemone,
And where their friend the dusty powdered bee?
Where is the lily, late beside the rill?
Where the white buckthorn nodding from the hill?
Where the blue violet that bloomed beneath,
And where is Stockwell's gay, flamboyant wreath?
Withered and gone, all gone—one scarce knows where;
Nipped by the frost and vanished into air.

Where are the sunny days, the bluer skies,
The summer sunsets with their deeper dyes?

The Home of the Wild Rose

Where the red star whose changeless, ruddy light
Lit the dark world throughout the summer night?
Gone; faded, gone—The sun now stooping low
Has robbed the world of half its splendid glow,
Just as the borrowed glow of little men
Must fade and wane, to its true self again.

I have loved Nature—since my boyhood days
I've been her devotee, observed her ways,
And kept for her, unchanged, a warmth of heart
'Tho' oft I've seen her dearest forms depart.
I love her still, for all her forms are true,
From massive cloud down to the drop of dew,
From mountain mass down to the grain of sand,
From smallest isles to hemispheres of land—
E'en in the humblest floweret of the field
Love has her home and truth is there revealed.

I have loved Nature—guileless of deceit
She leads not wrong the devotee whose feet
Follow her paths. She beckons but to bless,
Sans pride, sans strut, sans human pompousness.
Within her realm truth ever must prevail;
No minnow swims a self-asserted whale,
No mole-hill speaks in mountain's thundering tone,
No firefly thinks to light the world alone—
In Nature's realm each subject has its place
Of grandeur, beauty, usefulness or grace.

The Home of the Wild Rose

Not so in this inflated realm of ours—
Unlike the realm of mountains, birds, and flowers,
Here human asses don the kingly crown
And he grows lord whom Nature meant for clown—
Lord for a time, and king perhaps a day;
But clowns are clowns and asses still must bray,
Or if by voice their nature scarce appears,
One still can recognize them by their ears—
Hard to conceal are ampler parts like these,
They will protrude at once or by DEGREES.

MEMORY

There is, it seems, a vanished bird that sings
To me—a beauty spot that clings
Like rainbow tints upon the whit'ning wall
Of memory; there seems a voiceless call
From the dead past, that comes inaudible,
A joy that flits from misery, apart
Into the confines of the weary heart.

From the material world of other years—
Like the bright sheen of sorrow's tears,
Or silver penciling of stormy cloud,
Or sweeter smile that lingers when the shroud
Enwraps the lifeless form that death has bowed
To shadowy night—the immaterial survives to come,
Living, immortal, from the dusky tomb.

The Home of the Wild Rose

Earth's sweeter music lives beyond the song—
The voice grows silent, but the notes prolong
Their overtones, and mellow from the past,
Like wavelets, circling from a pebble cast
Into the water, to proceed at last
Lapsing in music on the barren shore —
So comes the music from the days of yore,

Thus, not in vain are joys that fade away,
Or fruits that ripen only to decay,
Or tender flowers that bud and bloom to die
And with our lovelier forms in dust to lie,
Not vainly is the gilding of youth's sky.
The sun goes down behind the western height,
But memory still illumines the shadowy night.

Sad heart, that beatest still, forlorn of hope,
Left all benighted through the years to grope,
That seest no more the myrtle boughs entwined,
But the sad cypress moaning to the wind,
Turn thou and seek the retrospect. Behind
Thy trackless way's a joy designed for thee,
The tender smile of love and memory.

The Home of the Wild Rose

PRECEDENT

When Jacob toiled, love's proof,
 Upon that little farm in Palestine,
And worked and slaved throughout his precious youth
 To get at last no prettier wife than mine—
I say, when Jacob toiled with crooked sticks
 To get some little soil to grow his grain,
And in his weakness looked to Heaven, not Hicks,
 To get a little thunder cloud of rain,
I wonder if he really ever meant
To set the pace for our great Occident?

If so, why Jacob was indeed unwise—
 No modern man would dig and slave like that
When just a series of goo-goo eyes
 Or graceful tilting of a derby hat
Would catch the fair one—'tis a quicker way
 And quite as sure to please as was the one
Adopted by good Jacob. Thus I say
 'Twas wrong of Jake, whate'er he may have meant,
 To leave the case with such a precedent.

Aye, seven years of labor in the soil,
 And then, ah, worse and worse, ill luck in store!

The Home of the Wild Rose

To have her pa inform him he must toil
A little harder six or seven more!
By ginger, that's a stunt I should decline;
But maybe tho' I wouldn't, I dunno—
I s'pose his Rachel was as sweet as mine,
(An' maybe Jacob really wa'n't so slow!)
If mine had just insisted, I aver
I would 'a' worked a century for her!

TO ALPHA CLAIRE SKINNER

Folk meet and part and oft forget
In after years that they have met—
Tho' they may pass a sunny day
Together, loitering by the way,
Yet length of years will oft erase
From memory both name and face.
So, maybe, at some later time
We may forget this passing rhyme;
But howsoe'er the rhyme may end,
The rhymer still will be thy friend.

The Home of the Wild Rose

NEARING PORT

• Nearing port—the setting sun
Lingers o'er the dark'ning sea,
And I hear the signal gun
Faintly calling me.

Many days the trip has led
O'er an unknown, trackless way;
Many hours of fear and dread
Lie behind today.

Looking from this vantage back
All has faded from the sight,
Viewless lies th' uncertain track
In oblivion's night.

All to me was insecure,
All to me was dark and dim,
But the Pilot's way was sure
And I trusted Him.

Nearing port—the setting sun
Heralds to the sea the night;
But a brighter way leads on
Toward the beacon light,

The Home of the Wild Rose

And the sky, grown clear, before,
Beckons from the dark'ning sea,
While the signal from the shore
Faintly reaches me.

PORTRAITURE

See with what seriousness he takes himself!
What grave, austere, and all-important air
Abides with him! Like a true cynic or the elder son
Of Wisdom resurrected from the ages past,
He e'er disdains good-humor's silly smile.

How like Malvolio he struts abroad
Cross-gartered mentally with bright degrees,
Dyed with the rainbow tints of self-conceit,
And still empurpled by vaingloriousness!
Behold how proudly now he picks his way
'Round vulgar sounds and words too commonplace
For the vocabulary of such man as he,
Holding, as 'twere, his train of thought aloof
From filth and mire (through which the rabble wade),
Much as a maid, precise and forty-two,
Might hold her satins from the muddy street.

And do but note, when he is most engrossed
With owlish thoughts and much wise ponderings,

The Home of the Wild Rose

Note what augmented pride he can sustain
If you but say, "Quadratics, my learned Sir,
Quadratics! Surds! What know you of these things?"
Ah? Here is where great Stockwell's Royal Duke
Out Heywards Heyward. Here he shines, a sun,
Square from the zenith of the firmament,
And all the lesser orbs shrink back, awe-struck,
And wisely curtain up their little lights.

* * * * *

Oh, what a goodly thing is self-conceit
Appended firmly to that mighty word
Which the great Cæsar scarcely dared to use
And even the Saviour used but sparingly,
That *ego* now removed from its high place
To glut the pomp of every little man!

JOAQUIN MILLER

Old, grizzled veteran of the mountain den,
Once rugged as these rocky peaks, and free,
Yon torrent roars his welcome from the glen—
And myriad rock-born flowers await for thee—
White as the snow that lies eternally
Upon these mountains, is thy hoary brow,
And their majestic spirit finds in thee
A love and reverence scarcely known till now.



"THE OCEAN MADE THY MUSIC."

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The Home of the Wild Rose

For years this sunlit cataract has been
Thy only mirror. Thou hast been a child
Of nature. From the homes of men
Thy heart has turned and sought the untamed wild.
Thou "Byron of America"—well styled—
Fit pupil of that master gone before—
Like him, untrammelled, yet with soul as mild
Thou lovest "not man the less, but nature more."

She gave to thee to love her every form—
Walled cities and grim castles held thee not—
The ocean made thy music, and the storm
Wove a sweet spell around thee. Thou hast taught
Thy heart the beauties of the silent grot,
The majesty of rivers, mountains, skies—
Yea, Nature called thee, and thy spirit sought
The wilderness and found earth's paradise.

And now, when death hangs darkly 'round thy bed,
Thy solace still is thy companions, all;
A softer purple wreathes yon mountain-head,
A tend'rer note sounds in the twitt'ring call
Of birds that sing to thee; the waterfall
Smothers his wilder roar; the torrent's flow
Grows softly sweet—fond Nature mourns withal,
The while thy heart is flutt'ring faint and low.

The Home of the Wild Rose

CHREES'MAS EVE

'Twas Chrees'mas eve long tam ago—
I leev me now sam' place as den—
Mon pere, he's have de four garcon
An' girl enough for mak' it ten;
He was heemself too poor for buy
De leetle doll an' noder toy,
An' so de Chrees'mas she was come
An' not'ing bring for girl an' boy.

De win' blow col' dat Chrees'mas eve,
But beeg oak log, she's burn up bright,
An' all de boy an' girl was sit
Wit' long face roun' de ruddy light.
Our moder, she was sit dere too,
An' look long tam upon de floor,
Maybe she's try her to forget
'Twas Chrees'mas tam an' we so poor.

Mon pere, he's sit on noder place
Jus' lak he's maybe dreamin' dere—
'Tis long, long tam, but still I see
How moche de gray was on hees hair.

The Home of the Wild Rose

He's maybe t'ink lak moder do,
An' tak' de pipe 'twas in hees mout'
An' hol' it in hees han' so long
De pipe, she's by-an'-by go out.

Long tam we say no word at all,
But watch de fire an' hear de storm—
De win'ow, she was pile wit' snow
But still de log, she's kip it warm.
Den by-an'-by we say "Good night,"
An' wan by wan to bed we go—
We sleep up stair jus' nex' de roof,
But leave de stockin' down below;

We tak' de pin an' mak' dem fas'
Along de back of two, t'ree chair,
Our moder wipe her eye de while
She's see us feex de stockin' dere.
She's tell us dis is mak' no use,
But all de sam', we lak to feel
Maybe some toy gits in de toe
Dough dere's de beeg hole in de heel.

An' so we all go on de bed—
Two leetle broder sleep wit' me—
An' dere we lay long tam awake
For talk about de Chrees'mas tree.

The Home of the Wild Rose

My leetle broder, he was say
He's t'ink dat Santa Claus com' dere
An' if he's fin' too many hole
He's leave de present on de chair.

Den by-an'-by we go for sleep
An' dream 'bout all de purty toy
Dat's mak' de happy Chrees'mas day
For leetle girl an' leetle boy;
But w'en we wak' up in de morn
Dere ain't no leetle toy at all;
De stockin', she is hang de sam',
All empty up against de wall—

But moder, she was kind an' say
She's hope dat none of us will cry,
An' den she's turn de noder way
For wipe de teardrop from her eye.
'Tis many year is pass' since den
An' forty Chrees'mas smile on me,
An' I have travel all de worl'
An' seen for sure de Chrees'mas tree;

My frien's, dey's mak' for me beeg tam,
Jus' lak dey's t'ink I'm still be poor,
An' many present she was come
An' bring de Chrees'mas joy for sure;
But dat wan tam, I love it more

The Home of the Wild Rose

As all de oder forty year—
Mos' every Chrees'mas brings de toy,
But never wan brings back de tear.

Yaas, I have come back from de worl'
For leev me on sam' place as when
Mon pere, he's have de four garcon
An' girl enough for mak' it ten;
Where he was jus' too poor for buy
De leetle doll or noder toy,
An' where de Chrees'mas, she was come
An' not'ing bring for girl or boy.

SAM WALTER FOSS

Like a ripple that breaks on a sunny shore
Out of the tumult of ocean's roar,
Like the song of a bird from the forest glen
Was the song that he sang to the hearts of men.

He truly lived "by the side of the road"
And opened to all his best abode,
He ever welcomed their weary feet
Nor ever sat in the "scorner's seat."

His was a fountain, pure and bright,
Never shadowed by gloom of night;

The Home of the Wild Rose

Broad and bright was its rainbow span
To gladden the heart of the passing man.

Many have listened to hear his song
When the day was dark and the way was long—
Many shall listen and wait in vain
For the lyre that may not sound again.

Yet, lingering still in the twilight sky
Are echoes of love that will not die—
The song of the singer—tho' he be gone—
In measured cadence lives on and on.

Tardy indeed is the debt I pay;
Ashes strewn o'er lifeless clay—
What can it cheer him or what fulfill?
Yet, I have loved him and love him still.

THE POET

A poet he was and he sat up there
With love in his eyes and rats in his hair
And holes in the toes of his shoes.
And he wrote and he stopped and he scowled and he
frowned
And dug at his head as he gazed around
For the words that he wanted to use.

The Home of the Wild Rose

He had written the lines, "O my dear Doris Ann,
I am frantic with love—would you marry a man,
Would you marry a man of ambition, one who"—
Just here he got stuck on description and stopped
And musingly wiggled the big toe that popped
Through the hole in the toe of his shoe.

And he wiggled that toe, keeping time, keeping time,
Tho' but part of a foot 'twas the base of his rhyme,
Till he finally finished, got through—
Then signing and sealing, exploring the fates,
He offered his "pome" at the "regular rates"
As I offer this one to you.

In fact, the great difference 'twixt his'n and mine
You will see merely lies in the way that we sign
Our names at the end of our lays—
He signs "Alfred Austin" and England says "See!"
But you blasted Yankees think nothing of me,
For I must close merely with
RAZE.

THE BACHELOR GIRL

With a dog and a cat and a parrot green,
The bachelor girl set forth—
With th' confident air of Sheba's queen

The Home of the Wild Rose

She boarded the "west-bound" north (?)
And hied her away to Aberdeen
For a piece of the virgin earth.

The name she signed was all her own;
She stated her height and weight,
But the matter of age, of age alone,
She hated like sin to state—
For years had come and years had flown,
As I shall here relate.

The notary gazed—man can't divine
A bachelor lady's tricks,
But trust a woman, she can design
Escape from a "horrid fix"—
An' this one stumbled on "thirty-nine,"
And swore she was twenty-six.

The notary asked a question here—
"Have you been sometime wed?"
Then added to melt her icy stare,
"Your husband—alive or dead?"
Then backing into a corner there
He listened to what she said:

"I've a dog and a cat and a parrot green;
I need no husband, sir!
I've no desire my shack shall screen
Such uncouth furniture—

The Home of the Wild Rose

There's not a man in Aberdeen
Can growl more than this cur."

"My cat, of course, can stay out nights
Much as you husbands do,
And this same parrot just delights
To cuss till all is blue—
You see I have a fond wife's 'rights'
And homestead privilege too."

The notary "dried up" at that,
And straightened down his vest;
The lady rose from where she sat,
Pride swelling in her breast,
And calling to her dog and cat
She took the "north-bound" west (?).

ANAMOOSE

No niche of fame our village holds,
No manor halls nor classic lore,
No mystic legend here enfolds
A race of mythic gods of yore—
No St. Sophia splits the sky,
No famed Niagara pours down,
Nor dukes nor lords nor barons high
Compel obeisance in our town.

The Home of the Wild Rose

Let Venice have her salt sea wave,
And Rome her massive Vatican,
Her sculptured tomb, her kingly grave,
And shattered stones of Appian.
O'er crumbling dust let monarchs sway
And tourists boast their far renown
And dub me "dolt"—I'm going to stay
Right here in town.

We have of blessings not a few,
We have good health and leagues of sun,
A thousand miles of morning blue,
A million stars when day is done;
E'en tho' we lack fame's gilded toys,
(What are such myths to you and me?)
Thou prairie village with thy joys,
Here's health and peace to thine and thee.

* * * *

Long may the azure-hidden goose
Honk o'er the hills of Anamoose,
Long may the teal and mallard take
Their circling flight from lake to lake,
While brighter suns with softened ray
Their every autumn hue display
On purpling ridge and yellow field
Made richer by its golden yield.

The Home of the Wild Rose

Long may the wealth of honest toil
Rise golden from her richer soil,
And health and happiness remain
Glad witness to her harvest plain!

HOW IT HAPPENED

Laura was a mammoth tigress
In the London "zoo,"
Trainer was a little poet,
Don't
know
who.

Once the trainer came up missing,
Search wa'n't made till late—
Now the English call this poet,
"Poet-
Laura-
ate."

The Home of the Wild Rose

TO A VIOLET

Pretty little violet,
How-do-you-do!
Why, my dear, 't'as been a year
Since I greeted you!
Many things have happened
Since I saw you last—
Yes, my dear, a whole, long year
Is over now and passed.

Pretty little violet,
Peeping from the ground,
Just a word, say, have you heard
Any birds around?
Ah, I hear one singing
In the budding tree—
Yes, my dear, the robin's here
With a song for me.

Pretty little violet,
Say, are you glad?
Are you gay the year away—
Are you never sad?

The Home of the Wild Rose

Maybe 'neath your smiles, dear,
You have sorrows, too—
Be it so, I'm glad to know
Such a friend as you.

Pretty little violet,
Do you, do you know
There is still a little hill
Where no violets grow?
Then you know my sorrow
All the winter thru—
Ah, my dear of yester-year,
How I welcome you!

TO CARRIE WALKER-RHODES

Once more in time's relentless flight
The circling year has run—
Youth's dreams upon the weary sight
Are fading one by one;
Youth's dreams—Ah, what are these today?
A shore line, dimly seen,
Receding still while wildly play
Life's ocean waves, between.

Oft have the shadows dimmed our way,
Thy motley way and mine;

The Home of the Wild Rose

Oft have we seen the checkered play
Of changing shade and shine—
And looking back from year to year,
Each with its varied scene,
Fast waning into autumn, sere,
Is springtime's purer green.

Yet, round one spot has memory twined.
Thru time's unhallowed run,
Unchanged by winter's boreal wind,
Undimmed by setting sun—
One green oasis still uprears
Its signal palm to me,
Nor changing time nor flight of years
Has robbed my thoughts of thee.

Oh, may we ne'er in years to come
In aught we feel grow less—
Still may our rose of friendship bloom
In fadeless loveliness—
Tho' time may stamp upon the brow
His furrowed weight of care,
Undimmed, affection's star shall grow
To purer brightness there.

The Home of the Wild Rose

OUR VILLAGE

Dear Mose:—

You must pardon my silence ;
I've moved since I wrote you last time,
And having been moved by the muses,
I've lazily lapsed into rhyme—
But then, you can manage to read it,
If not, fetch it back—yet I fear
Unless you love Haakon (God bless him),
You wouldn't just "like yourself here."
Well, well, you must pardon my English—
Just "borrow me one of your ears"
'N' I'll tell you who's who in our village,
An' just how the village appears.

A little black patch of th' prairie,
Ten acres of ground, more or less,
With a half dozen streets at right angles,
An' forty-eight buildings, I guess—
A shop with a blazing forge in it,
An' one where our pictures are "took,"
With one or two more where the curtains
Prohibit a too curious look.
Besides we have all kinds of people,
You'll find them wherever you go,

The Home of the Wild Rose

The serfs and the commons and, lastly,
The "codfish" contingent, you know.

But then, we have things I've not mentioned,
Some three or four old empty stores,
And rubbish piles back in the alleys
And ash piles around the front doors—
A newspaper, too, and a devil
A-gathering the news round about,
While Mistresses Gabby and Blabby
Are telling the things he leaves out.
We've a talking machine on the corner,
Arrayed 'gainst the sigh and the frown,
With sev'ral of feminine nature
In various parts of the town.

We've inhabitants, two or three hundred,
Including the whole of all kinds,
The cats in the alley, the chickens
That roost in the trees, the canines
That circle the town with their barking
With tails and back bristles unfurled—
In fact, I believe that our town is
The dog-gon-dest town in the world.

And then, we've twelve horses that canter
Around in the gardens to eat,
And twenty-odd cows and three yearlings
To chew off the grass in the street;

The Home of the Wild Rose

We've robins by dozens and hundreds,
And sparrows, a mannerless pack,
And one of those birds that the Irish
Most commonly designate "quack."
Besides we have goslings and turkeys
And red Jersey pigs by the score,
A teacher, a preacher, a school "bord,"
No may'r, but asses galore.

Now what have you got in your village?
A card club? Why so too have we—
We play every day in the week, man,
And stay with our hostess to tea,
(Or rather, to *coffee*, I should say),
And chat of our local affairs—
We look round and see who ain't present
'N'en take 'em a diff unawares.
And then there's the triplets, dear ladies,
High born, incomparable three—
Tra-la—it is, oh, so consoling
To see how they always agree!
They agree that "her hat is just awful,"
"His actions" they "cant understand"—
They also agree that the dealer
With seven sure tricks ought to "grand."

Of course, every town has such ladies,
Exactly such ladies as these;
They're just as essential to town life
As is a bad smell to good cheese —

The Home of the Wild Rose

But, Mose, I must stop ; now you write me
As soon as you can and I'll try
To do somewhat better the next time—
I hope soon to see you.

Good-bye.

ATTAINMENT

The hardest thing in God's great world to do,
The thing most difficult since time began,
And that which shall be so till time is through
Is just to be through every hour a man.

We smite the forest, and the giant oak
Totters and sways, then crashing disappears,
Bows to the dust beneath the conqueror's stroke
The might and glory of a thousand years.

Mountains are moved and torn from peak to base,
Great seas are curbed and beaten back ; the wave,
Subdued and conquered—God's remotest place,
Known and explored ; earth, air, and ocean-cave.

Seas yield their pearls, and from the dungeon deep
Bright gold flings upward its imprisoned ray—
'Tis willed, and lo, there pierces heaven's steep
The ship aerial on its sunward way.

The Home of the Wild Rose

Leagues intervene, and yet we speak and hear—
O'er the far miles the answering voice returns;
From earth to heaven we look and, blazing near,
The twinkling star a fiery planet burns.

So have the mind and hand their wonders wrought,
Mighty, indeed, and intricate of plan;
But human pride remains as yet untaught
To be in all its greatness still a man.

MORNING

The morning dawns on wood and shore,
The sun sends back his golden gleam
To light the maple tops once more
And sparkle on the stream.

The robin's song is sounding clear
From topmost bough of orchard tree,
And in the opening blossoms near
I hear the humming bee.

Above me in the sky are met
The eastern red and western blue,
And every bush is richly set
With diamond drops of dew;

The Home of the Wild Rose

And every flower that through the night
Has closed in sleep her weary eye
Awakes to catch the rosy light
That tints the changing sky —

And I am here to greet them all
And catch in turn their welcome glee—
I love the song-bird's joyous call—
The voice of stream, the hum of bee,

The blush and bloom of dewy flower,
The scent of blossom-laden air;
This is the glorious morning hour
When God is everywhere.

REVENGE

I'm bigger now 'n I used to be,
I used to be so small
I couldn't eat enough fer me,
Three platefuls, that wuz all.

But now, O my, o' course you know
Three platefuls ain't a bite!
Pa says 'tis suthin' like a show
To see my appetite.

The Home of the Wild Rose

Thanksgivin'-day I 'spects I'll shine—
I'm goin' to take a seat
Right side the turkey; 'n 'en I'll dine
On whut I want to eat.

Our gobbler, he suspects that too,
Fer when I look at him
He drops his tail a notch or two
An' seems to lose his vim.

He knows I hain't forgotten quite
How he onct pecked my pup—
I'm goin' to, goin' to, honor bright,
I'm goin' to eat 'im up.

THAT MAN

That man whose soul lies in his pocketbook
Wrapped up in national currency, that man
Who dreams and schemes by every hook and crook
For getting all and keeping all he can,
That fellow, you can safely bet your life,
Has sorry children and a sorrier wife.

I knew just such a man—you've known such too—
He lived for wealth and scrimped and scraped by day.

The Home of the Wild Rose

And schemed and plotted all the long night through,
Sat in the dark unless the time would pay
A little more than cost of candle light—
And so he piled his gold to greater height;

And then he died and left—"What did he leave?"
That wealth for which he'd toiled and schemed for
years,
A lot of neighbors who just couldn't grieve,
A wife who wouldn't shed a dozen tears—
He simply passed completely from the game
And left it all, together with a name
Spelled, H-o-g.

JOE BING

Joe Bing, the devil take Joe Bing!
I've read him French and German;
I've heard naught else since 'way last spring
In chat and 'phone and sermon;
But now he's gone, he's gone by Jove!
We'll hear of him no more—
His epitaph's writ on the stove
In Luscomb's groc'ry store.

The Home of the Wild Rose

EPITAPH

Josephus Bingus, smooth of tongue,
The strong, the swift, the bold,
The mighty man when he was young,
The mightier one when old—
Tonight where doth great Bingus trace
His earlier exploits o'er?
Forgive, but 'tis a hotter place
Than this old groc'ry store.

AFTER ALL

In your many observations of the things you daily scan
Have you never noticed nature has a somewhat varied
plan?
Now, for instance, of an evening in the smiling month of
June
Have you not observed the glory of the swiftly rising
moon?
Have you not, with awe and rapture, watched her golden
sail pass by,
Rolling on in all her splendor toward the zenith of the
sky?
And again as dawn was breaking over wood and hill and
stream
Have you not observed how slowly comes the old sun's
yellow gleam?
Yes, you have, and more than likely you are able to recall
That the orb that rose the slower went the higher after all.

The Home of the Wild Rose

And again, when you've been musing maybe 't 'as occurred to you

That the action of the planets of the feathered tribe is true?

Now for instance, there's the partridge skulking where the brushwood grows

Or along the wooded valley where the checkered streamlet flows,

Have you not observed his flurry when you stumbled on him there?

How he went a-whizzing upward like a rocket in the air?

And again, perchance you've noticed that a hen-hawk in his flight,

In despite of noblest efforts stays a long, long time in sight?

Yes, you have, and more than likely you are able to recall

That the bird that rose the slower went the higher after all.

Now perchance by way of figures, metaphors, and such, you can

Tack these truths of moons and hen-hawks to the bulletin of man?

Now for instance, there's the fellow—no one knows from whence he came,

No one heard him, no one saw him, but he landed just the same—

And he saunters round a season, void of deed and void of word,

The Home of the Wild Rose

Bang! He just explodes a theory and shoots upward like
a bird.

Then there is the other fellow, you have watched him day
by day

Climbing thru the vines and brambles up a solitary way—
And have you not often wondered if he'd ever reach the
top?

If he wouldn't in his journey get discouraged yet and
stop?

Yes, you have, and more than likely you are able to recall
That the man who rose the slower went the higher after
all.



AUTUMN

The summer green is fading from the hills,
All dead and sere the stubble fields stretch wide,
The springtime music of the meadow rills
Has run away upon the ebbing tide.

The woodland foliage has thinner grown,
The red leaf twirls upon the maple stem,
While one by one the beech-nuts, tinted brown,
Seek Nature's spacious lap prepared for them.

The Home of the Wild Rose

The summer blue has left the placid sky
And dull clouds drift before the autumn wind,
While o'er the woods the blackbirds, circling high,
Prepare to leave their summer home behind.

At dawn the husker strews the whitened shock
And piles the basket high with golden corn,
The scattered quail, returning to the flock,
Take up their 'customed gleaning at the morn;

Now from the orchard sounds the picker's song
And rears his slender ladder where on high,
All red and gold the scanty leaves among,
Peer out the "Blush," the "Baldwin," and the "Spy."

And here's the entangled vineyard, autumn blown,
Laden with fruit whose clusters seem to stand
As if Dame Nature meant that they alone
Should witness to the fulness of the land.

And this is Autumn; aye, her sign is here—
The blood-red sumach standing on the hill
The leafless alder swaying here and there
Told us in years ago and tell us still.

The gray squirrel scampers from his forest tree
To search the thousand golden leaves below,
The saucy jay in his untrammelled glee
Screams long and loud upon the topmost bough.

The Home of the Wild Rose

All this by day and the round moon by night,
And silence, save perchance some ill-perched bird,
Or the shy hare that in the pallid light
Skips down the leaf-strewn path, tho' scarcely heard.

'Tis now the 'coon peers from his dim abode
To look and listen lest some foe be nigh,
Now 'long the woodland brook in search of food
Or where the shocks stand wan beneath the sky—

'Tis now the owl, from some high pinnacle,
Peers down into the woodland's deeper shade,
Or muffled in the shadow of some dell
His solemn moan reechoes vale and glade.

Aye, this is autumn, this and even more,
A joy that fills the heart—tho' summer dies,
Her spirit still abides to hover o'er
The silent, somber grave wherein she lies.

AN EPISTLE

Wee, sonsie Lassie,
I ha' got
The letter that ye writ to me,
An' truth to sae, here on the spot
I'll stap an' write a bit to ye.

The Home of the Wild Rose

Ye will remember how I lo'ed
To chat wi' you when I was there,
An' how through half the night we roved
Aroun' the moon-enchanted square.

I ha' na' quite forgot it yet,
The lovers' lane an' lover's longin',
An' I shall never quite forget
The joys that to my heart cam' thringin'.

It may mean naething sweet to ye,
But somehow I am prone to doubt it—
It gied a muckle joy to me;
I wad na happy be without it.

I had na learned affection's ways
Except some gentle lass had taught me—
In truth, I'd gi'e a month o' days
For ane more night like that ye brought me.

Ane night o' rapture an' o' love,
Commingled like the roses' pollen,
While half a hundred stars above
Winked slyly at the sweets 'twere stolen.

I tell ye true, when all is said
O' human joy an' human pleasure
Gi'e me an' evenin' wi' a maid
An' I will overrun the measure.

The Home of the Wild Rose

Gi'e fops their clothes an' "stirks their wine,"
Let heroes have their story,
I'll tak' a lass like ye for mine
An' revel in my glory.

TO _____

Burns one time met a bonny lass
Among the hills of Arlan,
As I have met another one
Among the hills of Harlan—
He sang to her a happy song,
'Twas sweet with music, very,
And every note must needs prolong
The praise of Highland Mary.

Oh, what a gulf 'twixt Burns and me!
Tho' sharing still in common,
And more than reckless liberty
An innate love of woman,
I can not calculate how far
His wingèd muse outflies me,
I only know he scaled the bar
Whose altitude defies me.

The Home of the Wild Rose

But tho' abysses yawn between
The poet and the rhymer;
Tho' at the summit he, I ween,
And I a hopeful climber,
I dare affirm the bonny lass
Among the hills of Arlan,
In aught she was, could scarce surpass
The bonny lass of Harlan.

Poems
From Desk and
Door-step

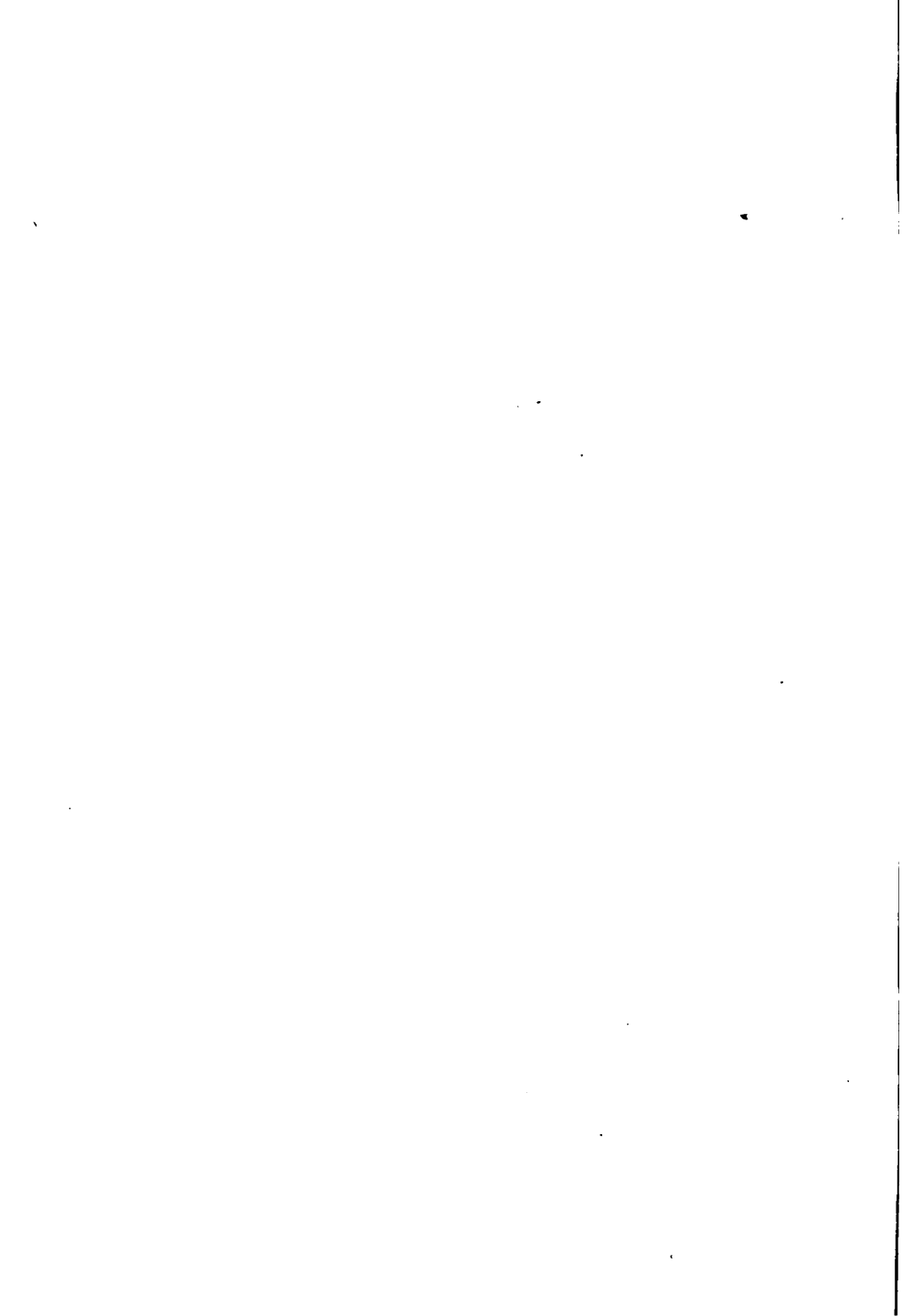
FLOYD D. RAZE



1911

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*To my wife,
Lura B. Raze, this volume is
affectionately dedicated*



WHITTIER

BARD of New England, dead and gone,
I read thy verses o'er and o'er,
How fondly now I pause upon
The lines I've read so oft before!

Like music that is wafted far
At twilight o'er a quiet sea,
Or the soft light of some high star
Thy rippling measures come to me.

I love them as I did of old,
I read them still with pleasure new;
What scenes, what mem'ries they unfold!
It was from them that first I drew

Th' inspiring voice that bade me try
The spirit that is found in thee—
Alas, my hopes aspire too high,
Thy muse could scarcely stoop to me;

And yet, some semblance of thy power
Has ever led my steps along.

Whittier

E'en down to this, the present hour,
I hear the sweetness of thy song,

And in response to nobler strain,
And sweeter, tenderer words of thine
I've dared, for I could not refrain,
To offer even such as mine.

Poems from Desk and Door-step

OLD FRIENDS

Old friends of long ago,
Scattered where the four winds blow,
Come from far and come from near,
Gather 'round your old chum here.
Let us talk of other days,
Let us laugh at other ways —
What like wrinkled age can know
All the joys of long ago!

Olden times when we were young,
Often have they since been sung;
Let us live them o'er to-night,
Gathered in the ruddy light.
Though our heads are gray and bowed,
Let us form the beardless crowd,
Let us mingle here our joys,
Noisy, thoughtless, village boys.

Memory and Reflection

Once again let's gather 'round
Listlessly upon the ground,
Gather 'neath the maple's shade,
Where of old we oft delayed
Through the noontide of the day,
Chatting all our cares away.
There again let's meekly lie
While the bees go humming by.

Though the truant's ways are wrong,
Let the school-bell sing its song,
Who is left can truly say
Why we are not there to-day?
None — the years have laid them low
'Neath the flowers and 'neath the snow,
And the west winds, sighing, sweep
Where the master lies asleep.

Little's left to us old men
Of life's threescore years and ten;
Few, if any, of the joys
That we knew as village boys,
Beckon from a future day —
We are plodding on the way,
Looking lingeringly back
Down the dim, receding track.

Memory and Reflection

Old friends of long ago,
Scattered where the four winds blow,
Fifty years have passed between
Winter's snow and summer's green —
Yet these years of life apart
Have not severed heart from heart;
You are as of old to me —
Friends deep carved in memory.

THE RIVER CHIPPEWA

O SUMMER-BURDENED Chippewa,
Along thy winding way
Beneath the green enrobed trees
I watch thy waters play.
Thy banks are decked with purest green,
Thy pebbled shore below
Adorns thy course with jewels rare
And tunes its crystal flow.

Here stands the pine with sable plume
Upon the upland side,
And here the shadowy cedar spreads
Its long arms o'er the tide,

Memory and Reflection

While all between, the alder grows,
The grape-vine twines its wreath
To make a lovers' fav'rite bower
Along the bank beneath.

Here sing the birds at morning time,
Here sing the birds at noon,
At eventide their voices drown
The river's purling tune —
The robin and the oriole,
The cat-bird and the wren,
Make music from the birch top
And from the brushy glen.

In sunny days of summer
Here hums the busy bee,
And here the happy squirrel sits
And chatters on the tree,
While from the leaves springs many a flower
And many a blossom gay
Leans smiling o'er the sparkling tide
That sings along the way.

Sweet river of my boyhood,
Thou summer-burdened stream,
My childhood's earliest pleasure,
My manhood's latest theme,

Memory and Reflection

How dear to me are all thy scenes,
Thy checkered shade and shine,
Thy woods, thy flowers, thy birds, thy bees —
Whate'er is thine is mine.

Nor less to me 's thy beauty
Than those of greater claim;
What streams than thee are brighter
Though known to wider fame?
Thy sunny, sparkling waters,
Thy merry rippled tune,
Not sweeter 's "winding Devon,"
Nor gayer "bonny Doon."

SUCCESS

I WAIT amid sweet visions of the past,
Wait patiently the long-delayed return
Of what in youth was far too dear to last.
I dwell with patience, thus much must man learn
Who would not die of longing nor yet give
To death enough of life to make it live.

I wait. The doubts which once I entertained
Have sunk into oblivion, their first home.
I wait — whate'er I've lost, whate'er I've gained
Is but as nothing. There is yet to come

Memory and Reflection

A charmed reality of brighter hue
Than sweetest dreams that childhood ever knew.

I wait, not tremblingly, th' approaching hour
Which I once deemed must hang upon life's close
Fraught with dread Fear and his unvarying power ;
I wait the approaching end with more repose
Than when my fancy viewed it from a day
Removed by time and years so far away.

I stand at last, my mortal sun low set,
To take life's fond adieu. I turn again
And view the past ; there lies but one regret,
Too little of my life I've lived for men,
Too much for self-success — but 'tis too late,
And e'en for what I've done I, hopeful, wait.

THE REWARD OF LABOR

'Tis not in vain we labor,
Not fruitless all our toil ;
E'en though our years are spent upon
A seeming barren soil,

Memory and Reflection

Some time when, weary with our load,
We turn that way again,
We'll find, whate'er may be our fate,
We've labored not in vain.

E'en though the desert bound us
As limitless as air,
Some welcoming oasis lies
Beyond the borders there,
Where, mayhap in the ages past
Some traveler like thee
Has dropped with kindly hand a seed —
Behold to-day, a tree!

'Tis not in vain we labor —
Though we may see it not,
Some time a beauteous flower will bloom
Upon this barren spot;
And, not unmindful of our toil,
Some wanderer then may know
How kind we were to think of him,
"So very long ago."

If not, there's still a happy thought,
The thought of duty done,

Memory and Reflection

When we look backward o'er our course
From life's low, sinking sun,
We'll still have hope, though in our path
No bloom of flower we see —
Some are rewarded in this world,
And some in worlds to be.

DUTY

THOU child of fate, whose goal is fame,
Thou who art led from day to day
By promise of a future name,
Thou who hast toiled along the way
In hope of promised self or power,
Which through long years has led thee far,
If verging on thy sunset hour
Thy hopes with thee are all at war —

If fame and fortune ne'er be thine,
Some pleasure yet is left to thee,
Some laurels still doth fate entwine,
Some glory 's yet thy meager fee;
There's pleasure, though thou hast not won
The goal for which thou'st bravely fought —

Memory and Reflection

There's honest pride, if thou hast done
Thy duty all, forsaking nought.

MERCY

FLING wide the gates of Mercy
To Kindness and her train;
Let not the light of Heaven shine
Upon the world in vain —

Fling wide the gates of Mercy
To Misery's pleading throng,
They have been barred to human ills
And human woes too long.

Who gave to man his fellow's life
To take or spare at will?
What is that man who dares gainsay
His Lord's, "Thou shalt not kill"?
Or if so far one stoop to crime,
Is 't pleasing in God's sight
That law shall do a second wrong
That makes the first not right?

Forbid! O, Mercy, in thy sway,
Forbid, for Jesus' sake!

Memory and Reflection

'Tis God alone can give a life,
'Tis God alone should take.
And he who makes the gallows' noose
Is little more than he
Who suffers by that hangman's hand
Upon the gallows-tree.

THERE'S A GRAY STONE IN THE
CHURCHYARD

THERE'S a gray stone in the churchyard,
Rising o'er a grassy mound,
That is weathering to a level year by year;
There the wild rose buds in summer,
And the violets bloom around,
In remembrance of the one I loved so dear.

Long ago we knew each other
In the schoolhouse 'cross the way —
There I often took her little hand in mine,
While we journeyed through the noon hour
Of a happy summer day,
Through the clover bloom and smiling eglantine.

Memory and Reflection

Often, too, of winter evenings,
Far across the level snow,
To the music of the silver bells in tune,
When the far-off stars shone palely
O'er the paler earth below,
Oft we sledged along beneath the waxen moon.

Those were days of happy childhood,
Followed on by happier years,
E'en the wild birds in the orchard were less gay;
O, how diff'rent were those past times
From the gloom that now appears!
This is night and that the noontide of life's day.

In the church whose bell resounded
From that lofty, sun-kissed tower,
Saw I first the happy smile of my loved bride;
While in all their tender beauty
Bloomed full many a blushing flower,
And the wild birds sang their carols just outside.

In the church whose bell tolls yonder
From that gray and gloomy tower,
When the summer birds had flown so far away,
And the chilly winds had withered
Every precious summer flower,
There I turned again one gloomy autumn day.

Memory and Reflection

There, within the chancel's shadow,
In her robes of sable hue,
With a changeless smile upon her lips impressed,
Lay my bonny, bonny sweetheart,
Slept my fair young bride and true,
With her pale hands folded, thus, across her breast.

There's a gray stone in the churchyard,
Rising o'er a grassy mound,
That is weathering to a level year by year ;
There the wild rose buds in summer,
And the violets bloom around,
In remembrance of the one I loved so dear.

AMBITION

WHAT would I do some day? O fleeting dreams,
Bright-tinted visions of an April morn
Whose glory, were it but the half it seems,
Had laughed these disappointments e'en to scorn.
What would I do? Aye, rise as does the sun —
From lowliness to splendor I would climb,
What man can do that would I too have done ;
But time has foiled me — O relentless time !

Memory and Reflection

What have I done? I look back o'er the years
Where dreams live on and on in memory,
From cloudless morn a somber noon appears,
I grieve to think of what the night may be.
What have I done? I've struggled with my might,
Borne disappointments, fallen 'neath their load;
The cherished goal oft all but lost from sight,
Oft through the gloom I've groped my weary road.

This have I done, this am I doing still;
Though many promised years have flown away,
Still toil I on not half way up the hill,
Not half way up the hill at noon of day.
What would I do? All that the great have done;
What have I done? Nought that I sought to do;
What will I do? Still struggle on and on
Perhaps I yet may win ere life be through.

THE LONG AGO.

A SUMMER-NIGHT in the long ago,
A song of the whip-poor-will,
A brook that sang in a muffled flow
At the foot of a sloping hill;

Memory and Reflection

A heaven of blue bedecked with gold,
A plain where the dewdrops shone,
A wood whose shadowy outline told
Of the beams of the misty moon —
Such were the scenes in an olden time,
A time when I was young;
Such were the sounds, a sweeter chime
Than ever bells have rung.

I see them and I know them,
The blue vault and the star —
I listen where, below them,
The babbling waters are.

A summer-night in the long ago,
A checkered lover's lane,
Its deeper shade, its brighter glow,
Its glen, its moon-lit plain;
The rustling oak, the whisp'ring pine
With friendly boughs outspread,
The soft, warm hand that lay in mine,
The twinkling stars o'erhead;
The eyes that, sparkling, sought my own,
The smile I scarce could see —
Ah, that those moments should have flown
So very rapidly!

Memory and Reflection

I'll search them out. I'll find them
Where the babbling waters flow,
And in my memory bind them
With the joys of long ago.

THE LITTLE SCHOOL

I WELL remember, long ago,
The little school that stood
Just where the roadway bends around
A little patch of wood;
And I remember, too, the bench
Along the inner wall,
By which we used to stand to read,
"Leaves have their time to fall."

There oft I've stood with open book,
While with abated breath,
I galloped with the Light Brigade,
"Into the jaws of death."
Or surging on o'er hill and dale,
With pendulum-like sway,
I took the road, with Sheridan,
Full "twenty miles away."

Memory and Reflection

E'en now, through all this lapse of time,
I still remember well
The sound of Freedom's dying shriek
"As Kosciusko fell"—
And pause again to wipe away
The sympathetic tears
For "the soldier of the legion,"
That "lay dying in Algiers."

I still can see, just as of old,
The sights at Watkin's Glen,
Though thirty years of wand'ring life
Have passed and gone since then—
Ah, can it be so long ago?
How swift the years have sped,
Since "in his dark, carved, oaken chair,
Old Rudiger sat, dead!"

From that old bench I've wandered through
"Sweet Auburn" many a time,
And heard those far-off "Shandon Bells"
Fling out their joyous chime;
And oft I've paused beside the spring
To drink, then ride away,
While sweet "Maud Muller" mused and sighed
Till rain fell on the hay.

Memory and Reflection

These joys it gave — yet from that spot
I've searched the wide world o'er,
For some secluded place on earth
“Where mortals weep no more;
Some lone and pleasant dell,
Some valley in the west,
Where, free from toil and pain,
The weary soul may rest.”

Aye, many a weary day since then,
Through varying heat and frost,
I've held my solitary way,
“Lone, wandering, but not lost.”
For I still hold in memory
The little school that stood
Just where the roadway bends around
A little patch of wood.

ON THE SHORE

I HAVE stood upon the shore
All the day, all the day,
Where the sunny wavelets whisper,
Laugh and play, laugh and play.

Memory and Reflection

There, arrayed in all their glory,
Each has told to each a story
Of a day that I remember,
Far away, far away.

Now that each has told the other
What to say, what to say,
All in concert they come whisp'ring
Down the bay, down the bay,
Come from far along the sea,
Whispering the tale to me,
'Tis a tale that I remember
Of a day far away.

'Tis a story of a day
Long gone by, long gone by,
When deep-mirrored in the wave
Lay the sky, lay the sky,
When we walked upon the shore,
I with one I know no more,
One whom I so well remember,
Passed away, passed away.

She was fair, none ever fairer,
Blue her eye, blue her eye,

Memory and Reflection

Not a purer blue the mirror
Of the sky, of the sky;
'Tis of her the tale is told,
Her I knew and loved of old,
And the day I'll e'er remember,
Flown away, flown away.

Year by year the waves have rippled
On the shore, on the shore —
Day by day they've whispered to me
O'er and o'er, o'er and o'er —
Though the sun may fade and fail,
Still I'll hear their whispered tale
Of the lost one I remember,
Far away, far away.

THE DOWNTRODDEN

IN nine times out of ten
When the whole "blamed world"
Is walking over you, and men
Sit down upon you, 'tis because you're curled
Up in the highway; 'tis because you sleep
Just where the wheels of time are wont to go,

Memory and Reflection

Or if perchance you wake, you yawn and creep,
As if you thought the world would stop and wait
For you — just you.

But be not thus deceived ;
The world moves on and on the same,
And you, although you're trodden down and grieved,
Have in your stupor failed to place the blame ;
'Tis on yourself, not others. You must keep
Awake if you would hope to get your due ;
You can not lie, like some poor worm, asleep ;
For time and opportunity won't wait
For you — just you.

WORTH

WHAT is a conqueror more
Than he who has conquered been?
Though one be lauded o'er and o'er,
The other scorned of men,
Is there in the truer scale
One whit between the two?
In which class, then,
Are the better men?
In which of the two are you?

Memory and Reflection

'Tis not material gain
Nor show of outward part
That lifts mankind to a higher plane —
'Tis the worth of the secret heart;
And he with colors cased
May truly surpass the one
Whose colors fly
In the evening sky
So vauntingly in the sun.

Belief that his cause is right,
As God gives him to see,
And zeal in the final fight
The proof of the man should be —
With this alone our guide,
We pause o'er these mounds to say:
"This one was true
To the Northern blue,
And this to the Southern gray."

THE CHURCHYARD

THERE'S a little mound in the churchyard
Where my sleeping darling lies,
And round it howls the winter
And o'er it gloom the skies;

Memory and Reflection

And on it the snow is lying
To muffle the wind's wild sound;
This is the home of my darling —
This churchyard and this mound.

'Twas autumn chill and gloomy
When, sorrowing, came I here;
The flowers of summer had faded,
And earth was gray and sere,
When here in my grief and sorrow,
The hosts of summer flown,
I brought the last faded blossom
And silently laid it down.

And here in this mound in the churchyard
Are tears, ah, bitter tears;
And here in the gloom is buried
The sunshine of all my years —
Though soon will the blossoms be smiling
And the birds sing again in the tree,
Yet spring can not bring back my floweret,
'Twill ever be autumn to me.

Memory and Reflection

MAKE ME A MAN

HASTEN, O hasten, ye years on your way,
Speed o'er yon chasm like light o'er the day,
Bear me along o'er the vague gulf that lies
'Twixt these dull clouds and the blue of yon skies.
Take me this hour from this dull, childish play,
Let me view closer those hues far away,
Waft me to-day o'er the gulf that ye span —
Make me a man, O Years, make me a man!

Take me, O Years, adown time's rushing stream,
Show me at morning the scerfes of my dream,
Let me but go, for my spirit elate
Longs for life's honors and glories that wait;
Leave me no more with this longing to see
All the bright scenes that are promised to me,
Bear me to-day o'er the chasm ye span —
Make me a man, O Years, make me a man!

Fulfill the hopes that are dearest and best;
Quell the wild longings that burn in my breast,
Let me but stand in the full, morning beam
Of whose distant light I have caught the first gleam;

Memory and Reflection

Let me look back from the height of my fame
Over the dull, cheerless route whence I came,
Give me the guerdon that ye only can —
Make me a man, O Years, make me a man!

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Nothing but fame can satiety bring,
Naught hears the boy but the sirens that sing,
Onward he climbs toward the summit — alas,
He sees not the beauties that smile as they pass —
Till weary and worn with his strivings he yearns
For the days of his childhood again; and he turns
And looks through his tears as he only can
To chide the swift years that have made him a man.

THE SPELLING CLASS

WE toed the mark along the wall,
A dozen lubbers there,
Another dozen girls, and all
Were buxom girls and fair —
We toed the mark at ten to four,
Our other classes done,
Two dozen spellers, good and poor,
And I was number one.

Memory and Reflection

Along the line the quick words ran,
Like hail-stones on a roof;
From me clear down to Mary Ann
Each speller stood as proof;
And as the words rolled on with ease
I peered back down the line,
When lo, I saw Dave Andrews squeeze
A hand I claimed as mine.

Too much, too much; it must not be —
My thoughts ran hard and fast,
How could I get sweet Nell by me?
'Twas settled, but not passed.
On went the words with hurried sound,
Some three or maybe four,
And then began the second round,
My turn to spell once more.

'Twas "parallel" broke on my ear,
I scratched my head perplexed,
Then spelled it wrong, when loud and clear
The teacher echoed, "Next."
I held my breath — still on and on
The word was quickly passed,
The twelfth misspelled, the eighteenth gone,
It stopped at Nell at last.

Memory and Reflection

I strained my fearful eyes on her,
I coughed and stamped the floor,
Then like a storm-tossed mariner
I circled round once more.
I reeled and swayed — ah, is she blind?
I whispered, "Nell, O Nell,"
And stuck two fingers out behind,
To show a double 1.

She heard, she turned, she saw at last,
A sudden calm swept o'er,
She drew her breath in hard and fast,
Then silence held the floor.
She straightened from her musing mood;
I heard her voice rise free,
Another instant and she stood,
Dear, sweet Nell Tyler stood by me.

YOU CAN LAUGH ABOUT IT LATER

You can laugh about it later,
When the storm has drifted past,
And the lookout sits a-smiling,
Gazing calmly from the mast;

Memory and Reflection

You can laugh about the danger
That has turned the other way,
When you sit within the sunshine
Of a later summer day.

You can laugh about the trouble
That has one time caused you tears;
Half your former heartaches vanish,
Looking backward through the years;
For the mountains seek the valleys
Till a level landscape lies
'Neath the gleaming, golden sunshine
Of some future summer skies.

You can laugh o'er disappointments
Of the years of Fortune's frown,
O'er the heavy griefs and failures
That have often bowed you down;
For God's blessing is upon you —
Time, life's healing balm, he gave
For the wounds that may beset you
'Twixt the cradle and the grave.

Memory and Reflection

IF I HAD KNOWN

If I had known when I was young
Just how my future years would be,
If I had known what joy would come,
Aye, and what grief to me,
How different would have been my course
From that which I have traveled on;
How far from what I am I'd be,
If I had known.

If I had known when spring began
The changes of the coming year,
Its every sorrow, every joy,
Its grief, its passing fear,
How much of ill I might have spurned.
What joys were mine that now have flown!
The world had been a different place
If I had known.

If I had known — ah, foolish wish,
To hope to know; the die is cast.
To know is to relinquish hope,
'Tis grief enough to know the past.

Memory and Reflection

One can not arm himself 'gainst fate;
Despite his power the storm will on —
Mine would have been a wretched life
If I had known.

GENIUS

GENIUS is not born, but made!
'Tis ambition makes the man.
Drudgery is Genius' aid,
Marching in the van.

'Tis an error to believe
That the great were always great,
That the glory they achieve
Was decreed by fate.

Fate is but a phantom dim,
Neither kind, nor yet unkind.
And its smiles or visage grim,
Products of the mind.

Those who beckon from the height
Trode the path o'er which we tread,

Memory and Reflection

Trudging onward day and night,
Ever straight ahead.

Neither fate nor birth can give,
Neither birth nor fate withhold,
That for which men toil and live,
Be it fame or gold.

Have some weaker ones grown great?
Are the lowly known to fame?
It is drudgery, not fate,
That has won the game.

Genius is a slave grown gray,
Just a common, earth-born man,
Who has risen, day by day,
Toiling in the van.

THE JOURNEY.

FROM earth to heaven there is no blind,
Unconscious groping of the mind;
The gleam, at first a fancied light,
Which shines and fades by turns, grows bright.

Memory and Reflection

And brighter still, as day by day
We travel down our destined way.
What at the first is seen afar,
The twinkle of a tiny star,
Becomes a splendor deftly shed
Along the path o'er which we tread,
Until th' enkindled eye doth see
The blaze of immortality.

No voice is heard, yet from on high
The whispers of eternity
Come with our heart throbs, come and go,
Like ripples on a river's flow.
Inaudible at first, they seem
Like sounds remembered in a dream,
But later on, as time doth sweep
Beyond the shoals toward the deep,
They greet the ear, a ceaseless roll
Of music stirring in the soul,
So faint and sweet, and yet so near,
The spirit can not choose but hear.

Though first benighted and unknown,
We walk our journey not alone.
Though seeming wand'ers day by day,
Oft tempted from the chosen way,

Memory and Reflection

An unseen hand still guides aright
Our dubious pathway through the night —
Through hours of sickness and of pain,
Through days of sunshine and of rain,
Through weeks of varying hopes and fears,
Through changeful months of smiles and tears,
And onward through the heavy years,
From first to last, throughout life's span,
Christ's Spirit walks the path with man.

THE UPLIFT

To have a goal beyond that of to-day,
A spot toward which to go with constant pace,
A something worthy luring on alway —
This is the uplift of the human race.

And be that goal a monarch's end and aim,
A world ambition it's to satisfy,
Or be it e'en a soldier's modest fame
Which spurs him on to duty or to die,

Or be it more, an immaterial fee,
That which endures beyond the pale of time,

Memory and Reflection

Riches laid up against eternity —
Or be it but the humble goal of rhyme,

Whate'er its worth, 'tis this that leads man on,
From round to round still upward toward the height;
It points the way forever toward the dawn
And sets a star within the deep'ning night.

HOPE

THOU, Hope, man's staff, with thee, and thee alone,
He sets his face toward the great Unknown.
Not weary feet nor rough and dangerous way,
Nor aught beside prevails on him to stay.
Has he, in groping, missed the kindly light
Set on the hill to guide his steps aright,
Or has he wandered on into the shade
By rocky dell or gloomy woodland made,
Though these beset him, still sufficient guide
Is there so long as thou art at his side.
Ah, Hope, fond Hope, man's tried and truest friend,
His guide through life, his haven at its end,
On thee I lean secure where'er I be —
God pity those who journey not with thee.

Memory and Reflection

DEAR OLD SPICERVILLE

How long 't 'as been since last I saw
The dearest place to me,
The cottage hard upon the street,
The blooming lilac tree,
The little rise of ground, the path
That led up to the door,
The dozen buildings squatting 'round,
The blacksmith shop, the store,
The orchard trees still farther down,
The schoolhouse just beyond,
The roaring dam, the foaming pool,
Below the great mill-pond —
How long 't 'as been since last I heard
The chatter of the rill
That sparkles 'neath the wooden bridge
In dear old Spicerville!

From place to place I've wandered far,
A pilgrim plodding on;
I've seen the queen of Nature's realm
Sit proudly on her throne,
Niagara, the rolling sea,
The Rockies towering high,

Memory and Reflection

The great, broad prairies stretching on
To meet the bending sky.
I, too, have stood in silent thought
By Mississippi's flow
And watched her mighty waters roll,
Her traffic come and go.
But what to me is majesty!
Aye, worship it who will,
But let me see the babbling brook
That flows through Spicerville.

The gray old structure called the mill,
That stood beside the stream,
I seem to see it there again
And hear it in my dream;
The great wheel grinding out the grist
Is whirling yet, I trow;
Above it buzzed the hungry saw,
The apples rolled below —
And there, how oft on bended knees,
The youngsters of the town,
With long straws sipped the cider up
To let it trickle down!
Again I hear the saw-mill's song,
The tenor of the key,

Memory and Reflection

So shrill, to try to mimic it
Were all in vain for me—
But now the gnarly oak starts in;
Ah, such a change, so soon!
The knotty log has choked the saw,
The mill has lost its tune;
But I can hear the little brook
Go chattering, chattering still,
And I can see it rippling on
Through dear old Spicerville.

Ah, wheresoe'er I wander,
Where'er I chance to be,
A picture of this olden scene
Still haunts my memory.
The plains, the mountains, rivers,
The cataracts, and seas—
Thank God, the mighty Maker, who
Adorned the earth with these;
I've seen them all, aye, time and time;
I've seen the works of men,
The charms of art I too have felt
Again and yet again;
But take them all and be content;
I ask but this for me,

Memory and Reflection

The little cot hard by the street,
The blooming lilac tree,
The dozen buildings rising 'round,
The chatter of the rill
That sparkles 'neath the wooden bridge
In dear old Spicerville.

REWARDED

HE fought the world a good and valiant fight,
At flush of morn and at the hour of noon,
And still when hovered o'er the shades of night
He deemed the struggle ended all too soon.

Full oft had grim misfortune borne him down,
And piled upon him all her load of care;
Him disappointment chastened with a frown;
He, too, had worn the signet of despair.

But these, nay, none of these, had overthrown,
Nor winter's cold nor hunger's ashen crust —
Though fallen oft, with hope's kind aid alone,
As oft he'd risen, victor, from the dust.

Memory and Reflection

Yet, 'mid all this, no groan, no hopeless word
Fell from his lips, nor from his eye a tear;
If e'er a bitter thought within him stirred
'Twas smothered down by nobler words of cheer.

And thus he fought 'gainst fate the valiant fight,
At flush of dawn and at the hour of noon;
And e'en when hovered 'round the shades of night,
He deemed the struggle ended all too soon.

Nor will it be forgotten how that he
Toiled through his threescore years; Heav'n still
is just,
And he that proveth strong in constancy,
Shall rise at last a victor from the dust.



THANKSGIVING

WHEN chickens and turkeys are basted and brown,
And th' ills of the season are wholly forgotten,
When neat invitations have scattered the town
'Mongst the people in silk and the people in cotton,
What time of all times in the whole circling year
Approaches in mirth this accustomed Thanksgiving?

Memory and Reflection

And when does the mercy of God more appear
Than when we are met for a day of thanksgiving?

There is pleasure for all; e'en the name has a charm;
Thrice welcome it comes to the sober old Nation.
'Tis a dull, chilly day, but the hearthfire glows warm,
And Want quite forgets all her former privation.
The prodigals come from the East and the West,
The brothers, the sisters, the uncles and cousins,
And all tumble into the quiet home nest
With greetings and handshakes and kisses by dozens.

There's goodwill toward all; e'en the cynic is still;
But hark! 'tis the old-fashioned grace they're repeating.
'Tis over; now, Mirth, take the floor as you will,
The turkey is carved, and we'll fall to the eating;
'Twill call back such days from the years that are gone,
'Twill bring up the scenes we shall always remember;
'Twill give us new pleasures to ponder upon —
Thank God for this day in this dismal November!

Memory and Reflection

SOMETIME

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“SOMETIME,” aye, “sometime.” Have you never heard
Of the hopes, the joys, the fears it brings?
Thought of all thoughts, and of all words the word —
O, what prophecy to this sound clings!
“Sometime” — ’tis the key to all our woe;
When or where the future years must say —
“Sometime,” O what joy we’ll sometime know,
When the present clouds have blown away!

Sometime, when but a few more years are gone,
Incessant labor will give place to ease,
And grief, that follows grief so swiftly on,
Will turn to joy that we may smile at these.
Sometime our absent ones will turn toward home,
And we with tears of joy will grasp the hand,
Happy that they who left our roof to roam
Will bless once more their home and native land.

Yet, sometime, all we dread shall come to pass —
Our fears — and who has none? — will then prevail;
Our friends, the dearest, loveliest, alas,
Will pass away, nor aught our tears avail.

Memory and Reflection

Sometime we'll be alone, this gay life gone —
The past a faded dream of love at most —
Sometime when all the world moves gaily on,
We'll dream the past, and weep for all that's lost.

But even then, when life has darkest grown,
When in the west the setting sun is low,
When night comes on, and we are left alone,
With naught to cheer of all we've loved below,
Then will our comfort be that sometime we
Shall pierce the gloom that hovers o'er the tide
And turn our course across the silver sea,
To meet them all upon the other side.

SOMEWHERE

SOMEWHERE, when all is o'er,
When time has passed into eternity,
Those that I love, whom now I see no more,
Will they not know, and, knowing, call to me,
And shall we not again united be —
Somewhere?

I would not think that this is all of life,
To walk this checkered path, to sup with Pain,

Memory and Reflection

To wage 'gainst sorrow an unequal strife;
I would not think that we have loved in vain,
And parted, nevermore to meet again —
Somewhere.

Ah, no; such fate, though man be lowly born,
Were less than his desert; 'twere harsh to be
Of all the future hopes of heaven shorn,
While haunted still by love's fond memory —
Are not the lost ones waiting still for me —
Somewhere?

I look away, and, listening thus, I hear
A promise, and in hearing, feel and know
That those I've lost are lingering ever near;
That what is hidden time will shortly show;
That I shall meet the loved of long ago —
Somewhere.

THAT DEAR LITTLE MITE OF A RIVER

THERE'S a scene I remember, an oft-chosen byway,
Where the grass in mid-summer was wavy and long,
And where, in its joy, was a bright little river
That rippled and babbled and murmured its song —

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Memory and Reflection

While I, youthful angler, expectantly waited
The impulse conveyed by the twinge of the line
That hung in that clear little mite of a river,
Whose bright finny treasure no more may be mine.

E'en now the gay butterfly flits o'er the water,
The wild bee returns to the sweet-scented flowers,
The summer-born locust flings out of the treetops
His shrill-whistled praise of the bright, sunny hours;
Even now I imagine the maple invites me
To come back and lounge in the depth of the glen,
That the dear little, clear little mite of a river
Is calling me back to the meadow again.

No more by the bend where the water is deepest
I pile the few garments a boy needs must wear,
No more may I plunge in the pure gurgling water
To sport with its ripples, their coolness to share;
For I'm far, far away from that green, grassy meadow,
While time into years passes slowly along,
But still in the distance that mite of a river
Is calling me back with the voice of its song.

Memory and Reflection

LIFE

LIFE is like a river, so they say ;
Yes, it, like a river, runs away ;
Where 'tis shallowest it babbles most,
Where 'tis weakest there's the loudest boast.

All in all, how much alike they are,
Lives and rivers ! Both of them at war,
Both at variance with things that tend
Toward abrupt or toward ignoble end.

Lives are like to rivers, short and long,
Silent lives and merry lives of song.
Some in gloomy windings take their way,
Some dance onward, never youth more gay.

Some enthralled by a too narrow tide,
Others move majestic, deep and wide,
Yet must all — perhaps 'tis God's design —
Run a checkered course of shade and shine.

Life's a stream on which men, each and all,
Soon or late plunge down the fatal fall ;

Memory and Reflection

'Yond the marsh and past the wooded shore,
We onward glide, and see them nevermore.

The varied course through which we hourly tend,
With all its shade and shine, must shortly end —
'Tis but a year, a month, perhaps a breath,
We leap the great Niagara of death

Life is like a river, so they say,
Yes, it, like a river, runs away —
Rough and smooth, it finds at last the sea,
Boundless ocean, called Eternity.

LET US FORGET

LET us forget — not those who long have stood
The test of time in friendship's fair domain,
Nor those in whom no selfish thoughts intrude
To mar the luster of love's brilliant chain.

Let us forget — not those whose smiles we've known,
Who by a kindly word have smoothed the way
When we were journeying o'er life's path alone,
Dark night before, behind, the joyless day.

Memory and Reflection

Let us forget — not childhood's golden spell,
Its fond caresses, nor its soothing chime,
Nor voices we have known and loved so well,
Grown strange or silent with the sweep of time.

Let us forget the false, who turned away
When kindly fortune had withdrawn her smile,
Let us forget, from this far distant day
The cruel wound o'er which we grieved the while.

Let us forget the thrust, the scornful frown,
The harsher words that careless tongues have hurled,
And crush to-day all bitter memories down,
Forget the slights and wrongs of all the world.

Let us forget the sorrows that are gone,
The heartaches we have known, the grief, the tears—
Forget that we have ever grieved alone,
Or felt the blight which swept across our years —

Let us forget all these that there may be
Room in our hearts for nobler thoughts to rise —
Let us forget all unkind words, that we
May feel the joy of sweeter memories.

Memory and Reflection

PATIENCE

PATIENCE, thou first of virtues, I would fain
 Know more of thee ; extend thy friendship here —
I have appealed to my rash self in vain,
 In vain ; for naught I've hoped for doth appear,
And I would joy to feel that thou art near.

I've heard thy voice at times, so calm, it seemed
 That I must do thy bidding ; then again
Mine own impulsive spirit said I'd dreamed,
 That thou couldst scarcely come to me again,
And I believed, such is the faith of men.

Yea, I believed, and in anxiety
 Sought to o'ercome whate'er should bar my way ;
In confidence I turned away from thee
 To fight a year-long battle in a day,
And win 'gainst all that rose to say me nay.

And I have failed — thy spirit was not mine ;
 My fiercest onsets bode me naught but ill —
Aye, take my hand and make my purpose thine,
 That my lost hopes the future may fulfill —
Who has thine aid may have whate'er he will.

Memory and Reflection

TWUZ APRIL

'Twuz April, thirty years ago,
The tenth, ef I remember,
But jest ez cold ez ever wuz
The tenth day o' December,
When, spite o' caps, an' spite o' felts,
An' overcoats to kiver,
Us kids at school broke camp, an' all
Went hiking to the river.

We bolted down to Bailey's bend,
All goin' in fer beatin',
Off with our caps and coats and felts
An' other things fer heatin',
An' piled 'em all up on the bank,
An', spite o' twist an' shiver,
"Ker-choog, ker-choog, ker-choog," we up
An' div into thet river.

Whew! Wa'nt thet fun! You bet yer boots —
The river wuz a brimmin',
An' duckin' 'twixt the blocks o' ice
We all begun a swimmin.

Memory and Reflection

Fer several minutes, more or less,
We kept right on a goin',
Till some one yelled frum off the bank,
“What a-i-r you fellers doin’!”

With fear an’ tremblin’ out we bounced,
Some thirty seconds later,
Each lookin’ jes e’zakly like
His ma’s horseradish grater —
Gee, Crackey! but ’twuz beastly cold,
Our symptoms grew alarmin’,
But teacher stood thar on the bank
An’ guv us all a warmin’.

TO A HUMAN SKELETON

ON SEEING THE BONES PILED INTO A BOX

YE mass of cold gray bones that moulder here,
Dumb, lifeless things that know nor heed me not,
Here have ye bleached and crumbled many a year,
Full many a year thy name has been forgot.
Thou art unknown, unclaimed — yet who can say
His heart e’er beat with love more true than thine?
Or who can gaze on thee and turn away
Without some pitying thought, some thought like mine?

Memory and Reflection

Those shadowy crypts that stare at me so cold,
I look into their depth in vain to find
Some semblance of the light, the love of old;
I find it not — alas, those cells are blind.
And yet I know, sometime in years ago,
A loving mother found her solace there
In laughing eyes whose light, soft as the dawn,
Reflected love into her own as fair.

Thou wast a boy one time, a happy boy,
In all thy childish innocence and glee,
The fields, the woods, the streams were all thy joy,
And all the flowers of spring-time bloomed for thee.
For thee the summer birds sang sweet and low,
For thee the autumn foliage turned to gold —
Ah, lifeless mass, who is there now to know
What passions, what delights were thine of old?

Perchance some fond ambition filled thy breast,
Some dreams of eminence before thee rose
To lead thee on, yet ne'er to be possessed;
The bursting bud didst ne'er the flower disclose —
Perchance gay Pleasure cast her mantle o'er,
As o'er the trunk the ivy doth entwine —
Ah, voiceless stone, asleep for evermore,
What hope, what fear, what joy, what pain was thine?

Memory and Reflection

Thou canst not answer ; therefore who can say
 What mighty love abode within thy heart,
What eyes shed tears above thy lifeless clay,
 That death should tear those tender ties apart?
Thou canst not hear me, and I ask thee not,
 Nor read mine answer in thy sightless eye ;
I only know, whate'er may be man's lot,
 None are too good and none too bad to die.

HOME REVISITED

YE countless stars that deck the midnight skies,
 Unchanged ye hang within your distant sphere —
Still as of old ye turn your million eyes,
 And smile once more upon the wand'rer here.

I knew ye then ; to-night I know ye still ;
 The milky-way ye illumine is the same,
The same bright orb that hung o'er yonder hill
 Hangs there to-night its far but constant flame.

The golden moon that soared the heavens then,
 To shed around her soft and misty light,
Mounts slowly o'er the shadowy world again,
 To set her seal upon this later night.

Memory and Reflection

The firmament retains its old-time hue —
From north to south, where'er my eye doth range,
I see once more the placid ocean blue,
With all its gems — in Heaven there is no change.

Not so in earth — I walk a stranger here,
Scarce know the spot that once was dear to me,
The hand of Time has traced from year to year
His measured scroll upon eternity —

And Change and Ruin masters are supreme —
The little home I knew of yore is gone;
Lost years have changed it all into a dream,
That dimmer grows as time rolls on and on.

The river banks are leveled to the sea,
The very hill I trod slopes to the plain;
There's little left of old to welcome me,
I look for olden scenes and friends in vain.

They are no more. The heavens alone declare
'Gainst time a pure, unchanging realm of light —
Ye countless stars that smile upon me here,
Ye welcome me, my only friends, to-night.

Memory and Reflection

A SONG OF WINTER

THERE is happiness in winter that the summer can not
bring;

There is music in the winter—"Ting-el, ing-el, ing-el,
ing."

You can watch the rosy faces of the children going by,
Till you catch the mirth infection from the laughter in
each eye.

You can see the stars a-twinkle as at night you glide along,
And the screeching of the runners is the music of a
song,

The song your heart would utter to the sweet and flowing
chime

Of the "Ting-el, ing-el, ing-el" of the bells in winter
time.

There is happiness in winter—in despite of snow and
cold,

There's a joy that comes from heaven, as the manna came
of old.

There's a hearth-fire brightly gleaming till your heart is
all aglow

With the memories of childhood in the winters long ago,

Memory and Reflection

When you coasted down the hillside in a rapturous delight,
While the stars were all a-twinkle, shining through the frosty night,
And your heart caught up the music, echoed in a flowing chime,
With the "Ting-el, ing-el, ing-el" of the bells in winter time.

FLOWN AWAY.

I'VE been thinking of the things
That have wings —
Of the swarm of tiny gnats
Flitting 'round our ears in June,
With their roll of sharps and flats
In a tune.
Of the condor circling high
In the clear Andean-sky
Till the snow
Of the heaven-ascending height
Lies a tiny speck of white
Far below.

Memory and Reflection

I've been thinking of the things
That have wings —
Of the humming-bird that flew,
Through the happy summer-day,
To the dainty flowers that grew
By the way,
Of the homeward-flying bee,
Of the robin in the tree,
Perched to sing —
Perched among the blossoms white,
In the early morning light,
There to swing.

I've been thinking of the things
That have wings —
Of the sunny days of yore,
In the seasons that are gone,
And I call them back once more,
One by one;
But each momentary joy
That sustained the careless boy
Is, at last,
A momentary pain,
And I look and long in vain
For the past.

Memory and Reflection

Still I'm thinking of the things
That have wings —
Of ambitions that have flown,
Like the birds from winter's snow,
Of the hopes I made my own,
Long ago,
Ere the future, fair and bright,
Had become a cloudy night
Well-nigh o'er ;
Ere the best of life had gone,
Ere, as now, I stood alone
On the shore.

WHAT WOULD YOU DO?

WERE there no footprints left upon the floor,
No marks of little feet that patter through,
With careless step, the slyly-opened door —
Feet laden and besmeared with dust and dew —
Should these return no more to trouble you,
The restless little child all restful grown,
If there were left you but an empty shoe —
And you alone —
What would you do?

Memory and Reflection

Were there no childish griefs to soothe away,
No teasing, no incessant shouts of glee,
No littered rooms, no boist'rous, noisy play
To try your nerves and vex you constantly,
If these should be removed, and you should be
Enthralled in solitude — those voices gone,
The echo lapsed into Eternity,
And you alone —
What would you do?

Were there no more of ever watchful cares,
No more anxieties or thoughts that speak
Of subtle dangers lurking unawares
Around these fledglings, innocent and weak,
If these were gone, and you once more should seek
Respite from toil and worry, and should feel
No chubby hand pressed warm against your cheek,
Or find no sleeping babe by whom to kneel —
What would you do?

Memory and Reflection

THE EVERLASTING PROCESS

THE everlasting process, that's the one
That leads to victory. Relentless toil
Will bring rich verdure to a barren soil,
And end in glory what grief has begun.

See yonder dune that lifts its head on high,
Its brow encircled with a tuft of trees,
A thousand years the constant western breeze
Has piled this dome into the azure sky.

This sheltering cove, where storm-tossed vessels ride,
Is not the work of one short summer day;
Ten thousand years the waters in their play
Have scooped it from the rugged mountain-side.

And listen! In yon cataract's hoarse roar,
While thund'ring down its rocky depth below,
Speak out a million years of ceaseless flow,
And surge and dash its rocky pathway o'er.

So let not man without due care and toil
Hope to accomplish aught deserving praise;
Success is counted not in hours and days,
But by long years of hard, incessant toil.

Memory and Reflection

AULD BRIG OF AYR

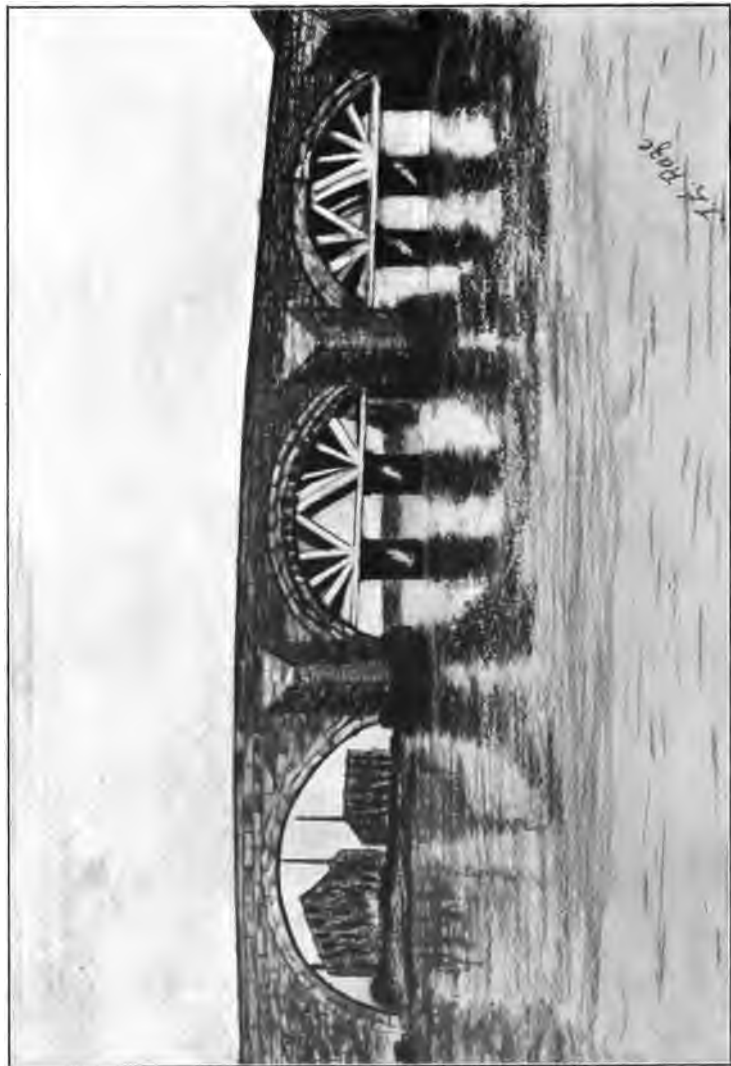
SPARE the "auld brig," ye Scottish men,
Look kindly on its arches there,
Ere 'tis too late, ah, pause again,
Wreck not the good "auld brig of Ayr."

What centuries on its arches hang;
And yet through all how well 't has stood!
Forbear to do a "kennen wrang"—
The "auld brig" has defied the flood,

Defied the power o' wintry blast,
Stood like the hills the test of time,
And shall it fall by man at last?
Ah man, how prone to ruthless crime!

Spare the "auld brig." "Ye dinna ken"
What memories cling around each stone,
How dear 't has grown to Scottish men,
How far around the world 'tis known.

Ye little know with what concern
The world awaits your threatened deed—



"SPARE THE AULD BRIG, YE SCOTTISH MEN."

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Memory and Reflection

Spare the "auld brig," that you may earn
The honor few in Scotia need.

Despise the heather if ye must;
Up-tear the thistle from its bed,
Betray a patriot's sacred trust,
Turn traitor e'en where "Wallace bled."

Aye, do all this, yet have a care,
Your highest honor 's still at stake —
Pause ere ye reach the "banks o' Ayr,"
And spare the "brig" for Burns's sake.

IT IS WELL

AWAY, and still ever away,
We look from the cares of to-day —
Perhaps in the course of to-morrow,
Or a week or a month or a year,
Will depart the last dim trace of sorrow
That shadows us here.

To-day is the view-point. To-day
We look to the future away,

Memory and Reflection

Through the clouds, it may be,
That hang darkly o'er us.
Out into the great world, the sea
Of sunshine before us.

And 'tis well, it is well that our eyes
Can pierce through the gloom of the skies —
It is well that the vision is given
To lead from the cares of the day,
And offer, as 'twere, a foresight of Heaven
To brighten the way.

JOHN HAY

LIVING no more, and yet to live for ages,
Departed hence, we see thy form no more,
Yet 'tis thy hand still writes on hist'ry's pages
Thine honored name that men may read it o'er.

They wait in vain, the friends who stay to meet thee ;
Thou canst not come before they shall depart,
Yet through long years they may not cease to greet thee —
Thou livest still within the secret heart.

Memory and Reflection

But not alone with them who've known thy greeting,
Whose pleasure 'twas to grasp thy friendly hand,
Nay, not with these alone art thou still meeting —
Thou liv'st in every home throughout the land.

GOOD OLD DAYS

O, GIVE me back the good old days
When all the world was mine;
My palace home, the rude log hut,
Half hidden 'neath the pine.
O let me scent the woodbine sweet
That clustered 'round the eaves,
And, dropping, hid the moss-grown logs
Beneath its thousand leaves.

How gladly would I turn my back
Upon the setting sun,
To view those well-remembered joys
Of all the years ago.
I fain would trace my journey back
To greet the rising morn,
E'en from the rude, old cottage,
Now empty and forlorn.

Memory and Reflection

What are the joys of hoarded wealth?

Vain, transitory, vain —

O give me back the golden age

Of boyhood's time again!

The wondrous forest and the fields

Where I was wont to be,

And let the summer flowers bud

And bloom again for me.

The dear ones long departed,

O bring them back once more,

And let me hear my mother's song

Sound from the cottage door.

And let my sister come again

To play beneath the pine —

O give me back the good old days

When all the world was mine!

IN BOYHOOD

THOUGH many years are gone, Jim, since you and I were
boys,

Though many sorrows linger darkly over childhood joys,

Though the bending shadows thicken hour by hour and
day by day

Memory and Reflection

To obscure the happy sunshine gleaming faintly far away,
Yet I have not quite forgotten, may I never quite forget,
The pleasures of our childhood in the turmoil of regret.

I walked the ground a week ago, and saw the home once
more,

So much and yet so little of the home we knew of yore!
The house has fallen long ago, the yard and passing street
Are covered o'er with oak and pine, a wilderness 's complete

As when our father's ax first swung and hollow rang its
sound,

While we were happy piling brush he scattered on the
ground.

'Twas then our house first 'rose to view ; I see it as before ;
Perhaps its size was ten by twelve, but very little more —
E'en now I see the rude old stair up which we climbed to
bed,

And almost feel the careless joy descending on my head,
The joy I felt when as a boy I closed my weary eyes,
And waited for the morning with its bright and smiling
skies.

No matter that the chamber had no window in its side,
For what is glass in all its hues? A medium of pride.

Memory and Reflection

We hailed the dusty sunlight where the worms had eaten
through

The pine boards of the gable, and we heard the robins,
too —

But why should I recall the scenes, or ask you if you know
The places where we lived and played so many years ago!

We had a teeter on the gate, a see-saw, what you will —
And uppermost how oft I've looked beyond the sloping
hill!

For father came that way from town at night with heavy
load;

I fancy I can see him now plod weāry down the road.

The apples that he always brought, red, and O, so sweet!
How long we'd smell the luscious fruit, too good it seemed
to eat!

But when at last temptation could no longer be repelled,
Reluctantly we'd bite the fruit which we an hour had
smelled.

And if perchance 'twere winter time, and darkness came
too soon,

And loudly howled the wind outside, and palely shone
the moon,

How patiently we'd sit us down and watch our mother
sew,

Memory and Reflection

And wait our father's coming through the darkness and
the snow!

How sweetly sang the teapot as the hearth-fire brighter
grew!

But why should memory seek the old, and put aside the
new?

It is because my mind's oppressed, and ever ill at ease,
Save when I call our boyhood back in simple scenes like
these.

For then we lived, and joy was ours that comes not on
with age—

Too sweet and fond is life of boy for after-written page;
Then had our mother's poorest song more music in its tone
Than years of fond devotion to music could have shown.
Not the grand cathedral organ of Saint Mark such notes
has given,

Nor none that raised its devotees so nearly into Heaven.
Not "Bells of Shandon" trembling on the solemn evening
air,

With the bell that used to ring for us, in rapture can com-
pare.

And what dear faces on the earth are greeted with such
joy

As were those bright ones at the school when I was just
a boy?

Memory and Reflection

The crystal lake between the hills, where oft we went to swim,
The picnic ground along the shore — do you remember,
Jim,
What charms those places had for boys, and how we used to go
To wade and splash an hour or two when mother didn't know?
Methinks our heel-marks in the bank have scarcely washed away,
For since I've thought it o'er the more it seemeth but a day.
Ah, no — another train of thought on things that intervene,
Teach me too true that many years have come and gone between.

Full twenty summers has the sod been matting over him
For whom we waited at the gate when twilight settled dim;
Full twenty winters' snows have lain untrampled at the door;
Full twenty years the waves have washed our footprints from the shore.
But why should I recall to-day the things that make us sad,



"THE CRYSTAL LAKE BETWEEN THE HILLS."

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Memory and Reflection

Of father and of mother in the happy times we had?
It is because behind it all there spring's life's dearest joy —
And who would quite forget the days when he was just
a boy?

GRATITUDE

REMEMBER thou art not
The chooser of thy destiny;
If common or uncommon lot
Shall fall to thee,
Turn thou thy hand to make
The best of it, for this 'twas given;
Whate'er it be, prepare thy heart to take
All uncomplainingly the gift of Heaven.

What troubles come, receive,
Nor broken with thy load of sorrow, fall;
Mourn not thy loss, and with affliction grieve,
But lift thine eyes for strength to bear it all.
Bear thou the part assigned,
Nor in thy desolation question why
Is earth so dark and Heaven so unkind,
Lest thine own lips may make a false reply.

Memory and Reflection

UPWARD

PRESS onward, ever strive and climb,
Mount upward toward the top;
While there is still a goal beyond
Be not content to stop.
Though you have won a worthy place,
Let it not be the last —
True greatness can not pause upon
The glory of the past.

For every man the future holds
Some worthy gift in store —
Press on, nor pause mid-journey now
To count your troubles o'er.
The part you've done of tasks assigned,
Though be it great or small,
'Twill take your whole allotted time
To do and finish all.

WAIT TILL THE TIDE COMES IN

ALL shores are fair when the tide is full,
And all are bare when the tide is low —
Yea, so it is, and life is dull
Or quick as its currents ebb or flow.

Memory and Reflection

So be not too much giv'n to joy,
When the tide of life is dancing high,
But still beware the guard's "Ahoy!"
Though sailing under an azure sky—

And yet, be not too much oppressed,
When stranded up where the shoals begin;
There's still a chance for another quest—
Just watch and wait till the tide comes in.

EATON COUNTY, MICH.

IN thinking over places known
That have been home to me,
And counting up the pros and cons
And neutrals, carefully,
I've just about concluded,
If you take it all-in-all,—
The apple blossoms in the spring,
The apples in the fall,
The river with its hunting-ground,
The woods-lake with its fish,—
That 'bout the foremost place of all
Is Eaton County,
Mich.

Memory and Reflection

The long hills where in winter
The youngsters meet to slide,
The corn fields where in autumn
The watermelons hide;
The maples by the roadway,
And back of them the pool,
That tempts the languid urchin
From the routine of the school;
All these come up before me,
And with 'em comes a wish
To see some boys and — girls I knew
In Eaton County,
Mich.

Let others boast of far-off climes,
And beauty spots that please,
The Alpine mountains capped with snow,
And other scenes like these;
Eet Frenchmen sip their sparkling wine,
The product of their hills,
And torrid-zoners munch their fruits,
And scorn our northern ills —
Ay, let them dine on what they will,
But when you stew my dish,
Just savor it with something grown
In Eaton County,
Mich.

Memory and Reflection

NOT IN VAIN

To move the mind to nobler thought,
To move the eyes to tears
In pity for a fellow-man,
To lift the weight of years
From off the hoary, wrinkled brow,
Where Sorrow's trace has been —
Such power is given to but few,
Such mission 's nothing mean.

Or e'en to cause some heart to be
Less drear for one short day,
To add one rose unto the thorns
That grow beside the way,
To give to Woe one sound of mirth,
To Joy one sweet refrain,
Who does e'en nothing more than this
Has scarcely lived in vain.

—

WAIT

WHY fashion grief, or wherefore run to meet
What, of all things, you would not like to greet,
Grim-visaged sorrow? If he will advance,

Memory and Reflection

Why, let him come, but view his form askance.
Turn from his frown, and leave him if you may,
But go not forth to meet him on the way.

Why should you worry o'er life's rugged road,
And conjure woe to add unto your load?
It is enough to bear what fate shall send
Without those griefs which dark forebodings lend.
You fear the storm, why rush beneath the cloud,
Or court the grave by putting on the shroud?

Ah, do it not. Whate'er shall come to you
Take with what grace kind Heav'n may help you to.
Wait calmly and resignedly the flight
Of life's approaching shadows and grim night;
Sink not in gloom, but ever upward climb,
And wait, not seek, the ravages of time.

"AULD AYR"

AULD Ayr, auld Ayr, tho' far awa',
Methinks I ken your movements a',
Methinks I stand upon your side,
With just a bit o' Scottish pride,

Memory and Reflection

To hear your current laughingly
Flow onward, onward toward the sea.

I seem to ken the towns ye greet,
The barren woodlands that ye meet,
The kirks reflected from your breast
Where most your waters pause to rest,
The bordering hills whose shadows lave
Their mirrored outline in your wave.

Auld Ayr, I ken ye well, I trow —
Ken a' your looks, your changing flow,
Your foam-flecked tide, your reedy shore,
Your murm'ring song, your deeper roar —
From mony a point I've watched ye run,
At flush o' dawn and set o' sun.

E'en now I hear the notes ye play,
To cheer ye on your winding way
Along the vale and past the heath,
Or on, the crumbling "brig" beneath;
In truth, auld Ayr, I've measured ye
From Glenbuck down to Rathenkey.

I see the auld moon rising, glowr
In a' her pride your bosom o'er,

Memory and Reflection

Ye've hauled them down, the stars aloof,
An' made your floor of Heaven's roof —
Auld Ayr, auld Ayr, tho' far awa',
Through Burns I ken your movements a'.

ENJOYMENT

I LIKE the things that other folk enjoy —
I like to be as happy as I can;
I like to think of how, when just a boy,
My greatest wish was just to be a man.

I like to see the old home in my dreams,
And all the folk that used to gather there;
I like to know how very good it seems
To be, as then, apart from ev'ry care.

I like to see the orchard trees in bloom;
To smell their fragrant odor while the day
Comes creeping, softly creeping to my room
With all the pleasures born of smiling May.

I like to hear, in fancy though it be,
The household songs that used to greet my ear;

Memory and Reflection

I like to think that in Eternity
They're sounding still, if I could only hear.

I like to think, though years have come and gone,
Though flaxen polls have turned to silver gray,
Of youthful hearts I used to dote upon,
Though time and change have led them far away.

I like to feel that I'm remembered, too,
To know, thereby, that life is not in vain;
In truth, I like what other people do,
To live my childhood hours all o'er again.



CHRISTMAS REFLECTIONS

FULL nineteen hundred years have rolled away
Since that Judean village, Bethlehem,
Wrapt in a double darkness, caught the ray
Of kindly Heav'n's prophetic diadem —
Full nineteen hundred years of changeful sway
The earth hath witnessed since that midnight sky,
Lit up with all the splendors of the day,
Revealed to man the joyous host on high
Singing the song that never more shall die.

Memory and Reflection

“Glory to God, and peace upon the earth,”

Judea's hills have echoed down through time,
Until the anthem of the Saviour's birth

Reverberates in ev'ry land and clime —
A billion voices raise the holy chime

Which, born in Heaven, was given man to sing;
And ev'ry heart, pulsating, is a mine,
Feeling the joy the angels felt to bring,
The coronation hymn of Heaven's King.

Full nineteen hundred years — and still the light

That shone o'er Bethlehem, from Bethlehem's star,
Shines on to guide humanity aright,

Who seek the holy Saviour from afar —
Whoe'er they be or wheresoe'er they are,
This kindly beam doth ever lead the way.
From humble cot or monarch's gilded car,
Who follow this shall never go astray,
But walk into the light of perfect day.

If we to-night — these many years gone by —

But listen to the spirits hov'ring near,
The anthem of the seraphim on high,

As joyous now as then, will greet the ear;
Nor shall we pale with fright nor kneel in fear —
Those voices, sent from Heaven's joyous throng,

Memory and Reflection

But teach us what to Christ was ever dear,
The peace and joy and comfort that belong
To those who hear high Heaven's eternal song.

LIFE AT BEST

How near is Heav'n about us drawn,
The hand of God, how near?
We rise to thoughts of nobler things
By what surrounds us here.

Th' immortal fires that shine on high
Have touched the earth below,
And gleam in many an ardent eye,
From souls as pure, I trow.

They shine in all their blessed light
Into the heart's deep mine,
To set the caverns of the night
With jewels from love's shrine.

Year after year they shine for me;
Oh, lovelight of my day,
What gloom is oft dispersed by thee,
What shadows chased away.

Memory and Reflection

And I, ah, let me be in turn
What others are to me,
That I may teach as well as learn,
What life at best should be.

O TELL ME, MY LOVE

O TELL me, my love, as we sit here to-night,
Thy sweet face aglow in the sun's fading light,
When Time shall have sprinkled his snow in thy hair,
And left but a trace of the rich auburn there,
When thy full, rosy cheek shall have withered away
Like a sweet garden flower at the close of the day,
When the red of thy lips shall have faded and flown,
And a palor o'erspreads them, a hue not their own,
O tell me, my love, shall I not, kissing thee,
Still find thee the truest and dearest to me?

O tell me, my love, when the long years shall trace
Their furrows of care o'er that sweet, girlish face,
When that soft, dimpled hand that caressed me to-day
Shall grow palsied with age in the years far away,
When that form has grown old that to-day is so fair,
And the smile I now know is o'erclouded with care,

Memory and Reflection

When the years all thy sweet, youthful beauties enfold,
Shall I seek then in vain for some semblance of old ;
O tell me, my love, as we sit here alone,
Wilt thou not, e'en at that distant time, be mine own ?

Though the years may play havoc with beauty and
grace,

And care trace its lines o'er that sweet, girlish face ;
Though thy rich, waving tresses, all golden to-night,
Shall turn, 'neath the snows of long winters, to white ;
Though the eyes that now shine in mine own shall grow
dim,

And thy cheeks lose their bloom in the long interim ;
Though all else shall change, yet there shall not depart
One whit of the sweet, tender love from thy heart —
Ah, no, dearest love, by that sign thou shalt be
To-night and forever the dearest to me.



WHICH HAS WON ?

FOURSCORE years, and all is over —
Millionaire and pauper rover,
Statesman honored by a nation,
Convict shunned by all creation,

Memory and Reflection

Wisest sage and simpleton,
All are dead, and which has won?
Which has won?

Can the first, the proud and cold,
Buy eternity with gold?
Will the mighty Keeper listen
If he sees the jewels glisten?
Can a human pomp replace
Virtue born of Christian grace?
Has he won?

Can the second beg his way
Onward, upward — can he say,
“Give,” and have a guerdon given,
May he have a place in heaven?
Can he beg an angel’s share
Of the riches laid up there?
Has he won?

Or the statesman’s subtle voice —
Can it win a seraph’s choice?
Can his worldly honors show
What the other world would know?
Shall he feel that all is well,
Shall he hear it — who can tell?
Has he won?

Memory and Reflection

Must the convict's blotted name
Quite erase his feeble claim?
Shunned by man on earth, shall he
By the angels slighted be?
Who of all can truly say
That he shall be turned away?
 Has he won?

Aye, which of them all is best,
Which of them has heaven blessed?
Statesman honored by a nation,
Convict shunned by all creation,
Pauper, sage, and simpleton,
All are dead, and which has won?
 Which has won?

SPRING

HAIL, Spring, old companion and friend —
 Ha, ha, but isn't it fine
That winter at last has come to an end! —
 Hail, dear old companion o' mine!

The sparrow is under the eaves,
 He's chirping, chirping away,

Memory and Reflection

And the robin is up in the leaves
Moulding his castle of clay.

The breezes spring up from the south,
And the river is sweeping along,
The earth has returned to its youth
And is humming an old love song;

And now with a listening ear
The crocus has lifted its head,
While the arbutus, blushing to hear,
Half turns in her leaf-covered bed.

Earth's mantle is green as can be,
While the sky bends above it so blue,
In fancy one almost can see
The steeples of Heaven shine through.

Thus Heaven and earth are as one —
'Tis the season when nature is glad,
When birds sing and bright waters run,
And never a creature is sad.

Hail, Spring, dear companion and friend —
Ha, ha, but isn't it fine
That winter at last has come to an end! —
Hail, dear old companion o' mine!

Memory and Reflection

PLUCK

FULL seventy times the sun arose
And seventy times went down
Between the shore
Of Salvador
And famous Palos town —

Full seventy times with longing eyes
The western sea was scanned,
Nor water line,
Nor bird nor sign,
Proclaimed the looked-for land.

Yet Hope cried, "Westward! Westward!"
And westward still they bore,
By night and day,
Away, away,
Still onward as before.

Fierce storm-clouds frowned upon them,
The ocean waves dashed high,
Yet through it all
Hope dared to call,
"Onward, brave heart, or die!"

Memory and Reflection

Thus day by day they drifted,
And ere the storm had passed
The restless sea
In savage glee
Rolled half-way up the mast.

Still onward, onward, onward,
Till ten long weeks had gone,
When lo, the shore
Of Salvador
Rose from the sea at dawn.

.
Now you, in your endeavor,
'Gainst what have you to fight?
What storms by day
Have crossed your way —
What threat'ning clouds by night?

And is your course still westward?
Ah, pledge your word once more
That you will brave
Both storm and wave
'Twixt you and Salvador.

Memory and Reflection

DISAPPOINTMENT

I AM weary, grown weary with striving,
Like a ship 'gainst a merciless gale
That is driving it ever to leeward
And strewing the waste with its sail —
I am weary with battling to suffer
The sting of defeat o'er and o'er,
Like the rush of the wind 'gainst the mountain
Or the surge of the sea 'gainst the shore.

Little, nay, nothing's accomplished;
Ever the loser am I —
The goal that for years I have striven
Is a dim, distant star in the sky.
How oft have I wearied with striving,
Yet never deserted the way,
While still through the gloom of my failure
Some far, feeble hope lent its ray.

But on with a new resolution,
To all the world's beckonings blind,
Pursued I the course of my journey;
How enchanting, and yet how unkind!

Memory and Reflection

O Hope, O Ambition, Misfortune,
How closely related are ye!
How enticing at first, but how cruel,
Fell siren on life's flowing sea!

I heard ye, I saw ye, and followed;
How joyful I followed ye on!
O Hope, O thou alluring Ambition,
Ye wizards, how now are ye gone,
That I, after years of devotion,
Should hear ye and know ye no more!
Ye are fickle and false and unstable,
Like the white, shifting sands of the shore.

I am weary with striving against thee,
Misfortune. So oft beaten back,
What heart have I now for the battle,
What hope in pursuing my track?
With little, nay, nothing, accomplished,
Ever the loser am I;
The hope that once lured me so brightly
Glimmers faint in the far distant sky.

Alexander

ALEXANDER

YOUNG Alexander rode Bucephalus,
The famous horse that jockeys couldn't ride,
And governed Macedon without much fuss,
And got some other fishes fairly fried;
But there were bones to pick from day to day,
And scraps to add a little to the Greece,
For trying times were those, as one might say,
Compared with days of luxury like these.

Then Alex was a very busy king,
And often, though not very often said,
Not thinking he would think about something,
And send his hat and boots away to bed,
While he himself would lop down for the night,
For folk to stumble over in the dark,
And sleep and snore unconsciously, in spite
Of neighbors' cats and shaggy watchdog's bark.

But Philip died, and who should fill up then
The vacuum that such a king must leave,
When men were gods and kings were ten times men,
'Twas more than mortal gods could well conceive.

Alexander

But Alexander being Philip's son,
And filial sought to affiliate
The future with the things already done —
He'd got a new idea in his pate.
So up he came on his wild filly; though
Bucephalus then meant "without a head,"
His rider never meant to have it so
Though Philip filled up what's allowed the dead.

So Alexander settled on the throne,
Which was for him no little bit too small —
Said he, "A meager thing like this to own!
" 'Twere better far to have no throne at all."
And then he set himself to work at once —
Of course you know what that means — piece by piece
He carried off each throne and stabbed each dunce,
Till not a grease spot, rather, spot in Greece,
Remained by this same Alex uncontrolled;
His views were much the same as Morgan's are,
To be the only ram about the fold.
He had no fear of government and war,
A pleasant pastime and a means of fame,
Was hit upon as just the kind of spice
For one who wishes to preserve his name —
Besides a row and bloodshed are so nice!

Alexander

So thought said Alexander, and so think
Some worthy nobles of this later time;
'Tis only fools and coward knaves that shrink
From wholesale murder, crying, "War is crime!"
What is a dying groan? A fearful sound,
Unless, of course, 'tis heard 'mongst many more
Proceeding from a glorious battle ground —
In that case 'tis as cheerful as the roar
Of sunny waves upon a summer day,
For fire and blood and desolation lend
A pleasing panorama to the fray —
But here we'll draw digression to an end.

This Alexander, as I said, was bold,
And strong as Hercules, from whom he came,
And like Achilles, too, for we are told
His mother claimed relation with the same.
Thus when young Alex stood in readiness
To wade, or swim, or fly the Hellespont,
He asked the Delphi Oracle to bless
The expedition ere he went upon 't.
The priestess there refused to seek the shrine,
Young Alex seized her, shouting, "Will you tell?
By Jupiter, you'd better give the sign."
"My son," said she, "thou'rt irresistible."

Alexander

Yes, so it was, and so it is e'en now —

We seek the shrine, we turn the sacred page,
We bend our knees, conjure our thoughts, and bow

Like puppets on a Punch-and-Judy stage.

We ask for what we mean to get; and then

If 'tis refused we sear our conscience o'er,

We misconstrue (ah, we are brilliant men!),

Then take the matter up in prayer (?) once more,
Determined though at all events to get

The boon we seek, the privilege, the prize —

Like Alexander do we chafe and fret,

And take Heav'n's counsel only to despise.

.

Then Alex bounded joyful in the air,

“Enough! Enough!” cried he. “It is enough;

I'll start for Persia, weather foul or fair;

What matter be the waters calm or rough!

Let Antipater rule this little realm —

Upon the Ægean be my sails unfurled,

The Grecian Monarch shall direct the helm,

Subdue the waves, and conquer all the world.”

He left the priestess wondering, half amazed,

He left Olympias in bitter grief,

He left behind reports that he was crazed,

Together with some feelings of relief.

Alexander

A few friends gathered 'round him, pale and dumb,
With saddened hearts and swollen eyelids wet.
Said he, "I'll bring you laurels when I come."
'Tis sad, but they are waiting for them yet.
He left the shore, his own, his native land,
He stood, a tiny speck, far out to sea,
One final wafture of his royal hand,
He passed from sight beyond Thermopylæ.

.

Not altogether strange 's his lapse from sight,
The same phenomenon surrounds us here;
At morn the pompous man struts forth, at night
His fancied glories, honors disappear.
E'en you, perhaps, a momentary king,
Have launched your bark upon life's flowing sea,
Hedless of what your venture yet may bring,
You pass from sight beyond Thermopylæ.

.

O'er Persia's wilds the monarch took his way;
At Granicus, at Issus, Sidon, Tyre,
His allied foemen come, they kneel and pray
For mercy from his lordship's mighty ire.
A million strong the morning sun revealed
The Persians gathered for the final fight;

Alexander

Alas, upon Arbela's fated field

They lay in ghastly heaps at dead of night.

At Gordium the famous knot was shown ;

“ Is not this knot not that knot not untied ? ”

The monarch asked ; and when the knot was known

To be the one, young Alexander tried

To disentangle then the criss-cross mess.

He pulled and hauled, and worked and worked in vain,

Then drew his sword, and hissing, “ Now I guess ! ! ?

— ! ? — ”

He cut the famous Gordian knot in twain.

Then on the monarch strode toward Babylon,

Belshazzar's ancient seat and Daniel's den —

He took the route that Cyrus once had gone,

The same which Bayard Taylor took since then.

The city swung her gates to let him pass,

And safe and sure upon the Persian throne

The Grecian monarch sat — it was, alas !

But very little better than his own.

.

Possession is but half of all it seems ;

When once man gets the prize for which he yearned

He finds anticipation pictures dreams

More joyous than reality hard earned.

Alexander

But wherefore pause to moralize on this,
Or offer proof of what can be but true?
Contentment is the web and woof of bliss —
Was 't found with Alexander? Is 't with you?

.

Here dwelt Roxana, queen of all 'twas fair,
Pearl of the East, and Persia's brightest gem.
'Twas here the monarch asked her, would she share
With him the royal throne and diadem?
His best and trusted friends should be her slaves,
A diamond crown should decorate her head;
For her he'd gladly make a million graves —
She bowed and smiled, and they were straightway wed.
Then for a time a partial happiness
Hung 'round brave Alexander; but too soon
Those narrow bounds began him to oppress,
Contentment passed when set the honeymoon.

Again he took his course away, away,
O'er wilderness and scorching desert sand,
Where the bright waters of the Orient play,
And Indus sparkles through the southern land;
Still on he pressed, and kings in suppliance came,
The wealth of all the world heaped at his feet,

Alexander

The very gods sang praises to his name,
All that the world could give was now complete.

But still, withal, the monarch could not rest;
Though more than he before had hoped was given,
A wilder, mightier longing filled his breast
To conquer unknown worlds in sight of Heaven.
Then Alexander wept, the legends say,
Wept briny tears, if such a name will please,
Grieved that he found no others there to slay —
Thank God, not all that weep shed tears like these.

In vain Roxana sought to calm her lord;
Her dazzling beauty, too, no more he knew;
All that he'd won were prizes he abhorred,
Despised the old, he panted for the new.

.

Thus like a caged lion 'round he paced,
The world his cage, yet all too small 't had grown,
No dangers there that had not then been faced,
No jewels not already made his own.
And yet in all the splendor of his state
Young Alexander sickened, waned, and died;
Dissatisfied with fame, with power, with fate,
With pomp. with love, with life dissatisfied.

Alexander

Such was the end of Alexander. We
Are Alexanders, all. We strive for that
Which, when 'tis won, can scarcely make a plea
For wealth or worth. We know not where we're at.
Satiety we dream of ne'er is known;
From place to place we climb, yet none are high
Enough to satisfy — thus on and on
We strive, we toil. we conquer, and we die.

Fancies and Follies

HOW TO BE HAPPY.

“How to be happy?” Why, bless me,
’Tis easy as whittling o’ lead —
Turn three or four cartwheels an’ han’-springs,
’N ’en stan’ half an hour on yer head.

“Ye can’t?” Well, then, foller my biddin’,
An’ dew suthin’ else till ye kin;
Think up suthin’ spry in a jiffy,
’N ’en hop up an’ down an’ begin.

Jes’ scrub some white paint on yer for’ed,
To kiver the wrinkles an’ scowls,
An’ ’en journey out to the barnyard
An’ chase the ol’ rooster an’ fowls —

But pick up yer lip while yer goin’;
Ye mus’n’t step on it, ye know,
Fer these thirty years o’ complainin’
Hev probably left it real low.

Now prick up yer ears an’ look pleasant,
Jest smile whare ye used to look cross,

Fancies and Follies

An' when ye meet Jones out a walkin'
Jest holler, "Hello, thar, ol' boss!"

But try to lose sight o' the dollar —
Compashun, ah, that's the real pelf!
O' course, ye'v hed lots o' compashun,
But most of it's been fer yerself.

Jest look 'round an' see whut yer meetin';
I'll bet ye won't git half a mile
Afore ye'll find use fer yer pity,
An' make some one glad with yer smile;

An' 'fore many days hev gone over,
Ye'll find out 'tis jest as I said,
Ye'll be happy 'nough to turn han'-springs,
An' stan' half an hour on yer head.

IRONS IN THE FIRE.

MIKE SUTTIN hez a model plan
Fer makin' both ends meet;
He works a scraggly little farm,
An' auctions on the street,

Fancies and Follies

An' keeps books fer a country store,
An' teaches deestric school;
He's also jestic uv the peace,
An' works with square an' rule.
Sez Mike, "I'm workin' day an' night
To git to suthin' higher —
Thet's why I hev these various irons
All stickin' in the fire."

Sez he, "'Taint best to hev yer goods
All bottomed by one boat —
Ef them from China chance to sink,
Them from Brazil 'ill float,
Er mebbe all come into port,
Without a flappin' sail,
A-laughin' at the elements,
The dashin' waves, the gale.
It's jest my plan that makes men rich,
An' mighty high an' wise;
We take advantage o' the world,
By plannin' 'gin su'prise."

"But," sez I, "S'pose now thet yer goods,
An' sailors, too, wuz few,
Would ye divide the cargo then,
An' 'en divide the crew?"

Fancies and Follies

Er jest suppose, despite Conceit,
That ever boastin' dunce,
Them measly little irons o' yourn
All git red hot at once?
I'm much inclined to think it's best
To foller one thing through;
Ye choke yerself by bitin' off
A chunk ye can't quite chew."

"Jest take the iron ye think 'ill yield
Most readily to your blow,
An' pound an' pound an' pound an' pound,
An' let the others go.
An' endin' up, jest let me say,
Ez fur ez I kin see,
One iron's 'bout all a man kin pound,
An' pound successfully."

NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS.

TEN little resolutions, line after line,
Good man burns his thumb, then there are but nine.

Nine little resolutions, wondering at fate,
Ten dollars comes in sight, then there are but eight.

Fancies and Follies

Eight little resolutions point the way to heaven,
'Long comes a poker game, then there are but seven.

Seven little resolutions in a sorry fix,
Pretty woman passes by, then there are but six.

Six little resolutions trying hard to thrive,
'Long comes a horse race, then there are but five.

Five little resolutions, only five, no more,
Keyhole can't be found at all, then there are but four.

Four little resolutions still must pay a fee,
Wife makes some inquiry, then there are but three.

Three little resolutions, looking very blue,
Jealousy comes creeping in, then there are but two.

Two little resolutions, pondering what's done,
Preacher's sermon hurts the man, then there is but one.

One little resolution leaves a month before —
Never mind, on New Year's Day you can make some
more.

Fancies and Follies

STRANGE THINGS

SOME things are strange, so very strange,
And funny as can be —
I met a man the other day
Who saw he couldn't see.

To-day I saw another man,
It is no lie in sooth,
Because he has a broken leg
He lies to tell the truth.

And what is more, I saw a boy —
It is no idle talk —
A real big boy; and this same boy
Was running on a walk.

I found a cobbler mending shoes,
A-working hard and fast;
And though he toiled upon the first
He worked upon the last.

He had some twenty tools around,
If rightly I recall
The circumstance, he picked up one,
And swore it was his awl.

Fancies and Follies

October last I went to town,
'Twas fair-day, so they said,
Yet all day long the rain poured down
From black clouds overhead.

The farmers' race came off that day,
And if I am not blind,
The fellow who came in ahead
Went rolling out behind.

He was a lean and hungry man,
As empty as a gull;
And yet 'twas very plain to see
The man was pretty full.

The day was over, and we all
Went speeding home at last,
The hungry man ran past me, sir,
But I was not sur-passed;

For in the midst of the affair
I took a sudden scoot,
And shot some twenty feet ahead,
But never moved a foot.

Fancies and Follies

IN CHURCH

IN goin' to church folks hev their whims
About whut part is best ;
Some like the way the preacher smiles,
An' some, the way he's dressed ;
An' some declare his voice is fine,
Stentorian, ef you please,
While others say his pantaloons
Bag too much at the knees.
Still other people come, perhaps,
To flaunt a muslin gown,
An' others come a strollin' in
To set an' gape aroun',
Or listen to Tobias Toots,
An' wink an' grin to hear
His same old injun-rubber words
Twang on the atmosphere.
'N 'en other people don't much care
About sech things ez these,
They come to hear the organ play,
Or deacon Belcher sneeze ;
But fer myself, I frankly own,
My one an' sole desire,

Fancies and Follies

Is jes' to watch the goo-goo eyes
Proceedin' frum the choir.

An' O sech puckers turned to smiles,
Sech giggles half suppressed;
I wisht I knowed whut sweet desires,
Are smothered in each breast.
Jes' see them bright eyes peering out
Frum 'neath each jaunty brim,
While with their heads perched on one side,
The choir looks for the *him!*
O' course, not all admire the same
Ez whut is nice to me —
We vary somewhat, me an' you,
An' others gen'ally.
Our pu'poses is diff'rent, too,
Ez I hev said before,
An' whar one comes to church to pray,
They's two that come to snore.

Some come, o' course, fer exercise,
An' linger in the hall;
Some come fer this an' some fer that,
An some fer naught at all.
But I go, ez I said before,
Not jes' to show my clothes,

Fancies and Follies

Not jes' to set an' gape aroun',
Nor snore in sweet repose;
I go becuz I jes' can't help
A humorin' my desire
To see them pretty goo-goo eyes,
Proceedin' frum the choir.

ADAM VINDICATED

FIVE thousand years have come and gone
Since Adam took the proffered fruit —
Five thousand years we've mused upon
The why he ate so meekly mute.

“Condemned?” Aye, yes, a million times,
By frail, frail man, condemned, abused —
In speeches, lectures, sermons, rhymes,
Our great ancestor's been accused

Of weakly yielding up our right
To live and love 'neath Eden's wall,
Consigning us to groping night,
To weep o'er our untimely fall.

Fancies and Follies

“O, Adam, wherefore didst thou this?”

They ask, as if they had forgot
That they themselves e'er went amiss —
As who 'mongst human kind have not?

The daughters of that self-same Eve
Who, smiling, led his steps astray,
They smile, and, lo, those smiles deceive
A world of Adamses to-day.

And I am one. I frankly own
I never could resist such wiles —
Such eyes, such dimpled cheeks I've known!
Who is impervious to their smiles?

It is too much for human heart,
Let rocks resist them if they can;
To yield, then feel the cruel smart,
Thus much it is to be a man.

And, Adam, thou wast one, indeed,
A very king 'mongst mortal men —
Were God to place one in thy stead,
The poor old world were lost again.

Fancies and Follies

THEN AND NOW

SHE sits beside me now,
The one, the same
Who years ago
Took on my shorter name.
The same is she
To whom my vows were told,
Who pledged to me
Herself to have and hold.

I had her then;
I held her tightly, too.
Again and yet again
I sealed the vow —
But hush! Suppose that she
(She does sometimes)
Requests to see
And read my new-born rhymes!

She's looking at me now.
I must refrain;
'Twere sacrilege that vow
To tell again.

Fancies and Follies

'Twere false indeed
To advertise like this
Love's dearest meed,
A lover's am'rqus kiss.

I'll do it not —
And yet I like to tell
Of sacred spot
Wherein I used to — well,
No matter what it was ;
There's no regret.
By all love's laws
I love her dearly, yet.

Her cheek is thin,
Her laugh has grown less gay,
Her raven locks begin
To show the gray.
And Time, impressed
Upon her brow, has told
What you have guessed —
My sweetheart's growing old.

And I too feel,
Though very glib of tongue,

Fancies and Follies

Not all the zeal

I felt when I was young.

My shining crown,

Protruding in the air,

Disdains the down

That used to flourish there.

Yet love I do

Most truly; though I'll say

I seldom coo

In youth's accustomed way.

I look at her,

And she returns the glance

As if it were

Not choice, but merely chance.

Nor is it that we fear

Some prying eyes,

For none are near;

Our lodge in silence lies —

Our charter members gone,

John, Jane, and Will —

And we're alone

To travel down the hill.

Fancies and Follies

Our feet are cold,
But still our hearts are warm;
We're growing old,
But youth has left its charm.
We're really prone
To love each other yet,
Though we've outgrown
Each tender epithet
Of —
“Deary,”
“Ducky,”
“Dovey,”
“Honey,”
“Pet.”

KEEP COOL

I LIKE that old advice so very much;
No one except a pessimist or fool
Has ever or will e'er complain of such
Good, sound advice as that old phrase, “Keep cool.”

I'm writing this, my say, the 10th of June,
So judge if I'm consistent or if not;

Fancies and Follies

Time — just a trifle past the hour of noon,
Conditions — blazing sun, and boiling hot.

But where am I — you think that I am caught,
With ne'er a leaf between me and the sky,
A-mopping sweat from off my "dome of thought;"
But there you're wrong, that fellow is not I.

I'm in a shady arbor, if you please,
Reposing on a cushion-covered stool,
While songs of birds and hum of drowsy bees
Reiterate that old advice, "Keep cool."

The gentle wind is ruffling up my hair,
And coursing up the muzzle of my sleeve;
This is a pleasant place, I do declare —
I'll even swear 'tis pleasant, by your leave.

It takes me back to other, earlier times,
To shady bank and placid woodland pool
(Before I sought the cooling balm of rhymes),
Where as a boy I practised "keeping cool."

A pool of water here would, doubtless, quite
Unarm me, and perhaps undress me, too;

Fancies and Follies

In spite of age and rheumatiz, I might
Plunge headlong in, as I was wont to do.

But as I ne'er have wept or sighed as yet,
I feel I'm now too old to play the fool;
I won't forget, regret, or even fret,
But do as I have always done, "Keep cool."

MARCH

"MARCH," is the order. The wind has obeyed.
The snow moves, and Jack Frost comes out on parade.
'Tis a blust'ring command to a blust'ring array
That starts at the dawn of a blustering day,
In a rather decidedly blustering way.
The earth's promised smile is exchanged for a frown;
The country's in uproar, and so is the town.
There's war at the doorway of ev'ry abode,
And the force of the foe barricades ev'ry road.

There's General Worry, and Gen'ral Dismay,
Ahead of the legions that scurry away;
There's Corporal Scarf and General Hood,
And of course there is General Clamor for Wood;

Fancies and Follies

And these, all of these, with many unseen,
Have taken the field against General Green,
With flank movements left, and flank movements right,
And forces reserved for surprises at night.

“March,” is the order that’s given; and forth,
In criss-cross and zigzag, pell-mell from the north,
The skirmishers sally in riot and rout,
And each in the rear of a blustering scout;
But still in the van of a quadruple file,
Which takes but ten seconds to cover a mile.
And so they sweep on, with their disordered ranks,
To form on the breastworks of General Banks.

And now come the spies through each crevice and crack.
Your fire may be good, but you can’t keep them back;
They enter the window, they enter the door,
They walk in the air, and they creep on the floor,
They gather around you. You tremble and stare
As the ghost of your breath marches off through the
air.

Fancies and Follies

VOICES OF THE NIGHT

MIDNIGHT — and on a gloomy road
That wound along a stream,
I passed benighted on my way,
Where lay the pale moonbeam ;
Harking along beneath the stars
That shot their dim rays through
The denser foliage of the wood,
One thought was all I knew.
I heard the stream with rush and gush
Go dancing on its way,
As happy there at dead of night
As at the noon of day ;
And I, with thoughts of one I loved,
Was more than happy, too —
Said I aloud, “ I’d die for her ”—
Then some one said, “ Who, who ? ”

Startled by this bold questioner,
I roused me from my dream,
And peering out into the gloom.
I hurried ’long the stream ;

Fancies and Follies

But all grew silent, and again
The moon peered down on me,
And I was wafted back into
My broken reverie —

Two pouting, ruby lips I saw,
And looked in fond surprise
To see a rosy dimpled cheek,
And two soft hazel eyes ;
'Twas then I spoke again to self,
The while the moon was hid,
"Who let you kiss those lips last night?"
A voice yelled, "Katy-did."

I blushed, and would have stammered back
A blank denial there,
But there was naught but midnight gloom,
And silence everywhere.
Save that the gurgling water ran,
No sound was far or near ;
I harkened, but no other sound
Broke on my listening ear.
Then once again my thoughts turned back,
The while my feet went on,
And soon again I walked and dreamed,
My conscious thoughts all gone.

Fancies and Follies

Those tempting lips and dazzling eyes,
That dimpled, blushing cheek,
A thousand charms appealed to me,
Demanding I should speak ;
In fancy then I smacked her lips,
And as I clasped her still
I asked, what will your father do?
A voice piped, " Whip-poor-will."

ADAPTABILITY

SHE had a head as nicely formed as woman ever had ;
She had a countenance, 'twould drive a common lover
mad ;
An eye as blue as summer skies, a voice so clear and
free !—
And knowledge that might well have awed a university.

She knew — but hold ! 'Twould take too long to tell you
all she knew ;
I'll tell you what she didn't know in just a word or two.
She didn't know the way to act to make the parents see
That Grecian bend in Learning's back — Adaptability.

Fancies and Follies

She couldn't smile when half provoked, or laugh when she
was sad,

Nor shed a tear when she was gay, or groan when she was
glad.

She couldn't say that blue is green, or wrong, adorned,
is right,

But firmly held that black is black, and white is simply
white.

She couldn't always wear the cloak that other people
donned,

She couldn't see in the a thu, nor make of and an ond ;
Though she was wise and witty, too, with ample grace
and ease,

She couldn't watch professors snuff, then join in on the
sneeze.

In short, I say, and say in short (however much I long
To add another stanza to the tale end of my song),
She couldn't part with Commonsense to flirt with Policy.
She failed, and all because she lacked ADAPTABILITY.

Fancies and Follies

PREPARATION

SOME people live and die, just this, no more;
They live in hope, and die before 'tis o'er —
They hope ere death to do some mighty deed
Ordained by fate, and by the gods decreed.
And so from day to day, from year to year,
Th' inevitable end, unnoticed, drawing near,
By hope deluded, trusting yet to find
The fabled fountain of a selfish mind,
They journey on, or rather 'round and 'round,
Their days, their years, by narrow circles bound —
The thing they seek, if ever here, is gone
To beckon still as still they journey on.

Year follows year, decade succeeds decade,
The frost appears where summer's bloom delayed;
The kindnesses that waited to be done,
By which alone an enviable fame is won,
Have oft, unheeded by a pompous pride,
Been trampled down or coldly cast aside.
The flowers that should have bloomed for human eyes,
Theirs have not seen, or, seeing, but despise;
The light that might have gleamed behind to show
A brighter path where other feet must go,

Fancies and Follies

Has been extinguished; thus they leave no trace
No flower, no tear, to bless the human race.
They live, they die, careless of others' woe,
Seeking alone the miser's aim below;
They live, they die, life ends as 'twas begun —
A dream, a preparation, nothing done.

CONCLUSIONS — ON SEEING A DUDE

You may swing mighty high for a time,
As a strut or significant mime —
 You may really be king
 Of some great, local ring,
'Gainst whom e'en a whisper is crime.

A fire-fly just for a night,
You too may appear with your light —
 With a purse full of cash
 You may glimmer and flash
Till the night-fog obscures you from sight.

You are graceful and haughty and tall,
The fop of the town and the ball —
 You are something — but what?
 A fool, like as not,
Whose ground-work is nothing at all.

Fancies and Follies

You're the talk o' the town, O, Ah, Yes!
And engaged to some "lovely Miss Bess"—
 You're a wonderful chap,
 An official, mayhap,
Or a groc'ryman's son, as I guess.

You are one o' the men o' the game,
A wonder of great local fame—
 A leader who's led
 By a half-empty head,
With a paste-diamond crown on the same.

'Tis strange, but 'tis true, ne'ertheless,
And saddening, too, I confess,
 Ev'ry dog has his day,
 Ev'ry fop has his sway,
While sensible folk have distress.

REASON

THERE's reason in the strangest things,
 If one had but the power to find it—
The virtue of all nature springs
 From being skilled and schooled to mind it.

Fancies and Follies

Thus, men who draw but little pay,
They needs must strut among the proudest,
As those who have the least to say
Just almost "have to" talk the loudest.

Aye, many a thing is misconstrued
Because we view it not adroitly;
Thus polished glass appears less crude
Than rarest diamond polished slightly.

So she who never had a beau
To swear his love and daily bless her,
Tells of some dozen, don't you know,
All crazy, dead-gone, to caress her.

E'en politicians, too, are wise,
Though paid the wages of a novice,
Behind it all a big graft lies —
That's why they fight and foam for office.

And last, as they appear most nice
In whom revenge the longest rankles,
So girls who feign great fear of mice,
Are girls who have the cutest ankles.

Fancies and Follies

HUMANITY

IN tracing up the various faults
To which mankind is heir,
The great, the small, the odds and ends,
Scraped up from here and there,
No doubt you'll find some flinty breast
Their hiding place, but then,
There's still a deal of heavenliness
Within the worst of men.

In tracing up the virtues, all,
To which mankind is heir,
The virtues great, the virtues small,
The virtues odd and rare,
Perhaps you'll find them centered in
Some other breast, but then
There's still a lot of hellishness
Within the best of men.

Thus be reluctant to condemn,
Nor anxious to condone;
'Tis righteous, judging lives of men,
To measure first your own;

Fancies and Follies

For where you see the works of God,
The Devil's too you'll find;
Though one be most in evidence,
The other lurks behind.

HE BEAT THE DEVIL .

I WANT no grand mausoleum,
To mark the spot wherein I lie,
I want no polished minaret
To split the overhanging sky;
I want no classic stanzas carved,
To mitigate an earthly evil,
I want a simple marble slab,
And 'neath my name, "He beat the devil."

I want no pomp, no gilded show,
That plays too oft the sickly part;
I would not in my last repose
Be subject to a dotard's art;
Let me but have a wreath of flowers,
To speak me none below man's level,
Then carve my name, and underneath,
This simple line, "He beat the devil."

Fancies and Follies

And ye who know me best in life,
Should chance to bring you to that spot,
Look not in sadness on my grave,
Nor weep o'er my untimely lot,
But tell it, if in truth ye may,
How far my square bent toward a bevel;
If not, then read my line, and say,
"In very truth, he beat the devil."

IMPERATIVE

STEEN times the bell had clanged
To call the boys to place,
Steen times Miss Jones harangued
These boys on need of grace.

But still whene'er the bell
'Gan rocking to and fro,
The boys rushed in pell-mell,
And up the stair they'll go.

Panting and puffing loud,
Though 'twas against the rule,
This pesky, roguish crowd
Would rush into the school.

Fancies and Follies

Till finally, one day,
The steenth time, as I said,
The mistress barred the way,
Her face with anger red.

The foremost to advance,
She caught him by the hair,
Said she, "Your puffs and pants,
Hereafter leave down there."



THE SUMMER GIRL

SHE was handsome, pert, and prim,
Tall and graceful, neat and slim,
And therefore had no use for him,
An honest, but common farmer.
He lacked in style and fop-grimace;
Though pleasing, his was a sunburned face,
His heart was right, but such sad grace
Could never charm such charmer.

She wanted a lover pale and white,
With brows as black as a stormy night,
A beau with four gold teeth in sight,
Or five, perhaps, when smiling.

Fancies and Follies

She wanted a beau with raven hair,
With eyes as bright as diamonds rare,
A lover that spoke with a Boston air,
With no thought of beguiling.

She wanted a man with tailor clothes,
A double chin and Grecian nose ;
In fact, the real, true beau of beaux
Alone could suit her liking —
A lover who could trill the r,
Ignore the same, pronouncing far,
Or call it h when found in star —
All others might go hiking.

But whether or not she found such beau
I can not say, for I don't know ;
My part is done if I can show
The one for whom she tarried —
A short, fat man, complexion red,
A hooked nose and bleak, bald head ;
And yet in broad daylight, 'tis said,
She looked at the man she married.

Fancies and Follies

THE IMITATOR

A SAGE professor, who was wont to take
Long walks across the fields for Science' sake,
Procured a monkey of the comic sort
From southern sailors lately come to port —
Just why he bought the beast, I frankly own,
I ne'er have asked, and therefore ne'er have known.
At any rate, he bought it, and the sage,
Like some proud monarch followed by his page,
Led off th' 'customed way across the fields,
The monkey foll'wing close upon his heels.

His telescope the sage had thought to bring,
And something else in shape much like the thing —
A bottle filled with something which I think
The wise professor never meant to drink.
And so they sauntered on from bog to bog,
Along the stream, and over woodland log,
Till presently the sage, whose careful eye
Was trained all curious objects to espy,
In gazing o'er the landscape chanced to see
A something strange within a distant tree.

Fancies and Follies

Not knowing what it was, he set about
The rather pleasant task of finding out;
He put the bottle down, and looking through
His telescope, 'gan smiling at the view.

Meantime the monk, who was forgotten quite,
Grew quite hilarious, as well he might,
And then for lack of something else to do
He thought he'd take a squint at that thing too.
So taking up the bottle from the ground,
And whirling it some dozen times around,
He drew the cork in imitative style,
Grinning with satisfaction all the while;
Then with the nozzle close against his eye
He swung the bottom quickly toward the sky.
O, sad dismay! He could not see at all
For blinding floods of gurgling alcohol.
His yells could scarcely set the matter 'right;
He *pickled* but could not *preserve* his sight.

The moral is: A wiser man can do
What may not be the proper thing for you.
Beware of aping others; as a rule
Their wisdom proves that you're a common fool.

Fancies and Follies

THE SILENT ONE

Don't tell me what you are going to do,
To-morrow's too far away;
Don't tell me too much of what you've done,
But what are you doing to-day?

"I'm-going-to," is a lazy lout,
That's always calling to you
To sit in the shade while the weeds grow rank,
And your notes lapse, over-due.

"See-what-I've-done," is a bold-faced brag
That stands in the selfsame track,
And stops you just as the race begins,
And gets you to looking back.

'Tis only "I'm-doing" that ought to speak,
Or that ought, at least, to be heard;
But he is the fellow who's doing so much,
He hasn't time for a word.

Fancies and Follies

WHUT WON'T LOVE DEW?

WHEN I wuz a feller, long time since,
I tell yeou
I used ter give my Sunday squints
An' smiles ter Sue.

She wuz the gal I used ter eye,
(What won't love dew?)
An' picture out the by-an'-by
Fer me an' Sue.

I thought she kind o' took ter me,
An' so I grew
All thet a feller ought to be,
An' sued fer Sue.

I went ter see her one bright night,
Clothes all bran' new,
An' sot down in the firelight
An' sez I: "Sue,

"I want ter know jes' heouw yeou feel,
For I tell yeou
I'm as oneasy as a eel—"
An' 'en sez Sue:

Fancies and Follies

"I'm feelin' 'bout that way myself."

'N 'en I jes' threw
Conservatism on the shelf,
An' sez I: "Sue,

"Will yeou be mine? Jes' tell me that"—

"I will," sez Sue.

I kissed her right thar, 'fore the cat—
Whut won't love dew!

NERO

Moscow is burning, but where now is Nero,
Nero the heartless, with fiddle so gay?
Moscow is burning, but poor, trembling Nero
Fears the gay sound of his fiddle to-day.

Oft has he played in the midst of disaster,
Oft when the fires of oppression leaped forth,
Leaving behind them the dark frown of ruin,
Fiddled this Nero, this fiend of the North.

Now when the flames at their highest are climbing,
Leaping and dancing aloft in the air,

Fancies and Follies

Reaching their red tongues far out in their hunger,
Where now is he, the gay fiddler, O, where?

Time and again through the smoke-cloud we've seen him
Smiling when others faced death and dismay —
Time and again has this gay, heartless Nero
Sat 'midst Rome's ruins and fiddled away.

Now let him look to it! Now let him tremble,
Truly the fires of oppression burn dim;
Other flames rage now to Nero's own ruin —
The red tongues of Freedom are reaching for him.

Moscow is burning, but where now is Nero —
Nero, the heartless, with fiddle so gay?
Moscow is burning, but poor, trembling Nero
Fears the gay sound of his fiddle to-day.

POOR CZAR

Poor, troubled Czar, across the frozen sea,
How it does wring the heart in human breast,
What scalding tears drop from mine eyes for thee
As thou in thy bleak palace seekest rest,
But all in vain! O Czar oppressed, oppressed!

Fancies and Follies

They seek thee out, meek and defenseless one,
Hard-hearted brutes, and on their bended knees
They beg as their rude fathers might have done —
For selfish trifles they disturb thy ease,
For life and liberty — just these, just these!

Have they not homes? Ah, yes, across the plain,
Bright, cheerful huts, warmed by the arctic snow —
They have the self-same comforts Tamerlane
Detailed to them six hundred years ago.
And yet, O Czar, they're not contented so.

When I but think of thy great sacrifice,
Those sunny homes 'neath mild, Siberian skies,
How many thou hast furnished — and the price —
My soul is filled with wonder and surprise
At what of pity in thy fond breast lies.

These brutes have children, too, a shameless crowd,
That cry for bread, and clamor day by day,
While foolish mothers weep and moan aloud,
As if starvation could be wept away,
Or hunger be deprived of its just prey.

Then come they here to thee from near and far,
A vulgar sight to vision such as thine —

Fancies and Follies

Poor, troubled, trembling, luckless, hapless Czar,
Penned in thy gloomy palace to repine,
Thy sorrow needs must wring such hearts as mine.

Well done, my lord! The rabble has thy frown.
What do these pauper beggars at thy door?
Send forth the word and strike the wretches down;
What has God made such worthless creatures for?
To die, of course; what could they hope for more?

Ah, yes, dear Czar, my pity flies to thee;
I stand for thee whatever thou shalt do —
Poor, trembling monarch, 'cross the frozen sea,
I would suggest, though I shall e'er prove true,
Thou ask God's pity — thou mayest need that too.

WHAT OF THAT?

HE may beat you at the business —
What of that?
He is graceful, smooth, and winning,
You are flat.
With a corner here and there,

Fancies and Follies

That can hardly speak you fair,
You can scarcely hope to bear
A part like that.

He may have a charming voice, but
What of that?

He may lecture where you hardly
Dare to chat.

He may have the sort of style
That is bettered by a smile,
But I'd be myself awhile
For all of that.

Let him have his share of praise,
He merits that;

You are not supposed to sit
Where he has sat.

Don't put on his nat'ral face,
And affect his nat'ral grace,
Better far to lose the race
Than do that.

You are you, and no one else,
Remember that.

You can hardly hope to wear
Another's hat.

Fancies and Follies

If you've anything to say,
Talk it only in your way,
Don't be — something that eats hay;
Remember that.

SUNSHINE

THERE'S a girl they call "Sunshine." When I was a boy
She was just a wee bit of a thing;
But her eyes were a bait, an unfailing decoy,
And, in truth, she got me on the string.

I used to look up in a sly, bashful way,
To catch the soft gleam of her smile.
I'll swear to the truth of my statement, and say,
You could hear my heart beating a mile.

She grew, and I grew; we both grew, and then
Of nights, in the warm summer weather,
What envy was mine from the other young men
As she and I strolled out together!

Fancies and Follies

One night as we walked, in my hand was a ring,
In my thoughts was the question, "Why linger?"
She snatched the bright jewel, and cried, "Why, John
King,
That's just the right size for my finger!"

"Now, Sunshine," said I, "by name I'm a King —
Do I claim you as queen all in vain?"
She answered, and smiled as she looked at the ring,
"Do you think that Sunshine could reign?"

Translations

THE LORELEI

FROM THE GERMAN OF HEINE

I KNOW not the cause of my sadness,
Unless such a sorrow can be
Pent up in a misty old legend
That years have not taken from me.
I wander along in the twilight
And list to the flow of the Rhine,
While up on the peak of the mountain
Is the glow of the evening sunshine.

And there sits a beautiful maiden,
A maiden so radiant and rare,
The setting sun smiles on her features
And tangles his gold in her hair ;
And there she sits combing her tresses
And singing at close of the day,
While the sweetest of music is wafted
Away, o'er the waters away.

A boat on the river once floated,
A boatman was carried along ;
He saw not the rocks in the water,
And listened to naught but the song,

Translations

Heard naught but the exquisite music,
Till, hurled on the rocks of the stream,
Night silenced the Lorelei's singing,
And death put an end to the dream.

MIGNON.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE

Knowest thou of the land where the citron doth bloom,
Where the gold-orange peers from its foliage gloom,
Where the soft breezes blow from the clear summer sky,
Where the myrtle peeps out and the laurel climbs high?
Knowest thou of this land? It is there I would be,
It is there I would go, my beloved, with thee.

Knowest thou of the house with its pillars of stone,
With its bright, spacious hall and apartments well known,
Where the stone statues stand as if speaking to me,
"My child, dearest child, what has happened to thee?"
Knowest thou of that house? It is there I would flee,
It is there I would dwell, O protector, with thee.

Knowest thou of the mountains where clouds ever stay,
Where the mountain-ass gropes through the mists on his
way,

Translations

Where in the dark cave dwells the dragon's fell brood,
And the rocks thund'ring down swell the roar of the flood?
Knowest thou of this region? Through this must we
 stray —
O, let us away, father, let us away.

THE RICH PRINCE

FROM THE GERMAN OF KERNER

 PRAISED by many for their countries and their countries'
 worth and all,
Sat many German princes once in Worms's Imperial Hall.
"Lordly," said the Prince of Saxon, "is my land, and
 much its worth.
Silver hedges all its mountains; 'tis the treasure ground
 of earth."

"See my land in plenteous fulness," said th' Elector of the
 Rhine,
"Golden cities in the valleys; on the mountains, gushing
 wine!"

"Mighty states and wealthy convents," Ludwig, Lord of
 Bairn, replied,

Translations

“ Make me equal to the richest, make me worthy of your
pride.”

Eberhard, beloved Lord of Wurtemberg, arose:

“ My land has smaller cities, and no mines in it repose,
Yet it holds one hidden treasure — with the people of my
state,

I live in peace and harmony, for no one bears me hate.”

Then said the Lord of Saxon, and of Bairn, and of the
Rhine,

“ O, Count, thou art the richest! Would thy wealth were
mine! ”

GEMS FROM HEINE

DU BIST WIE EINE BLUME

To me thou art a blushing flower,
So modest, pure, and bright —
Yet in my heart at thought of thee
There steals a vague twilight;
And with my hands outstretched I pray
That Heaven will lend its power
To keep thee e'er as now thou art,
A pure and modest flower.

Translations

SCHÖNE, HELLE, GOLDNE STERNE
BEAUTIFUL, bright, and golden stars,
Greet for me my love in Heaven;
Say that I am true to her,
Say my soul to her is given.

ANFANGS WOLLT' ICH FAST VERSAGEN
DEEP despair was my beginning,
And I thought, "The end is now"—
Yet, thus far I've borne my burden,
But I can not answer how.

Historical Ballads

THE DESIRE *

IN sixteen hundred thirty-six
(The date is given, but to fix
A milestone that you may not mix
The great events of history) —
In 1636, I say,
A ne'er-to-be-forgotten day,
Brought out on Massachusetts Bay
A wonder and a mystery.

The day had scarce hung out his sign
Above the distant water-line,
To brighten up the shady brine
That sable night was hiding,
When lo, and laws, and my! there lay
A mystery, though plain as day,
For there, on Massachusetts Bay,
A bran-new ship was riding.

*The Desire was the first Colonial vessel to cross the Atlantic. She was built at Marblehead in 1636, from which place she set sail for England in the month of May of the same year. The departure was made under protest of a number of the colonists, who predicted disaster. Nevertheless she made the trip successfully, returning in the autumn.

Historical Ballads

No product that of old John Bull —
The bowsprit, yard-arm, mast, and hull,
In fact, this boat, this boat in full,
 Was homemade top and bottom.
'Twas made, as everybody knew,
Of pine trees and of oak that grew
The other side of Deep Bayou;
 For that was where they got 'em.

But no one thought the ship was done,
Nor that 'twould be just such a one;
Some thought it wasn't yet begun
 Up there ten miles away.
But, ne'ertheless, upon the night
Before the day of which I write,
This gallant, homemade water sprite,
 Met Massachusetts Bay.

They didn't build her "long and deep,"
To cut the wave with "scimitar sweep,"
But made her rather to duck and leap
 Whene'er a storm was brewing.
They built her low and short and wide,
With bottom flat as a plate beside —
They didn't mean to stick when the tide
 The waning moon was pursuing.

Historical Ballads

And there, as I said, at early dawn,
Majestically frowning on
The fishers' boats, like a great, proud swan
 On a flock of devil-divers,
With gentle sway and stately dip
Lay the aforesaid wonderful ship,
Built for the purpose of making a trip
 Now made by twin-screw drivers.

In every town are women and men
Who think what can be must have been.
This statement 's no truer now than when
 Those colonists woke that day
To see the ship with towering mast,
A masterpiece from first to last,
Lie at the dock with anchor cast
 In Massachusetts Bay.

At first they cried, "A splendid ship!"
But later passed from lip to lip,
"She'll never stand to make the trip,
 That much I know."
But still the captain vowed and swore,
"As I have crossed the main before,
I'll run this ship to England's shore,
 Or down we'll go."

Historical Ballads

"I long to see my native land,
To press again old Plymouth's strand,
To grasp once more my mother's hand,
Then sail away,
And with fond hopes return once more
With sweeter memories than before,
And with my mother greet the shore
Of Massachusetts Bay."

"No jeers or fear shall aught avail.
In spite of tempest-sweeping gale,
I'll steer her out and hoist the sail
Once more for Wight."
The blessings and good-bys were said.
The ship was loosed; the sails were spread,
And 'yond the rocks of Marblehead,
She passed from sight.

.
And so the days and weeks passed on;
And higher rose the summer sun,
While daily some one muttered "gone,"
And smote his breast.
But lo, three thousand miles away,
At dawning of a summer day,
Hove into sight on Plymouth Bay,
A vessel from the west.

Historical Ballads

The Plymouth boys stood 'round in awe ;
The Plymouth sailors wond'ring saw,
With, "By my trade!" and "Zounds!" and
"Law!"

"How mighty queer!"

But still they wonder, still they stand,
The captain leaps upon the strand,
An old friend grasps him by the hand —
"What brought you here?"

"'Twas my desire ——" "Your desire!
Laws! Zounds! Let's step a little nigher,
For by my trade you've got a flyer,
A speeder all the same!"
The captain smiled and bit his lip —
"No, Joe, I didn't mean the ship,
But ere she take her homeward trip,
Desire shall be her name."

"'Twas my desire to shake your hand
Again on dear old Plymouth's strand,
That I have left my new-found land
Across the sea ;
And yet, 'twas not for this alone,
But something better still, I own —

Historical Ballads

My mother waits in Plymouth town
To sail with me.”

.

The summer passed, with all her train,
And autumn, with her sleet and rain
And chilly winds, had come again,
When lo, one day,
A stormy day when ocean's roar
Swelled loud upon his rugged shore,
The lost ship hove in sight once more
On Massachusetts Bay.

With bending mast and bellied sail,
With swell of water in her trail,
And reeling, veering in the gale,
They saw her come —
No battered, shattered wreck; instead,
With yard and main and topsail spread,
They saw her round old Marblehead,
In sight of home.

The sails are furled, the voyage o'er,
The anchor's dropped hard by the shore,
The captain reaches land once more,
At close of day.

Historical Ballads

A welcome 'waits the long lost ship,
The news is passed from lip to lip:
" 'Tis she! She's here! She's made the trip,
From Massachusetts Bay."

WASHINGTON

THERE'S a line on the page of the record of fame,
A line all apart from the rest,
Where emblazoned in gold is the world-honored name
Of a patriot son of the West.

And the world reads and bows. Not a king in his pride
But pays, though in secret, his fee —
Go search where ye will o'er the earth far and wide;
Where Liberty breathes. there is he.

From the years that have passed since oppression began,
Call forth every patriot-son,
Cull out the brave deeds from the records of man —
What nobler than his have been done?

Not Greece in her power offered such to the world,
Nor such sprang from Rome's regal sway;

Historical Ballads

It was Ambition's flag Alexander unfurled,
Self-glory's that led Cæsar's way.

Not so can we say of the pennant 'twas borne
O'er the head of this patriot-son,
It was Freedom's loved flag; and with Freedom we mourn
At the grave of the great Washington.

There's a land on the roll of the record of fame,
A land all apart from the rest,
Where, emblazoned with stars, may be read the bright
name
Of this patriot's home in the West.

O, there let him rest. Though his spirit shall roam
Wherever oppression may be,
His monument still be his own native home,
The Land of the West and the Free.

Historical Ballads

MONTGOMERY *

DEEP on th' desolate, northern plain
Was piled the winter snow ;
Th' ice-bound river ran amain
With sad and muffled flow ;
The fading light of a dying day
Went creeping toward the west,
And darkness o'er the landscape lay
To wrap the world in rest.

Beyond the cliff that rises far
Midway 'twixt earth and sky,
In pomp and panoply of war,
The troops of Britain lie,
Who, day by day and night by night,
Are guarding the river shore
From th' vantage ground of the famous fight
In the old French war before.

But off in the gloom on the farther side,
Half hid by the gusts of snow,

* Richard Montgomery was killed December 31, 1775, while leading a charge against the fortifications of Quebec.

Historical Ballads

Within the sound of the rolling tide,
The guards of a watchful foe,
Ragged besiegers, indeed, but bold,
Hungry, yet hopeful, they
Are pacing all night in the bitter cold,
Awaiting the flush of day.

Men from the field of Lexington,
Men from the woods of Maine,
The raw recruit and the veteran,
Are camped on the northern plain.
Many a night they had waited there,
Many a week had gone —
Though Fortune frown, yet Hope will dare
To venture on and on.

So does it here. In fates despite,
'Gainst Reason's wiser way,
Throughout the cold December night
Hope waits the final day.
'Tis come. They form — they charge. In vain.
The best and worst is done.
Montgomery's dead on the frozen plain,
And the hope of an army's gone.

Historical Ballads

JOHN PAUL JONES

(WRITTEN ON HEARING THAT AN ATTEMPT IS MAKING
TO FIND HIS GRAVE)

HE sleeps not well his foster home apart,
 Apart from liberty and ocean's roar —
Go forth and bring the dust of that brave heart
 To freedom's shore.

Aye, look around, 'tis late, but look around,
 Search out th' unknown graves 'neath alien skies,
For in some spot, perchance unhallowed ground,
 Our hero lies.

Wrapt in what cerements — no matter now,
 We would reclaim our dauntless ocean scout;
No matter where he passed away, or how —
 Go search him out.

Aye, be it soil of France, or where it may,
 These hundred years and more have passed in vain;
Go search and find, then bring his mortal clay
 To us again.

Historical Ballads

And let the flag for which he fought, unfurled,
Flaunt all her glorious colors to the sky,
When he again shall cross the watery world
At home to lie.

BUNKER HILL

THERE was Howe within the valley,
He alone could lead them on;
And behind him marched the stormers,
At an early hour of dawn.
'Cross the valley, up the hillside,
At the nooning of the day,
Where behind the rude abattis
The embattled farmers lay.

There was Prescott on the hilltop,
Standing on the wall alone,
While below him lay his rebels,
Little feared, and all unknown.
There was Warren in the trenches,
Passing 'round from man to man,
Smiling as he paused to watch them
Sift the powder in the pan.

Historical Ballads

Deep and fast the ships' guns bellowed,
Ball and shell screamed up the way,
Tore away the rude abattis
Where the rebel farmers lay.
There was Stark to guard the lowlands,
Where the Mystic gurgles still,
Stark behind the hay-thatched breastworks
On the slopes of Bunker Hill.

Time and time the English stormers
Turned their faces toward the foe —
Black as hell the musket muzzles
Frowned above them, row on row ;
Waited ominously for them,
Waited, till beyond recall,
They should pass into the shadow
Of that grim and silent wall.

Time and time those gruesome muzzles
Leapt from darkness into light ;
Time and time the black smoke lowered
To obscure the bloody sight ;
Then again a fearful silence —
There in windrows, stiff and still,
Lay the valiant English stormers
On the slopes of Bunker Hill.

Historical Ballads

There was Howe within the valley,
Urging on a new attack ;
There was Prescott on the hilltop
Striving hard to beat them back ;
There, the city black and blazing,
Here the hill all steeped in red,
There, too, lay the noble Warren,
In the rebel trenches, dead.

Time and time the world has listened
To the story often told,
To the story of oppression,
And the tyranny of old.
Though the battle's roar is ended,
Loud its echo ranges still —
'Tis the voice of Freedom thund'ring
From the slopes of Bunker Hill.

PRINCETON

OVER the landscape the darkness, descending,
Brought the last hour of a desolate day ;
Silenced the din of a battle whose ending
Left the bold victor of Trenton at bay.

Historical Ballads

Back of him rolled the dark torrent of water,
Hopeless and rash were a plan of retreat ;
Forward would add but a merciless slaughter
Unto the gloom of impending defeat.

What can be done? Ere the British are waking
Some one must do, or some others must die,
Soon will the dull, dreary morning be breaking,
Some one must act ere the night has gone by.
Far 'long the stream are the rebel fires gleaming ;
Close by the gray bank the sentinels pace,
And just across is Lord Cornwallis, dreaming,
Dreaming of morn and the end of the chase.

Over the landscape the daylight is creeping,
Frosty and clear, in the east and the west ;
Where are the rebels, the foes that were sleeping
Back of those campfires now smoldered to rest?
Only the Assanpink streamlet divides them.
Look for them! Look for them! Look once again!
Is it the clear air of morning that hides them?
Where is the "fox" that was "bagged?" Where
the men?

There rolls the Delaware, eddying, foaming ;
Here are the British in battle array,

Historical Ballads

Yonder the red sun has parted the gloaming,
Bringing the dawn of a short winter day.
There are the embers and ashes whose gleaming
Lighted the sky through the long, wintry night,
'Luring the worn British guards into dreaming,
Sure that the rebels were lying in sight.

Now they are gone. But whither, ah, whither?
Hark ye! Was not that the roar of a gun?
Simcoe and Erskine are hurrying thither,
Dupes of the rebel, the bold Washington.
Still through the clear, frosty air comes the warning,
Distant, but plain; 'tis the cannon's hoarse roar.
Mawhood at Princeton is beaten this morning
By the "old fox" that was "bagged" night before.

LEXINGTON

REVERE had brought the warning, and had galloped on his
way;
With red and gold the eastern sky illumed the blue of day,
When up the narrow street
Came the steady tramp of feet,
For the Redcoats march to Lexington this morning.

Historical Ballads

There is Pitcairn on his charger, and the Colonel at his
side,

With swords and buckles all agleam, how gaily do they
ride!

With their militant array,
Pressing onward Concord way,
They are passing into Lexington this morning.

The Minute-men are forming, they have gathered on the
square,

They can see the English banners waving gaily in the
air —

They can see the sword and gun
Gleam and glitter in the sun,
While the Redcoats march upon them in the morning.

Still they wait upon the common, wait immovable and
dumb,

Watching Pitcairn and his soldiers as they near and
nearer come;

They have heard the sharp command,
Yet immovable they stand
While the Britons form for battle in the morning.

They have heard the muskets' rattle; they have heard the
Major's curse.

Are *they* "villains?" Are *they* "traitors?" and as such
shall they disperse?

Historical Ballads

Not a man will turn away
Like a coward in dismay —
They are facing death defiantly this morning.

The Major draws his pistol, it has sounded through the
air.

A hundred guns are leveled, but the "villains" still are
there —

They await the Major's ire
But an instant, and his "Fire!"
Comes plainly o'er the commons in the morning.

A hundred guns have answered in a bellow fierce and
loud;

A hundred wreaths of smoke converge to form the battle-
cloud

That has hovered o'er the green,
To obscure the bloody scene
From the face of heaven smiling in the morning.

There is Pitcairn on his charger, and the Colonel at his
side,

With swords and buckles all agleam, while onward now
they ride,

Past the commons dyed with red,
Past the heroes lying dead,
Marching gaily on toward Concord in the morning.

Historical Ballads

THE WIVES OF WEINSBERG

WHEN Conrad captured Weinsberg,
Eight hundred years ago,
The Weinsberg people trembled
At mention of the foe.

A year the 'leagured city,
From battered wall and tower,
Had beaten back the foemen
In defiance of their power —

Till half the soldiers had not strength
To climb upon the wall,
Till earth refused them nourishment,
And heaven frowned withal;

Till fathers' hearts sank hopelessly,
And mothers moaned and cried,
Till sickening and famishing
The children all had died.

Then Conrad captured Weinsberg,
In that far, olden time,
When cruelty was virtue
And mercy seemed a crime.

Historical Ballads

But in despite of iron hearts,
That claimed a bloody fee,
Forth from the camp of Conrad
Went out the mild decree,

That Weinsberg, conquered Weinsberg,
Should in her ashes lie ;
And though the men must suffer death
The women should not die,

But leave the fallen city,
At the rising of the sun,
Before the torch should be applied,
Or butchery begun.

Moreover, Conrad had decreed
That each might bear away
The trifle that she valued most
At dawning of the day.

.

Night waned apace, and from the east
Uprose the smiling sun,
The foemen formed on either side,
The gates were open thrown,

Historical Ballads

That from the dear old city,
And dearer ones, alas,
The Weinsberg wives and maidens
Might with their trifles pass.

They came; the foemen saw them,
And stood in silent awe,
Then half amazed they backward pressed —
What was it that they saw?

In through the narrow gateway
Streamed far the broad, bright sun,
While through the arch the Weinsberg wives
Came stagg'ring one by one.

Pallid and weak and starving,
Out past the conqueror's host,
Matron and maiden tottered 'neath
The trifles valued most.

Onward the line came reeling,
Wild with grief and alarms;
Onward the Weinsberg women bore
Their soldiers in their arms.

Historical Ballads

It seemed that the grave was cheated
Of skeleton and ghost,
When th' women staggered through the gate
With what they valued most.

Then Conrad rising waved his hand,
And forth went this decree,
"The wiyes of conquered Weinsberg
Have set the city free."

The Friends—A Medley

THE FRIENDS — A MEDLEY

FIVE friends, such friends as Damon and his friend,
Together sat, one summer afternoon,
Beneath the spreading branches of an elm
That skirted the fair border of a lawn.
Before this company a fountain played
Whose waters, ever rising in the sun,
Made rainbows in the air, then falling, lay,
Drops of bright silver on the blades of grass.

Long time these friends in silence, musing, sat
Regarding Nature's kind and fair display,
With thought best suited, mayhap all as one,
To each onlooker of the tinted scene.
At length the host broke silence: "Oft have I
With pleasure watched yon fountain's silver spray,
And as the waters follow but one course,
So always do my thoughts, and this it is,
If I may dare to tell you, it is love —
My days of courtship and a babbling brook
Whose waters were as silvery as these."
Then spoke another: "Ah, friend, I too thought,
While watching yon bright liquid in the air,

The Friends—A Medley

Of other waters, far, so far away —
Of courtship and of love ; but unlike you,
I found no pleasure, only sadness there.”
Then spoke a third : “ My thoughts have also gone
The same fair road with those of both my friends ;
And, as to both, some sadness and some joy
Came flitting back from scenes of olden times.”
And then the fourth : “ I will not tell you mine ;
Too much 'twould seem that they were cut and coined
To fit your own. I'll pass it to the next.”
“ I, fifth and last, make no confession ; but,
With your permission, all, suggest a way
By which we each may learn the others' thoughts :
'Tis that each one, myself included, tell,
In whate'er way doth suit him best, the tale,
Love or not love whatever it may be,
Suggested by the fountain's colored bow.”
To this they all agreed ; and while the four
Sought other attitudes, the host began.

AT THE BROOK

“ We left the gate, and sauntered on,
Till past the line of locust hedges,
Till past the road that led to town,
Till past the crumbling granite ledges :

The Friends — A Medley

'Tis somehow Cupid's fav'rite nook,
A vale with waters sweetly flowing;
Else why should lovers seek a brook
As spot most suitable for wooing?

Perhaps 'tis that the waters bright
Are, like the shining eyes that view them,
Reflectors of a softer light
Than ever finds its way into them;
Perhaps 'tis that the gurgling flow,
With funny sounds like hits and misses,
Now here, now there, now loud, now low,
So much resembles lovers' kisses.

At any rate we sat us down
Beside the limpid rushing water —
The wayward son of 'neighbor Brown,'
With 'neighbor Green's' dear, darling daughter.
A bashful lad, what could I do?
The theme of conversation lulling,
The grasses that beside me grew
I slowly, defty fell to pulling.

The brook went dancing on its way,
Went dancing to its own sweet singing;

The Friends—A Medley

A robin on an osier spray

Sat chirping, nodding, swaying, swinging.

The violets along the shore

• Smiled blandly in each other's faces;

I read the cowslips' fairy lore,

And noted all their bold grimaces.

And then I glanced into the brook—

Ah! what a clear and brilliant mirror!

I stole another bashful look,

Then edged along a trifle nearer.

Love really is a thing of haste,

When soon or late one falls to wooing—

I slipped my arm around her waist,

All unawares what I was doing.

She didn't run, but placed her head

So delicately on my shoulder,

And spoke of how the moss had spread

Around the surface of 'yon boulder.'

She spoke of how the summer sky

Was mirrored in the sparkling water,

And seemed to be content that I

Had dared to squeeze her father's daughter.

The Friends—A Medley

I know not now what dreams of bliss,
What colored scenes passed o'er my vision.
I only know a final kiss
Signed, sealed, and settled our decision.
And often now I steal a look
At Mrs. Brown, Green's lovely daughter —
With such a prize caught by a brook,
Ah! who would fish in deeper water!"

The host ceased speaking, and a smile went round —
"A pretty picture, true, our friend has drawn;
And memories of times therein recalled
Should serve to brighten up the darkest day.
But mine is not such picture; though with all
The coloring of this one, it is flecked,
The darker where the brighter tints should be.
It does not blend to form the happy scene
That Hope from such beginning might expect."
Thus spoke the second, and his part began:—

THE OLD CANOE

"LIKE an upturned wreck on a lonely shore,
Where the waves are sobbing evermore,
Like a voice half heard in an olden dream,
Or the mellow noise of a silvery stream,

The Friends — A Medley

Where the seabird wheels in his lonely flight,
And never a sail greets the weary sight,
'Mongst the weeds that have pierced the old hulk
through,
Lies the crumbling wreck of the old canoe.

Long years ago, when the summer breeze
Scarce ruffled the breast of the tranquil seas,
Sweet Ruth and I 'neath the azure blue
Rode the sparkling waves in that old canoe.
And her voice went out on the ebbing tide
To the gray, cold rocks where the echoes hide;
And my heart with her song went floating away
As we rocked on the tide through the beautiful day.

Long years ago — but that voice is still
'Neath the marble tomb on the somber hill,
Where the willows bend to the shivering wind,
And the ivy green o'er her grave has twined.
Alone I walk the strand to-day;
Alone I watch the waves at play,
As they chase each other through and through
The broken wreck of the old canoe.

There's a beautiful realm beyond the skies,
Where a smile of peace forever lies;



"LIES THE CRUMBLING WRECK OF THE OLD CANOE."

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The Friends—A Medley

By the silv'ry sea on a tranquil shore,
There a maiden waits forevermore,
And softly veers her silken sail
To catch the breath of the scented gale,
And she tunes her harp with an anthem sweet,
As she waits the approach of my weary feet."

He paused, and sat in silence, gazing still
As one whose thoughts have wandered far away,
And seemed unconscious that a film of tears
Obscured the colors playing on the fount.

At length the next one spoke: "'Tis now for me
To draw an old-time picture that shall be,
First, tinted as is yonder motley bow,
And then erased, the golden sun gone down."

THE SERPENT

"MUCH that we see is but a dream;
Much that we claim is not our own;
Thus things will change, and what we deem
As known is often quite unknown."

.

"Soft hazel eyes one shone in mine,
With love-light only lovers see,

The Friends—A Medley

And music sweeter e'en than thine,
O Fountain, sounded all for me.

Not brighter were the summer skies,
Nor sweeter was the skylark's song,
Than were those long-lashed, hazel eyes —
Than were the accents of her tongue.

No fairer queen the world could boast;
Her grace was Cupid's surest dart.
I gave her what I value most,
A faithful, honest, loving heart.

And she returned, or so I thought,
A purer love than I had given;
For more I had not wisely sought
From God's sweet angels up in heaven.

My nights were blessed by Love's fond dreams,
Love's mellow skies o'erhung each day,
And life, made up of subtle gleams,
Was tinted like yon fountain's spray.

How oft we through the woodland strolled
And listened to the wood bird's song —
The old, old story often told,
Amused us as we walked along.

The Friends—A Medley

How oft along the pebbled shore
We wandered of a summer day!
How oft we heard the far-off roar
Of ocean rolling down the bay!

Ah! that was bliss, sweet bliss, indeed,
And I the sharer of it all,
For love will rise with eagle speed—
Alas, 'twill even faster fall;

Or so it seems to me as now
I view it at this distant day—
Her sweetest smile, her whispered vow
Were in an instant flown away.

She liked another more than me,
Yet loved no one but self. In sooth,
Her very heart at enmity
With love, she boldly laughed at truth.

The smiles that played an honest part
Were but a cruel tyrant's snare,
Her vows, a deadly, poisoned dart
To pierce the victim taken there.

It was for naught that I had done,
Or thought or spoken—'twas not so—

The Friends—A Medley

'Twas her false heart. My heart being won
She coldly turned and bade me go.

She met me but to pass in scorn.
As Satan from an angel grew,
So from that which I loved was born
A serpent of a sable hue.

Yet with all this to ponder o'er,
So much to breed a true alarm,
I hold to what I held before,
That angels walk in woman's form."

No sooner had he ceased than spoke the fourth:—
"There may be serpents clothed in human form.
Yea, e'en the form that lovely women have.
'Tis said that hell was peopled at the first
By those that bore the blessed angels' form;
And if there be the seed of hell in heaven,
What is there not in this less holy sphere?
But let me tell my tale, if tale it be,
Of scenes, not persons, I remember well."

THE MILL

"SWEET are the sounds that greet my ear
From yonder fountain's flow,



"THE OLD MILL'S BUSY DAYS ARE O'ER."

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The Friends—A Medley

But sweeter those I seem to hear—
The mill-stream, soft and low.

It clamors through the little town;
It ripples through the mill;
No more the gates are fastened down,
The stream flows on at will.

The clank and clatter, dash and roar,
No longer hold their sway;
The old mill's busy days are o'er,
The miller gone away.

But still the wheel turns 'round and 'round,
With slow but steady whirl,
A pleasing sight, a pleasant sound,
To village boy and girl.

The sun shines through the open roof,
And flickers on the stream.
The swallows' nests hang high aloof,
The robins' on the beam.

The spider weaves his filmy weft
Within the deeper shade;
And Ruin's eye has scarcely left
A corner unsurveyed.

The Friends—A Medley

What used to be a thrifty scene
 With wealth of noise, is still;
For thirty years have passed between
 The miller and his mill.

And half that time or more has gone
 Between the mill and me,
But still I hear the wheel roll on,
 And still the mill I see,

A grim, old, weather-beaten rack,
 With warped and sagging floor—
The grass springs from the unused track,
 That leads up to the door.

And 'yond a leafy willow-hedge
 The once high, jutting beam,
Now sunken to the water's edge,
 Makes music in the stream.

A hundred patrons on the list
 Once traveled in and out;
But now the old mill's only grist,
 'S the lusty speckled trout

The Friends—A Medley

That sports within the deeper pool,
Or where the riffles glide.
The angler takes the miller's toll,
The patron's share beside.

How oft I've sat in this same mill,
And watched the mill-stream flow,
And ripple 'gainst the sagging sill,
With music sweet and low!

How oft I've seen the busy throng
Of swallows high aloof,
And heard their twitter up among
Their mud homes near the roof!

Still laugh the shoals, the eddy sings,
The old wheel throws its spray;
The hours flit by on golden wings,
But never fly away.

What though the busy days are gone?
Not thrift alone doth bless,
For love has built her palace on
The old mill's idleness.

The Friends—A Medley

And in yon fountain's idle play,
Its semblance lingers still;
My thoughts, like yours, have gone love's way—
I have been through the mill."

The fifth then took the commentary up:—
"Thus is the game of life. One wins the prize,
The angel, as it were, of his best self,
To live with him, to smile on him, to be
A source of joy and love throughout his years;
And one but views the picture for a day,
Enough to give him hope and dreams of joy,
A brilliancy that, setting with the sun,
Goes down forever. Still another finds
Alternate shine and shade along his path
To lead him on, then leave him groping, blind,
To lead again till he but wonders which
Of these will be the last, the shade or shine.
But for myself, my thought were not like yours,
Of brook or mill, or sweetheart lost or won,
But rather of a passage lately read in Genesis.
If I remember well it runs like this: "God said,
'This is the token of—

The Friends—A Medley

THE COVENANT ' ”

“ O FOUNTAIN, blest fountain,
How gladly I see
The wonders of heaven
Reflected in thee!
Thy voice is the voice of
Thy Maker; his word
Spoke peace to the ancients,
Who smiled as they heard.

O fountain, bright fountain,
How blest is thy flow!
The promise of God I
Have read in thy bow.
His truth everlasting
In colors appears,
Unchanged and unchanging,
Through thousands of years.

God's script that of old lit
The dark, leaden skies,
Now gleams from thy summit
To gladden my eyes.

The Friends—A Medley

O fountain, I feel that
In glory thou art
Of heaven's bright treasures
But parcel and part.

God's prophets have passed; all
The mighty are gone —
God's word liveth still in
The light of the sun.
Cursed is he who has, through
The years of life's span,
Never noted how nigh is
Man's Maker to man.

His charms lie around us;
His voice in man's ear,
A welcome, a warning —
Ah, will he not hear?
The floods of the earth have
Subsided, and lo,
God's covenant shines in
Yon fountain's bright bow."

